B. 66. a.

THE

Pleasant Musical Companion;

Being a Choice Collection of

Playford (H.)
A. 412. b.

CATCHES,

For Three and Four VOICES.

Compos'd by Dr. *JOHN BLOW*, the late Mr. *HENRY PURCELL*, and other Eminent Masters.

The Sixth Edition, *Corrected and Enlarged: Containing above* 120 Catches.

LONDON:

Printed by *William Pearson*, and Sold by *John Young* Musical-Instrument-Maker at the Dolphin and Crown at the West End of St. *Paul's Church*, *London*, 1720. Price 2*s*. 6*d*.

SHOTA

THE PREFACE.

THO' neither the Design of the following Papers, nor the Matter which is contained in them, stand in need of any thing previous in their Behalf, yet since Custom has almost made it necessary that something should be said in their Recommendation, the Publisher thinks himself obliged to give the Reader some Account of what he submits to his Perusal. The Design therefore, as it is for a General Diversion, *so it is intended for a general* Instruction, *that the Persons who give themselves the Liberty of an Evenings Entertainment with their Friends, may exchange the Expence they shall be at in being Sociable, with the Knowledge they shall acquire from it; and their Understanding will be encreased, and a true Friendship may be established among them. The Matter in respect to the Words, ows its Birth to the best Authors; in respect to the Music, has the most Consummate Masters for its Composers; nor is there any thing which does Violence to good Manners, or commits a Rape on good Sense in it, but what forwards the Establishment of good Company, the Promotion of good Music, and the Advancement of good Words, which will neither give Offence to the nicest Judgments, or be ingrateful to the most delicate and distinguishing Ears.*

Thus much he thought was necessary, without any farther Vindication, than the great Names of the Persons who oblig'd the World with the Words, and those who (if any thing can add to such Finish'd Pieces) have given a Lustre to them by their Musical Compositures; as Dr. Blow, *and the late Famous Mr.* Henry Purcell, *whose Catches have deservedly gain'd an Universal Applause.*

To

To all Gentlemen and others who Incourage

and Frequent Muſical Meetings and Clubs in City and Country.

Gentlemen,

THE ſeveral *Catches* which are contain'd in the following Sheets, having already when ſeparate, been favoured with your Approbations, I could not but Addreſs my ſelf to You for Your Patronage, now they are Compiled together. Cuſtom has given Authority to the Requeſt I am making to You; and as Your Encouragements of Things of this Nature has been General, I beg the Honour of having it Extended to my poor Endeavours in ſerving the Public. And ſince You are Celebrated by all that are known to You, for Patterns of true Friendſhip, I cannot but ask Your Acceptance of that which is deſign'd for the Promotion of it, and beg leave to Subſcribe my ſelf,

Gentlemen,

Your moſt Obedient Servant,

Henry Playford.

To

To my Friend, Mr. Henry Playford, *on the Publication of his Book of* Catches, *and his deſign in Eſtabliſhing a Weekly Club for the Advancement of Muſic.*

ONce more the Grateful Muſe her Thoughts prepares,
Nor ſhall *once more* ſuffice for *Playford's* Cares;
His kind Endeavours he *continued* ſhows,
And *Endleſs* ſhou'd be what the Muſe beſtows.
Permit me then, obliging Friend, to raiſe
My Voice *again*, to ſing thy growing Praiſe,
And introduce thy laſting Gift to Fame,
Whoſe *Worth*'s its Paſs-port, and whoſe *Choice* its Claim.
Whoſe Mirth adds Pleaſure to the ſparkling Wine,
And gives a noble Luſtre to the Vine;
Whilſt to thy Care the Vintner ows his Gain,
And we thy Friends, that we forget our Pain,
As loſt in Joys, and Extaſies of Sound,
Our Friendſhip *Circles* as the Glaſs goes *round*.
'Tis true, thy * laſt Attempt was well deſign'd,
And gain'd its wiſh'd Effect on every Mind,
As it *Purg'd* off the Cares that clog'd our Breaſt,
And eas'd our Troubles, and our Grief ſuppreſt:
But not Content our Sorrows to deſtroy,
Thou feed'ſt us with a freſh Regale of Joy;
And that thou may'ſt thy Patient's Health enſure,
Giv'ſt him Preſervatives to back his Cure.
So *Ratcliff* having Maſter'd the Diſeaſe,
And Chas'd the Foe, Retreating by Degrees,
Quits not his Patient's Care, but ſtrictly views
What *Holds* unfortify'd, for *Death* to chuſe,
And with freſh Cordials *ſtrengthens* every Part,
That *Nature* may not *yield*, for want of *Art*.

* *Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

W. P.

To my Friend Mr. Henry Playford, *on his Book of* Catches, *and his deſign in ſetting up a Weekly Club for the Encouragement of Muſic and good Fellowſhip.*

SO, Now this is ſomething that's like to be taking,
For Muſic's the Devil without Merry-making.
A Pox on lean Scraping, and Thrumming, and Trilling,
What Delight can it give, without Stuffing and Swilling?
When our *Ears* muſt be fill'd and our *Bellies* be ſtarv'd,
He's a Fool *to ſome Tune*, who will e're be thus ſerv'd.
Friend *Harry*, thy Foreſight prevents this Abuſe,
Making that which has Sweetneſs, be likewiſe of Uſe;
As the Glaſs handed forward, puts forward the Song,
And gives Life to the Senſes, and Strength to the Tongue.
Dear Rogue, let me kiſs thee, for I vow and proteſt,
I'm ſo pleas'd with thy Project, it can't be expreſs'd:
Thy Book's made of Rapture, and Juſt's thy Deſign,
Which gives Floods of Joy, with Floods of good Wine.
Nor can it e're fail of Succeſs, that is certain,
While Troops are valu'd, and Songſters have Fortune;
While there's Goodneſs in *Claret*, or Joy to be found
In the ſweetneſs of *Friendſhip*, or ſweetneſs of *Sound*.
While *Cælia*'s ſoft Thoughts are as kind as her Mother's,
And ſhe breaks her own *Voice* for the ſake of anothers,
And to make it as laſting as Project can e're be,
While you *Traders* drink *Wine*, and we *Poets* ſwill *Darby*.

From Mr. Steward's, *at the* Hole in the Wall, *in* Baldwin's Gardens.

T. B.

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Books Sold by John Young, *Musical Instrument Maker, at the* Dolphin *and* Crown *in St.* Paul's *Church-yard.*

Orpheus Brittanicus, the First and Second Books, being a Collection of the late Mr. *Henry Purcell's* Songs, for one, two, and three Voices, in Folio. Price Bound of the first 1 *l.* the Second 12 *s.* or Compleat 1 *l.* 10 *s.*

A Compendium: Or, *Introduction to Practical Musick*, in five Parts. Teaching, by a New and Easie Method, First, The Rudiments of Song. Secondly, The Principles of Composition. Thirdly, The Use of Discords. Fourthly, The Form of Figurate Descant. Fifthly, The Contrivance of Cannon. By *Christopher Simpson*. The fifth Edition with Additions: Much more Correct than any former Editions, the Examples being put in the most useful Cliffs. Price Bound 2*s.*

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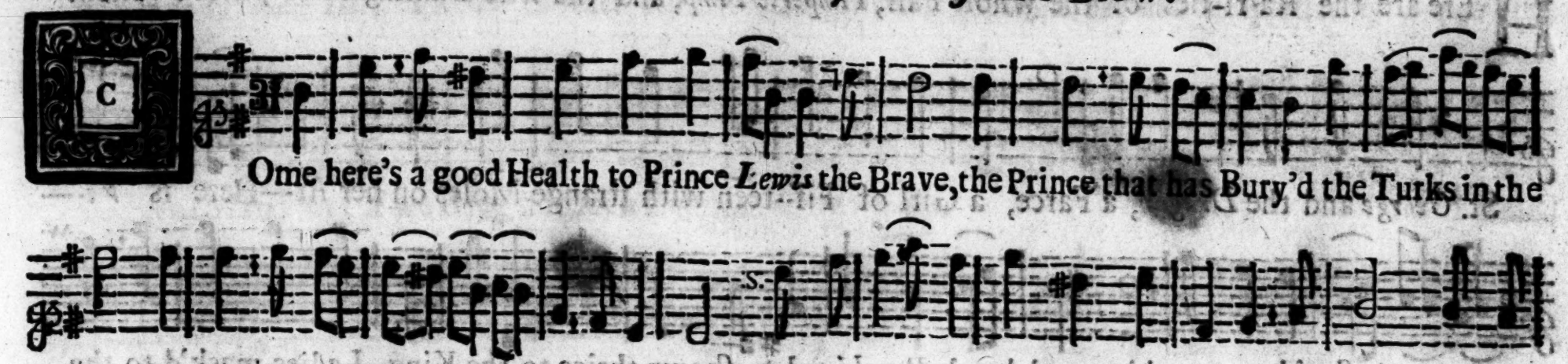
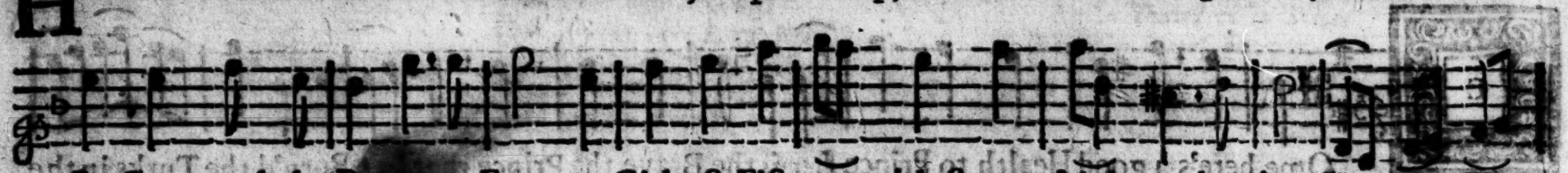
(1) *A. 3. Voc. Catch on the Battle at* Hailbron, *by Mr.* Herbert.

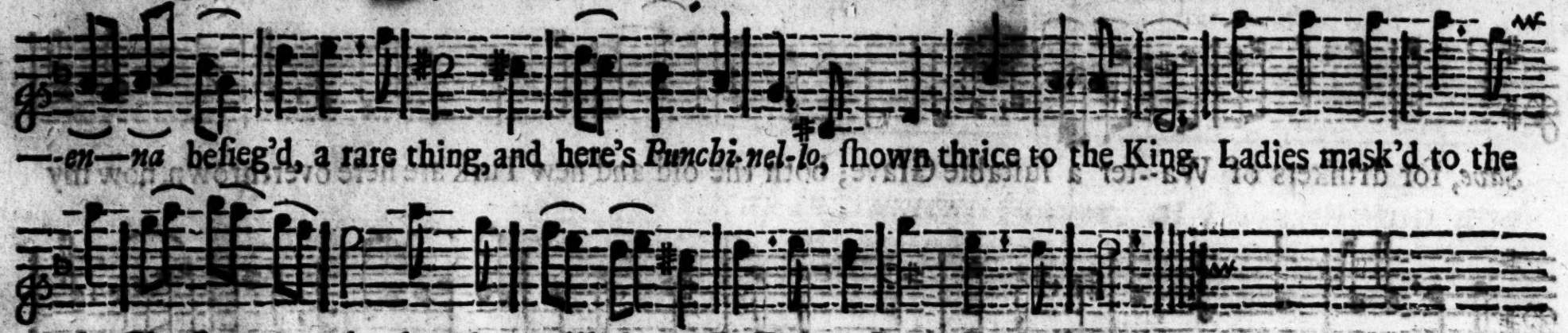
Sett to MUSICK *by Dr.* John Blow.



HEre are the Ra-ri-ties of the whole Fair, *Pimperle-Pimp*, and the wife *Dancing Mare*; here's valiant



St. *George* and the *Dragon*, a Farce, a Girl of Fif--teen with ſtrange Moles on her Ar—Here is *Vi*-—



—*en*—*na* beſieg'd, a rare thing, and here's *Punchi-nel-lo*, ſhown thrice to the King. Ladies mask'd to the

the Cloyſters re-pair; but there will be no Raffling, a Pox take the Mayor.

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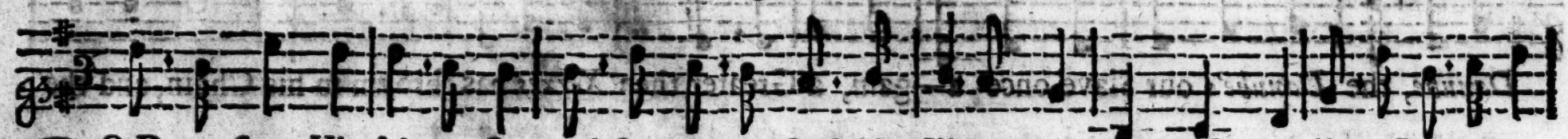
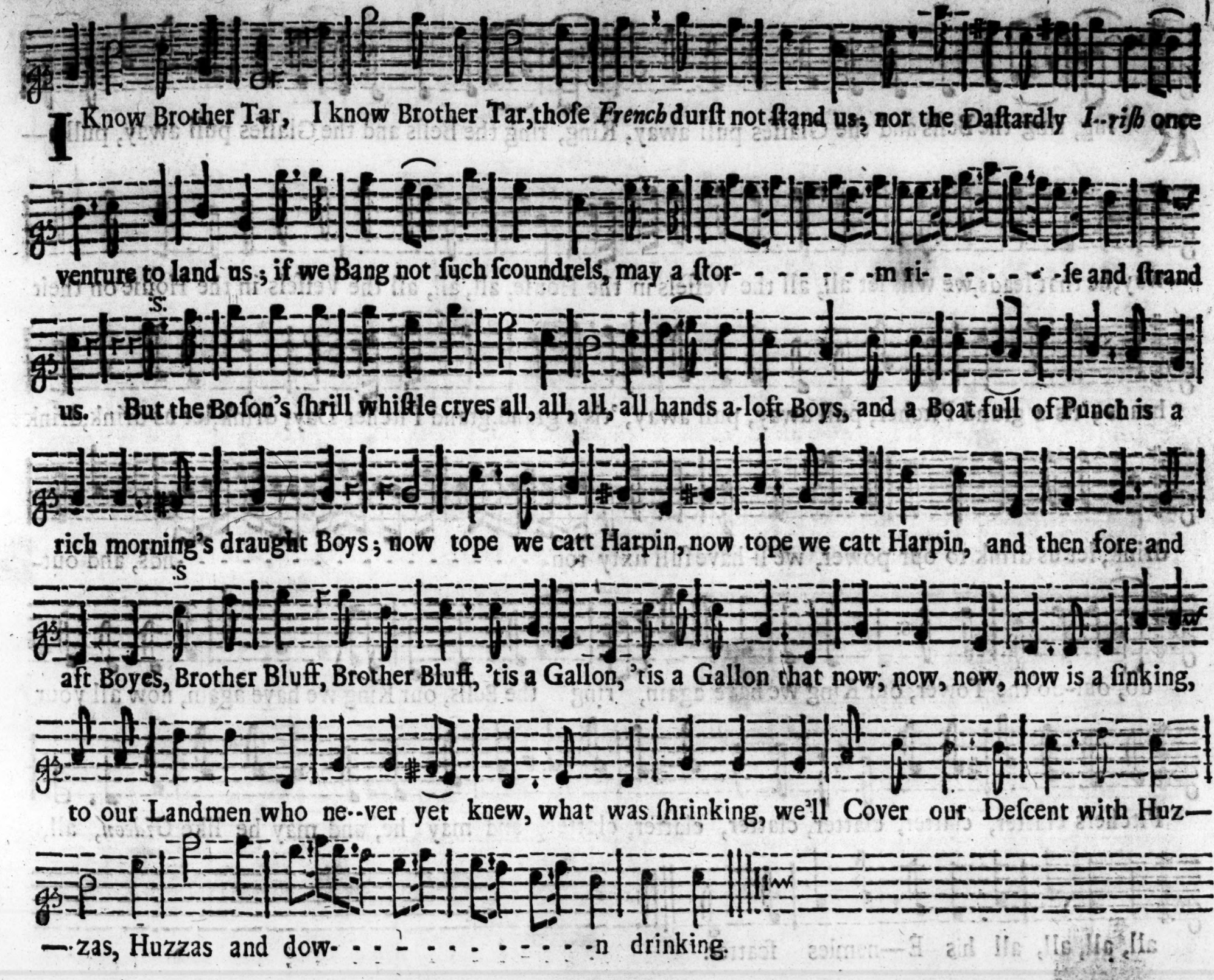
(5) *A. 3. Voc.* [*The King's Health.*] Dr. *John Blow.*



GOD preſerve His Ma-je--ſty and for e—ver ſend him Victo—ry, and confound all his Enemies,

Repeat Amen *all the while this Catch is Singing, reſting four* Crotchets.

take off your Hock, Sir, *Amen.*

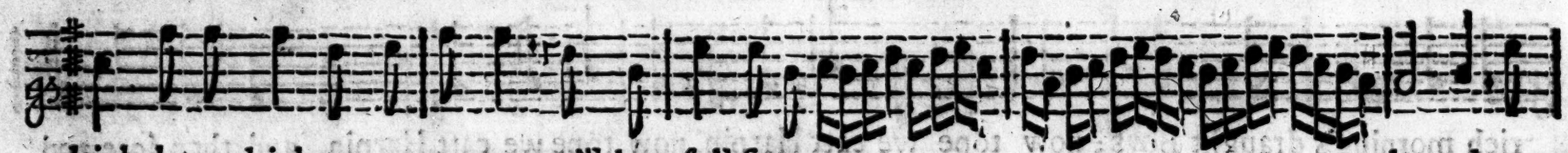

I Know Brother Tar, I know Brother Tar, thoſe French durſt not ſtand us; nor the Daſtardly I--riſh once
venture to land us; if we Bang not ſuch ſcoundrels, may a ſtor- - - - - - - -m ri- - - - - - -ſe and ſtrand
S.
us. But the Boſon's ſhrill whiſtle cryes all, all, all, all hands a-loft Boys, and a Boat full of Punch is a
rich morning's draught Boys; now tope we catt Harpin, now tope we catt Harpin, and then fore and
S
aft Boyes, Brother Bluff, Brother Bluff, 'tis a Gallon, 'tis a Gallon that now, now, now, now is a ſinking,
to our Landmen who ne--ver yet knew, what was ſhrinking, we'll Cover our Deſcent with Huz—
—zas, Huzzas and dow- - - - - - - - - - - - -n drinking.

4]

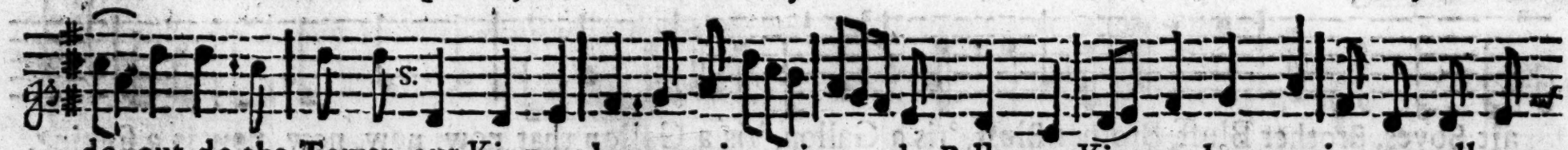
RIng, ring the Bells and the Glaſſes pull away, Ring, ring the Bells and the Glaſſes pull away, pull a—

—way, he that leads, we will ſet all, all the Veſſels in the Houſe, all, all, all the Veſſels in the Houſe on their

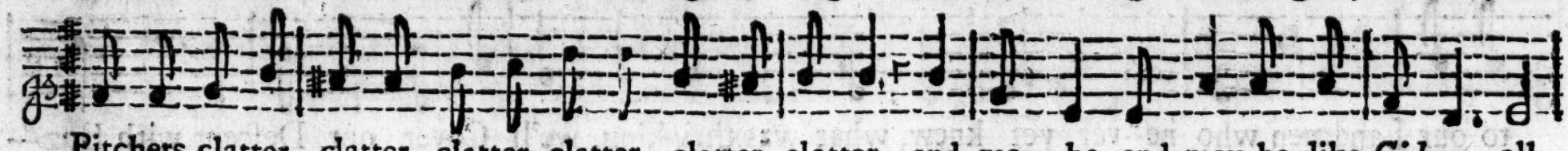
heads; 'tis a grand Pitcher, pull away, pull away, 'tis a grand, grand Pitcher Day; drink, let us drink, drink



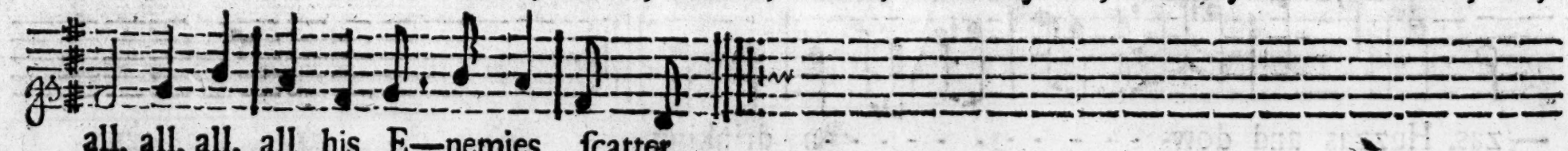
drink, let us drink to our power, we'll have full ſixty rou- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -nds, and out-



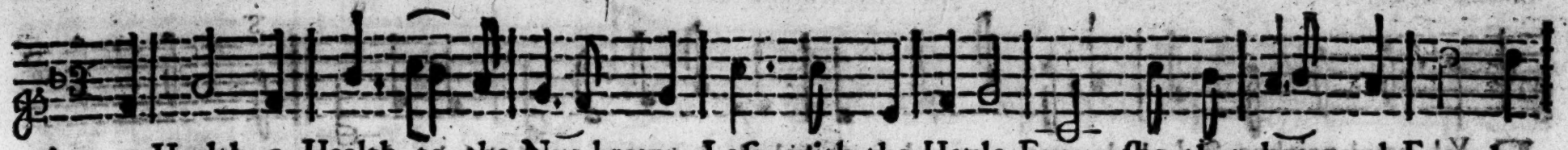
do, out-do the Tower, our King we have again, ring the Bells, our King we have again, now all your



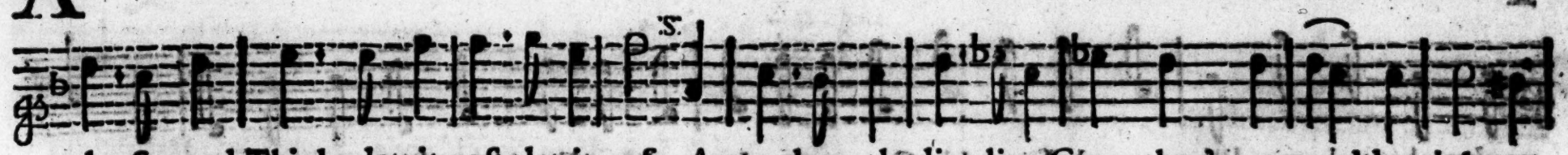
Pitchers clatter, clatter, clatter, clatter, clatter, clatter, and may he, and may he like *Gideon*, all,



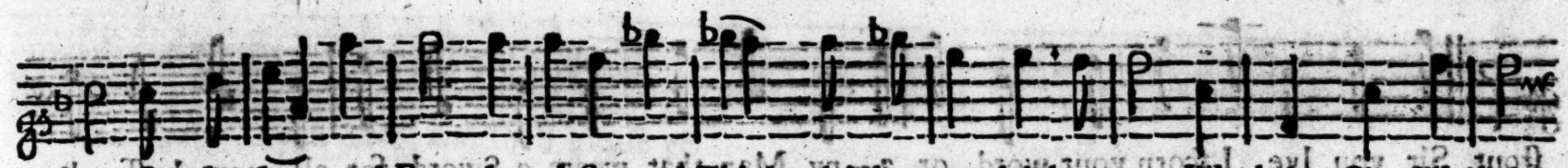
all, all, all, all his E—nemies ſcatter.



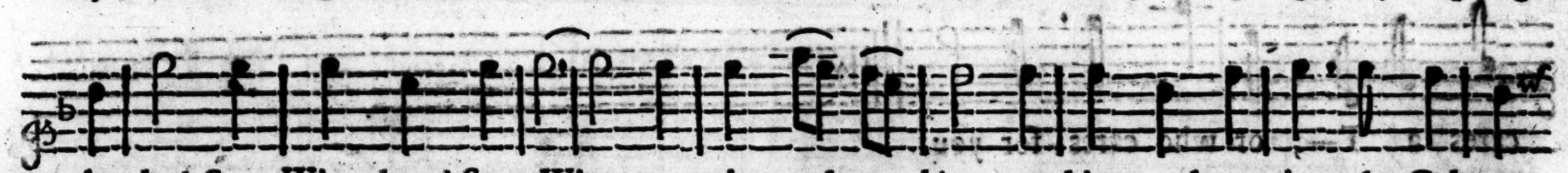
A Health, a Health to the Nut-brown Laſs, with the Hazle Eyes; ſhe that has good Eyes, has



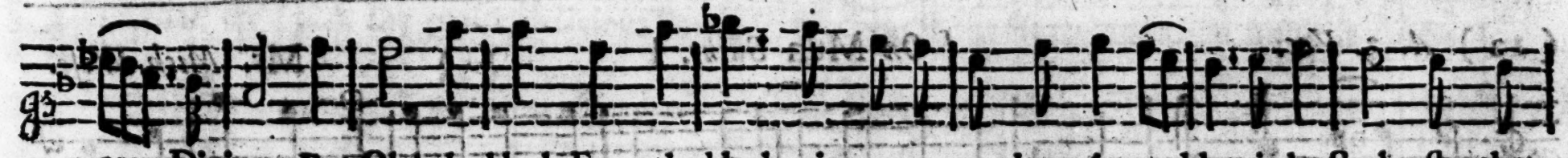
al—ſo good Thighs, let it paſs, let it paſs: As much to the live-lier Gray, they're as good by night as



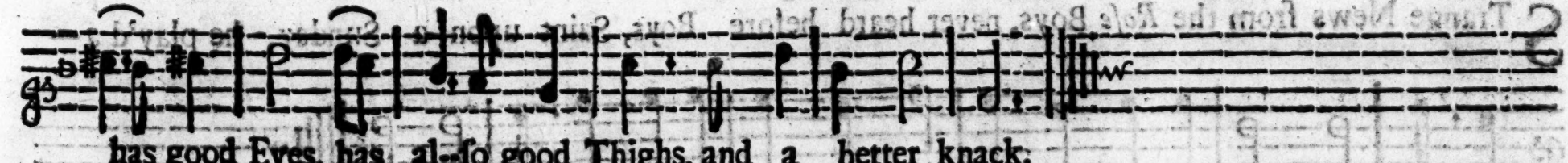
day; ſhe that has good Eyes, has al-ſo good Thighs, drink away, drink away: I'll pledge, Sir, I'll pledge



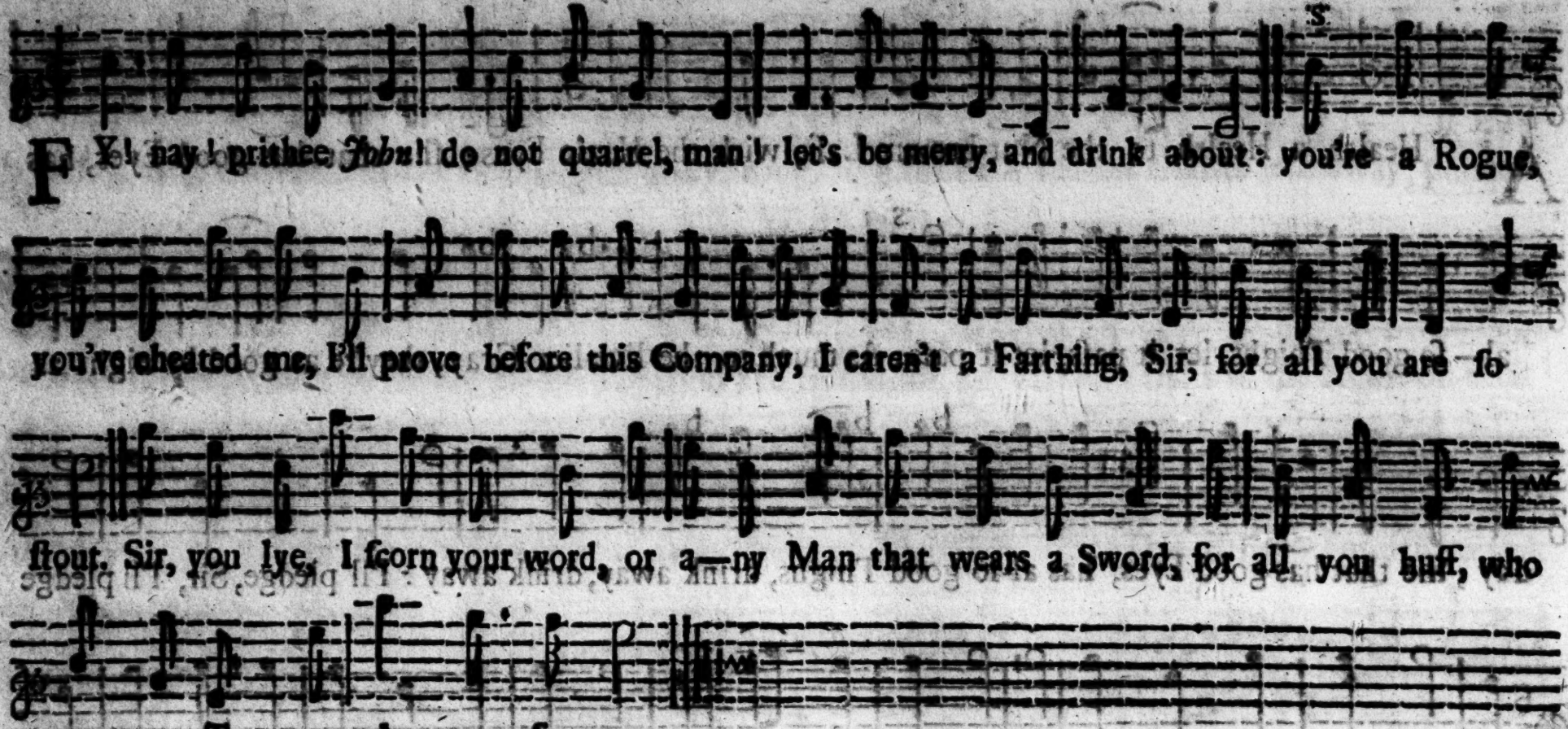
what ho! ſome Wine, here! ſome Wine; to mine, and to thine; to thine, and to mine; the Colours



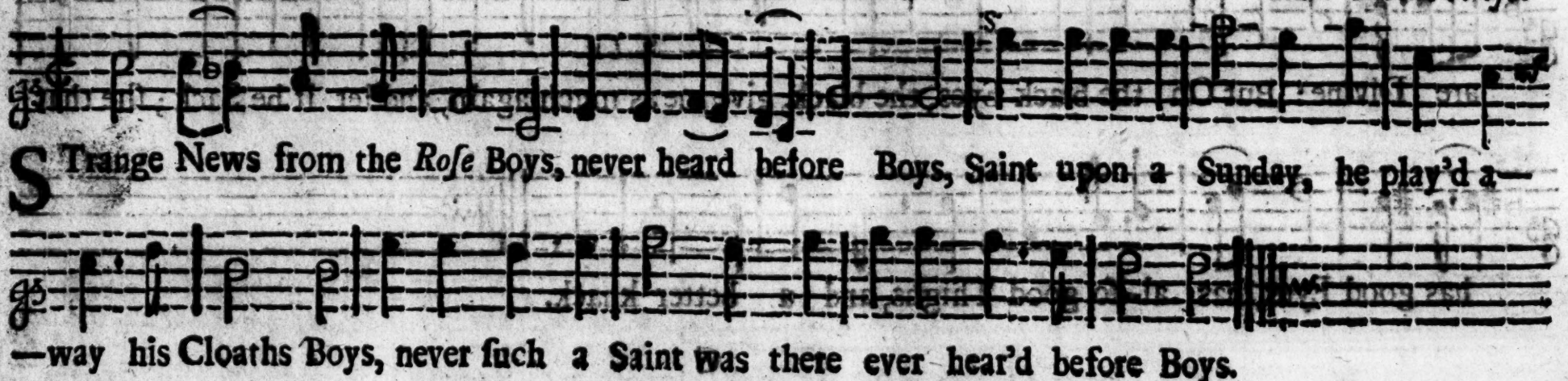
are Divine: But Oh! the black Eyes, the black, give me as much again, and let it be Sack; ſhe that

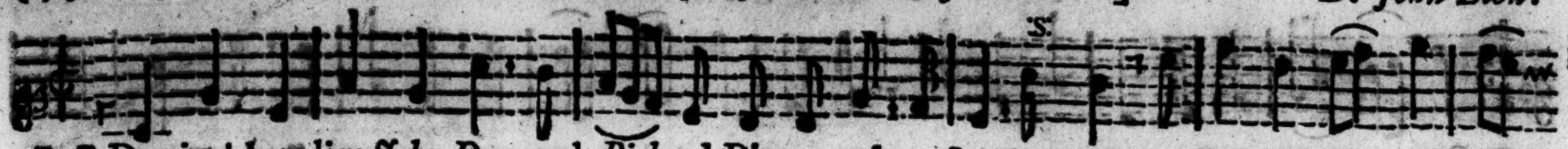


has good Eyes, has al-ſo good Thighs, and a better knack:

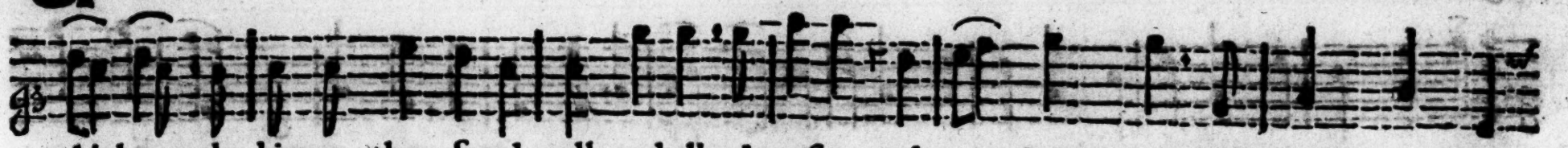


(12) A. 3. Voc: [On Mun Saint.] Mr. Mich. Wiſe.





UDs nigs! here ligs *John Degs*, and *Richard Digger*, and to ſay the truth, to ſay the truth, none know



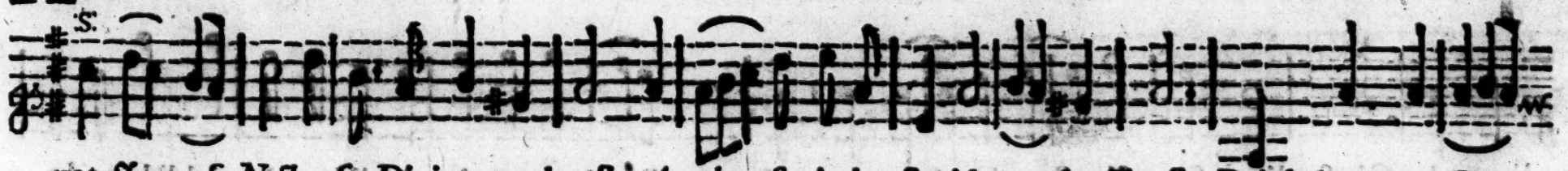
which was the bigger; they fared well, and lived eaſie, and now they're dead, and now they're dead,

and now they're dead, and ſhall pleaſe ye.

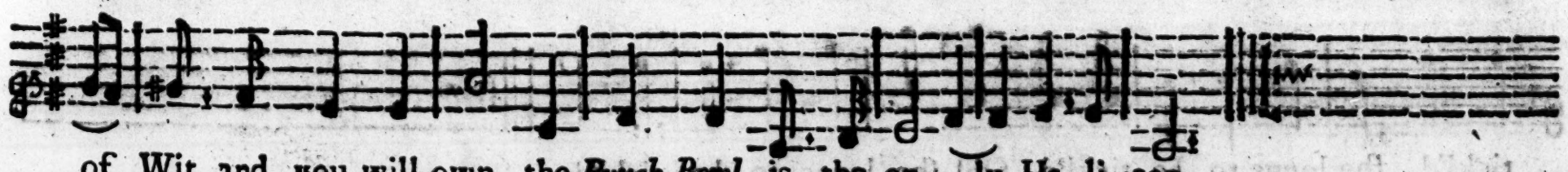
---

(10) *A. 3. Voc.* [*In praiſe of the* Punch-Bowl.] Dr. *John Blow.*

HOw ſhall we ſpeak thy praiſe, delicious Bowl, thou chear'ſt the Heart and thou inſpir'ſt the Soul;

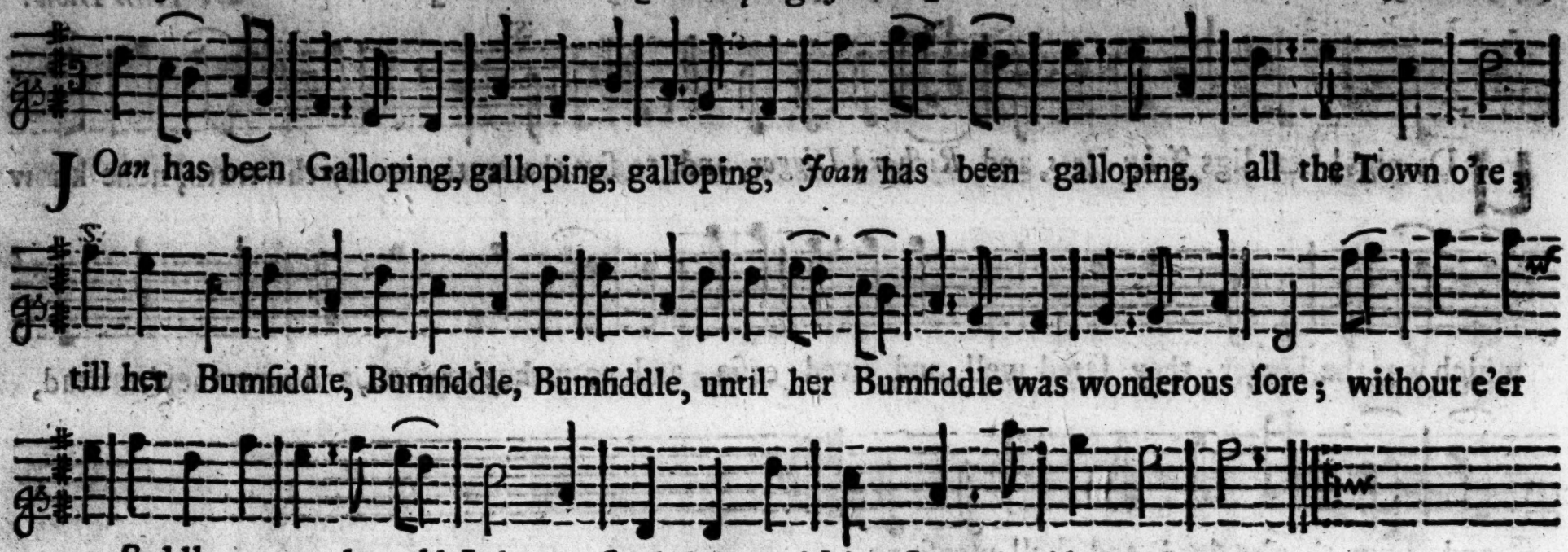


not *Jove* of *Nectar* ſo Divine can boaſt, *Am-bro-ſia* is in-ſi-pid to thy Toaſt: Drink here you ſons



of Wit, and you will own, the *Punch-Bowl* is the on——ly Ha-li-con.

(7) *A.* 3. *Voc.* [*Galloping* Joan.] Dr. *John Blow.*



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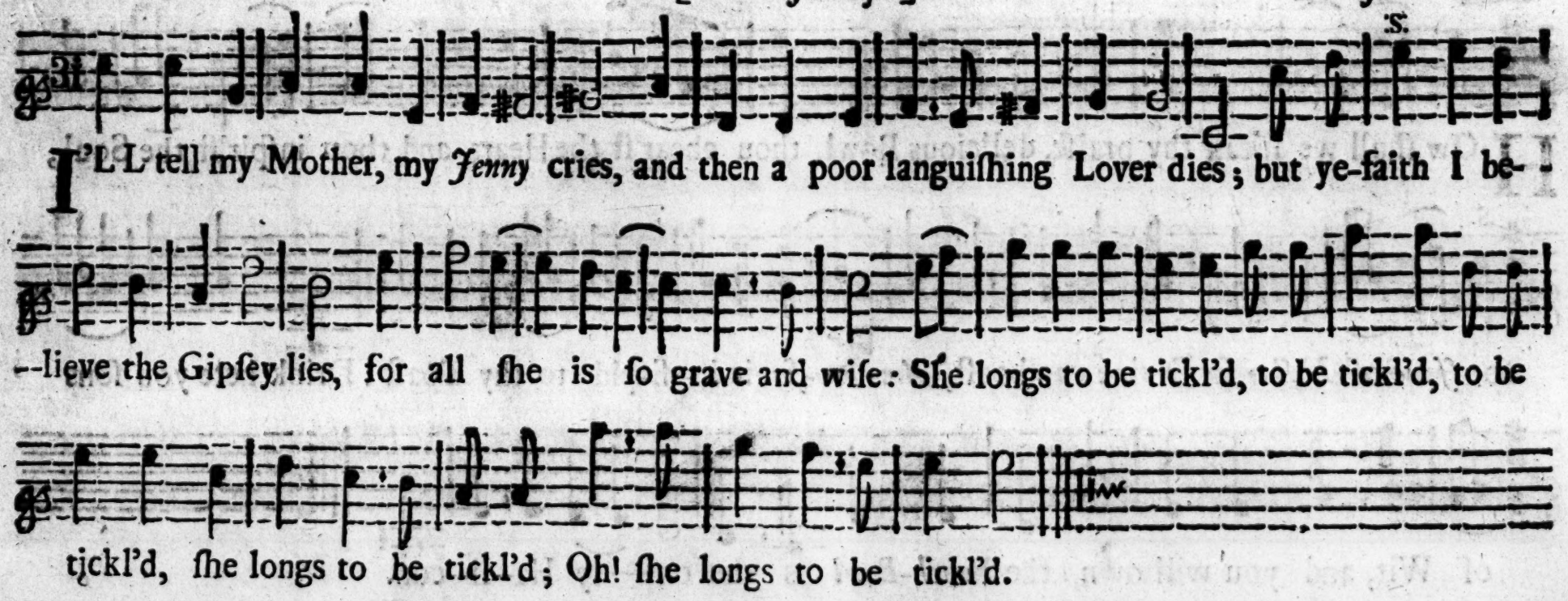
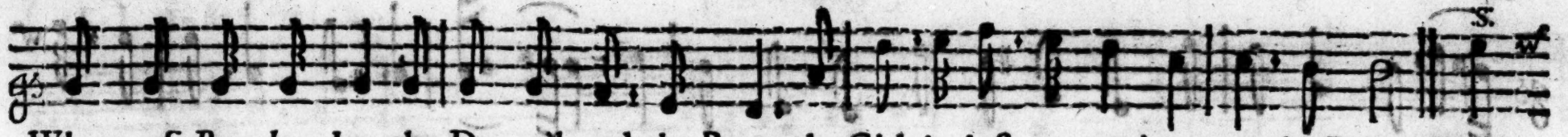
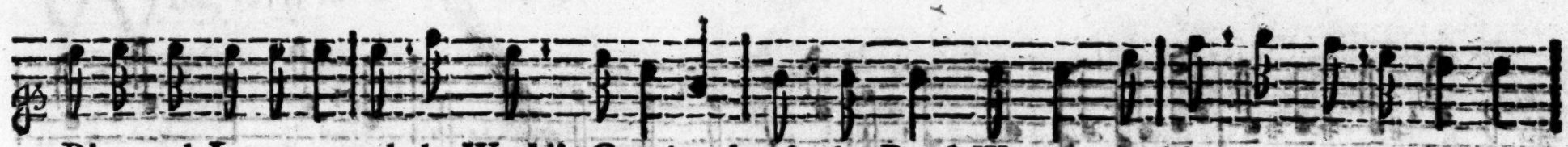
(8) *A.* 3. *Voc.* [*Kind* Jenny.] Dr. *John Blow.*



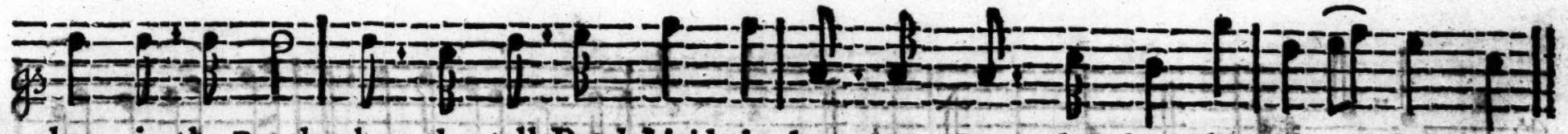
HEre's that will challenge all the Fair, come buy my Nuts and Damsons, my Burgamy Pear; here's the



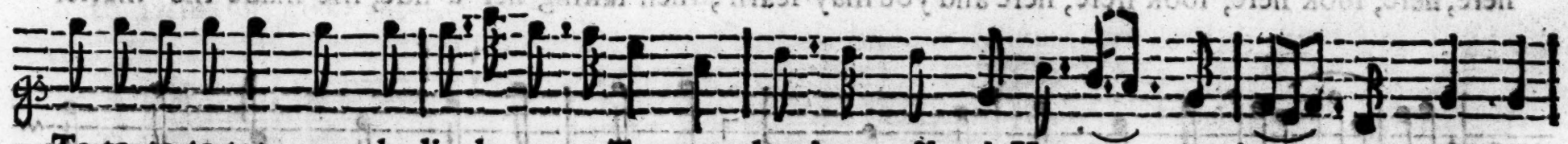
Whore of *Ba—by—lon*, the De—vil and the Pope, the Girl is just a go-ing on the Rope: Here's



Dives and *La-zarus*, and the World's Creation, here's the *Dutch* Woman, the like's not in the Nation;

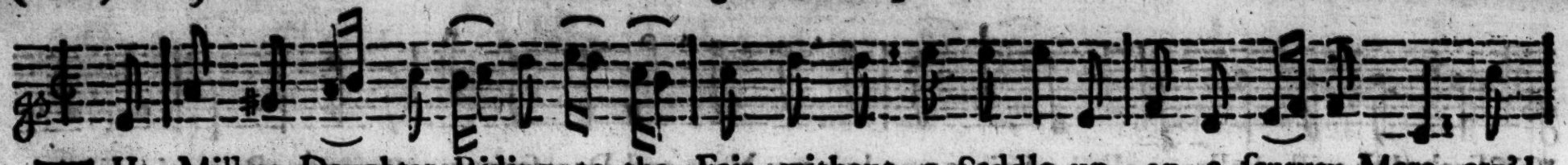


here is the Booth where the tall *Dutch* Maid is, here are Bears that dance like a—ny La—dies:



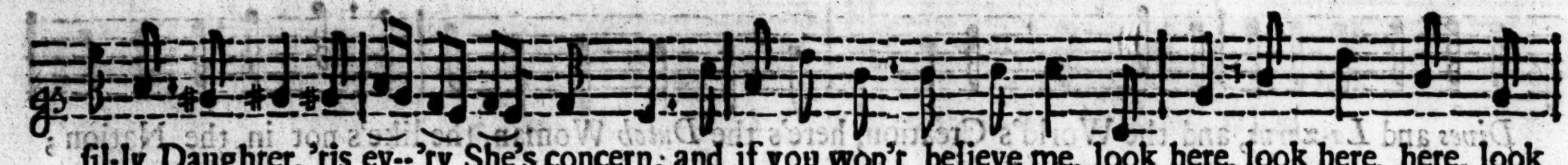
To-ta, to-ta tot, goes the lit-tle penny Trumpet, here's your *Ja-cob Hall* that can jump it, jump it;

found Trumpet found, a fil—ver Spoon and Fork; come here's your dainty Pig and Pork.

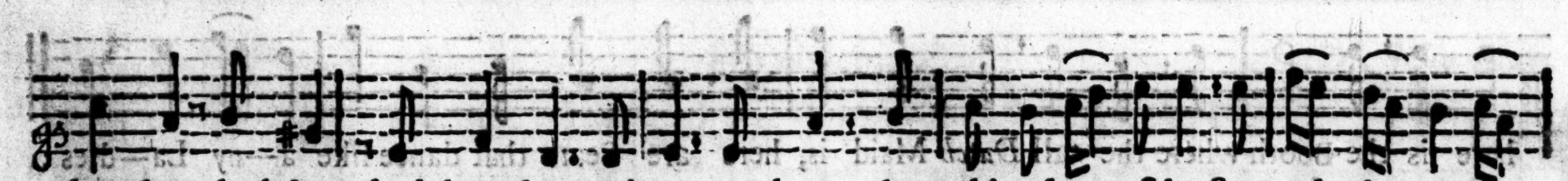


THe Millers Daughter Riding to the Fair, without a Saddle up—on a ſcurvey Mare; cry'd

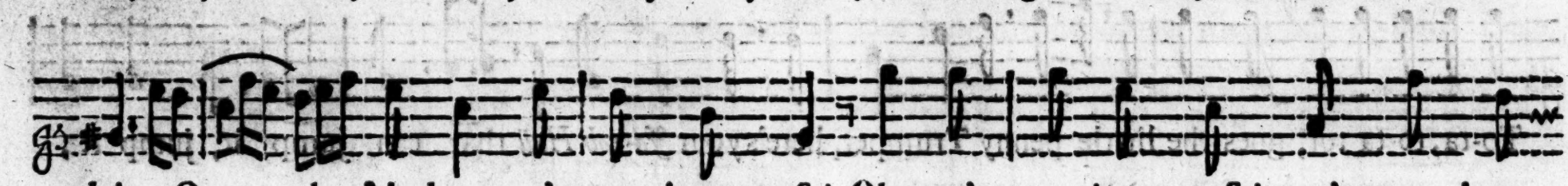
Oh Mother, I'm quite undone, I'm quite undone, I'm all, all o'regrown with Hair! A-way you



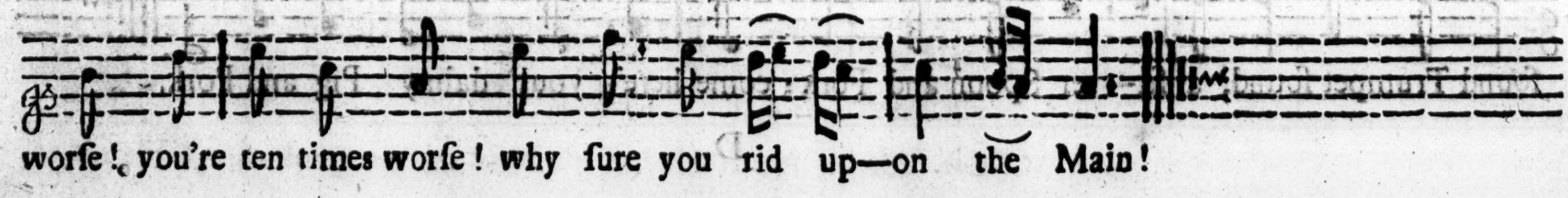
fil-ly Daughter, 'tis ev--'ry She's concern, and if you won't believe me, look here, look here, here, look



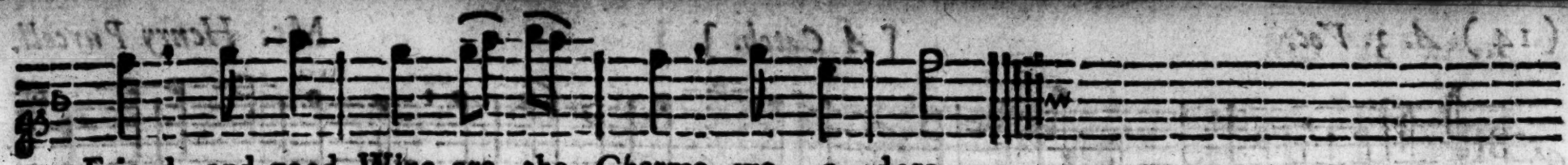
here, here, look here, look here, here and you may learn; then taking her a-ſide, ſhe made the matter



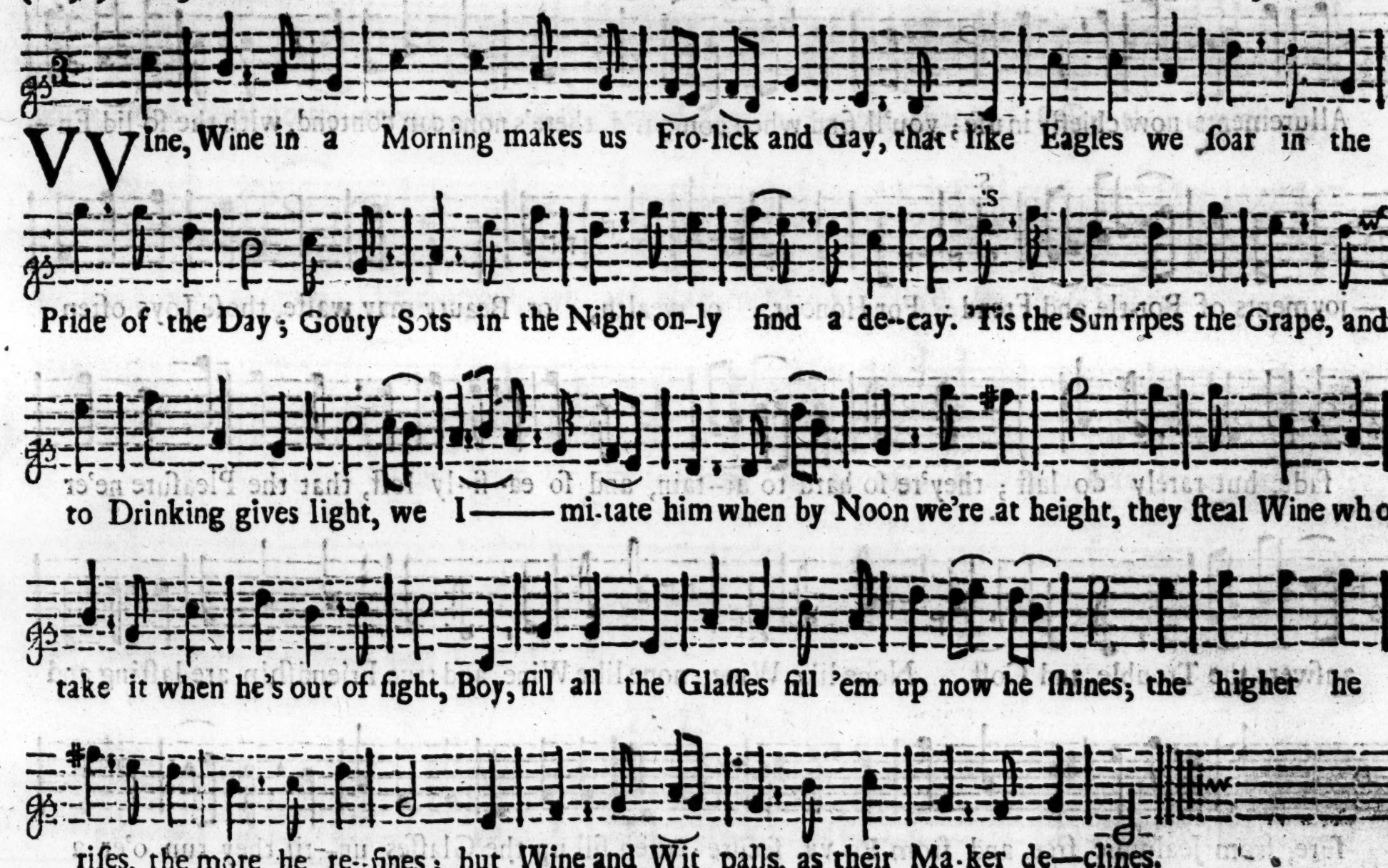
plain, O—— h Mother, you're ten times worſe! Oh you're ten times worſe! you're ten times



worſe! you're ten times worſe! why ſure you rid up—on the Main!



(15) *A. 3. Voc.* [*A Catch.*] Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



SUM up all the Delights, ſum up all, all, ſum up all the Delights the World does produce, the Darling

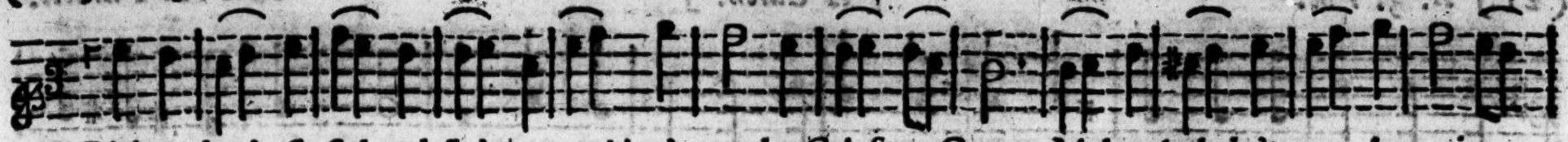
Allurements now chiefly in uſe; you'll find when compar'd, there's none can contend, with the ſo-lid En—

—joyments of Bot-tle and Frend: For Honour, or wealth, or Beauty may waſte, thoſe Joys often

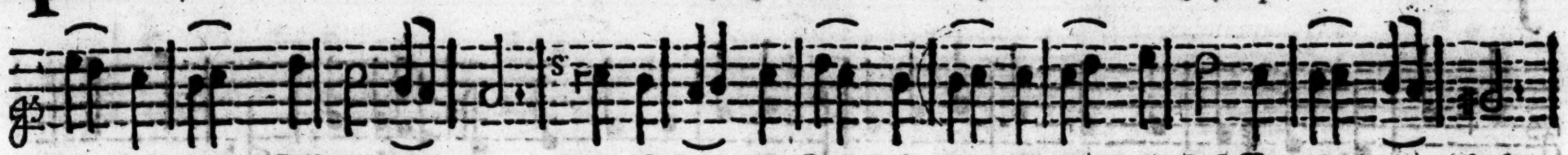
fade, but rarely do laſt; they're ſo hard to at--tain, and ſo ea--ſi--ly loſt, that the Pleaſure ne'er

anſwers the Trouble and Coſt. None like Wine, none like Wine, and true Friendſhip, are laſting and

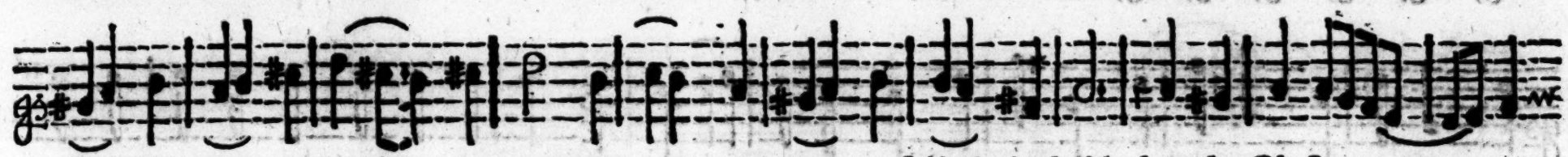
ſure, from Jealouſie free, and from En-vy ſecure; then fill up the Glaſſes un--til they run o'er a



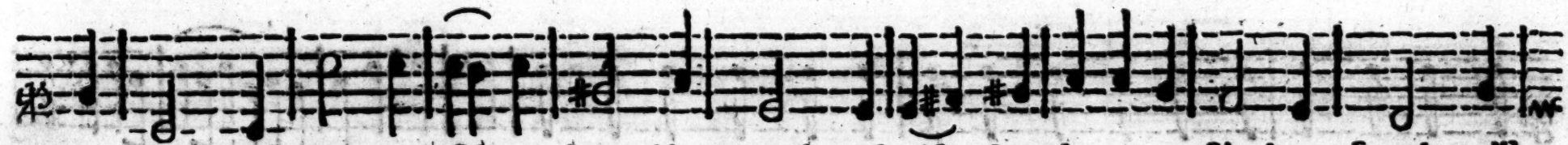
PRithee ben't ſo ſad and ſer'ous, nothing's got by Grief or Cares; Melanchol--ly's too imperious,



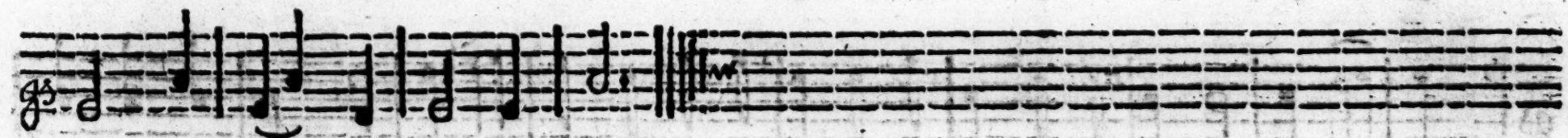
where it comes, ſtill do-mi--neers: But if Bus'neſs, Love, or Sorrow, that poſ--ſeſſes thus thy mind;



bid 'em come a—gain to morrow, we are now to Mirth inclin'd, let the Glaſs ru———-n

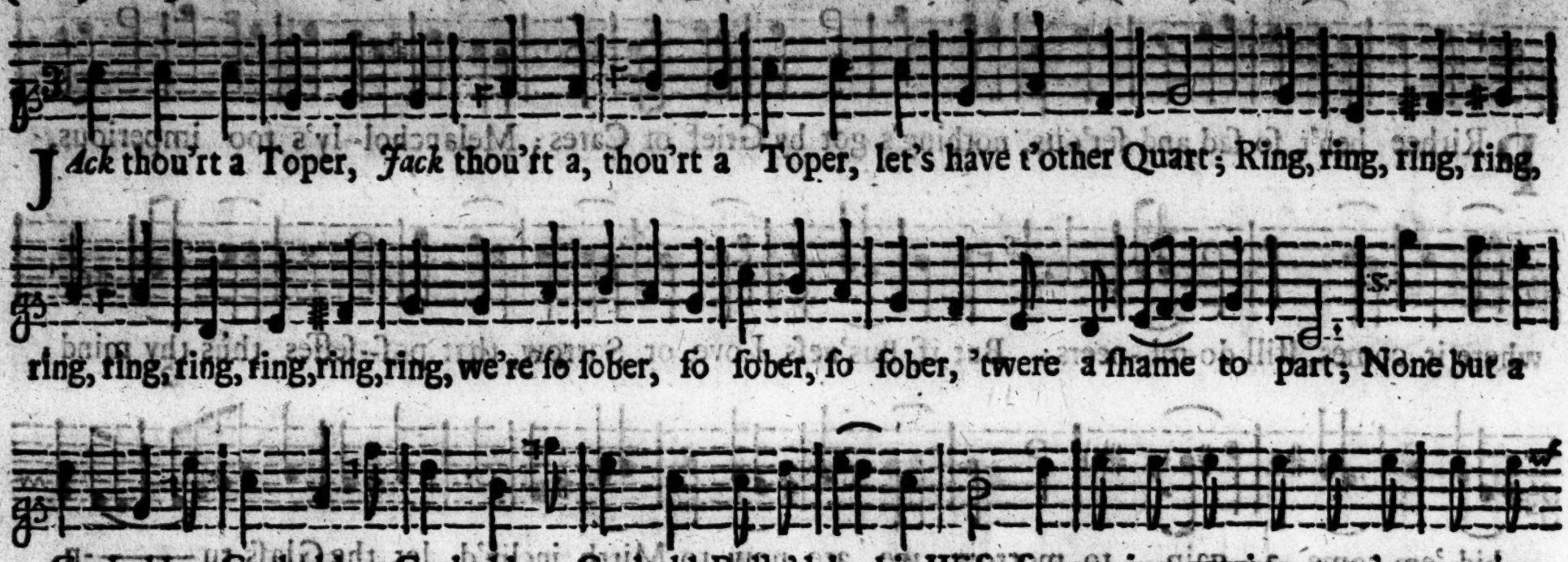


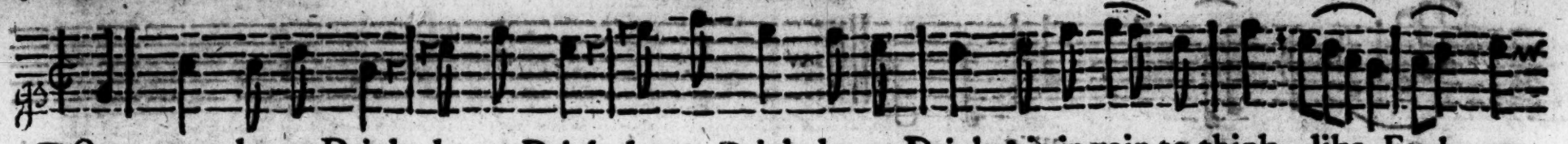
its round, and each good fellow keep his ground, and if there be a--ny flinchers found, we'll



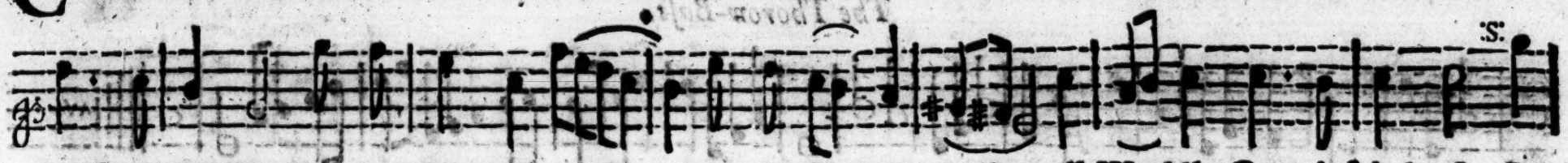
have, we'll have his Soul new Coin'd.

The Thorow-Baſs.

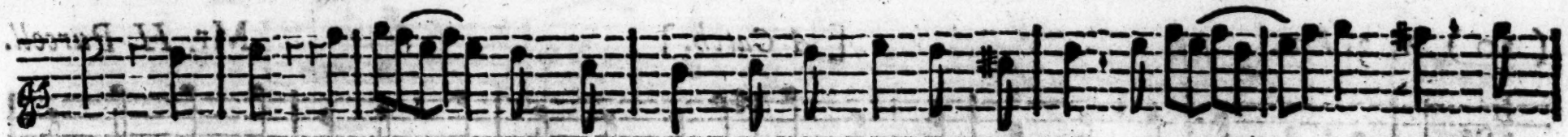

Jack thou'rt a Toper, Jack thou'rt a, thou'rt a Toper, let's have t'other Quart; Ring, ring, ring, ring,
ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, we're ſo ſober, ſo ſober, ſo ſober, 'twere a ſhame to part; None but a
Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold Bully'd by his Wife, for coming, coming, coming, coming,
coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming late fears a Do—me——ſtick
ſtrife; I'm free, I'm free, and ſo are you, ſo are you, ſo are you too, call and knock, knock, boldly, knock
boldly, knock boldly, knock bold-ly, tho' Watchmen cry paſt two a Clock.



COme, come let us Drink, let us Drink, let us Drink, let us Drink, 'tis in vain to think, like Fools on

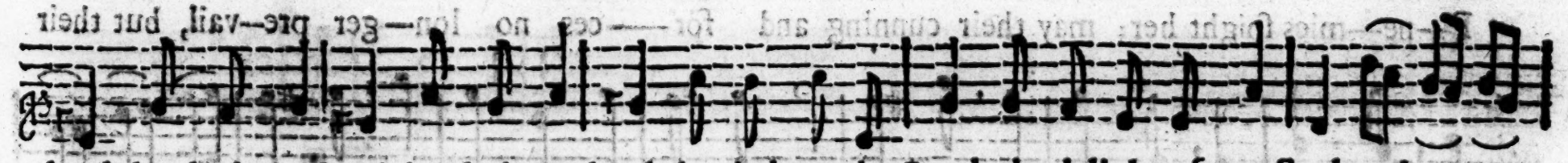


Grief or Sadneſs; let our Money fly, and our Sorrows die, all Worldly Care is Madneſs: But

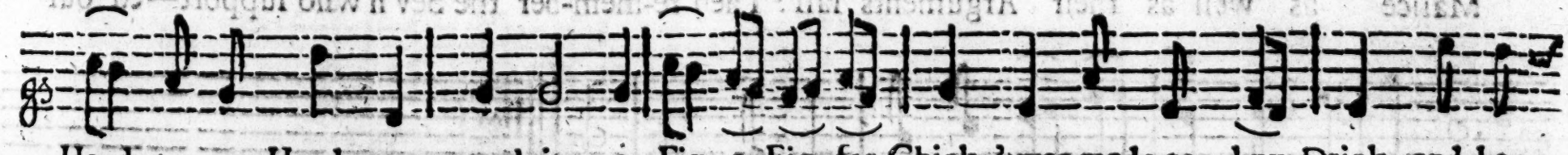


Wine, Wine, Wine, Wine, Wine, and good Cheer will in ſpight of our fear, in—ſpire our Hearts with

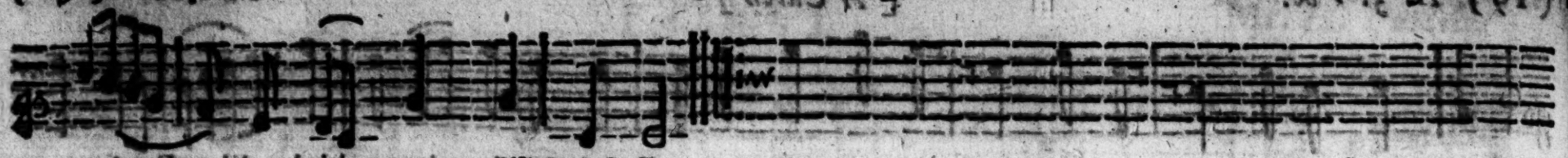
Mirth Boys, the times we live, to Wine to Wine let us give, ſince all, ſince all muſt turn to Earth Boys;



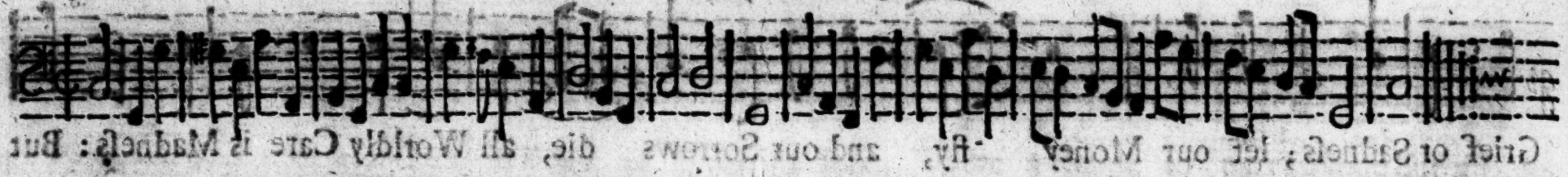
hand, hand about, hand, hand about, hand, hand about the Bowl, the delight of my Soul, and to my



Hand, to my Hand com--mend it, a Fig, a Fig for Chink, 'twas made to buy Drink, and be—

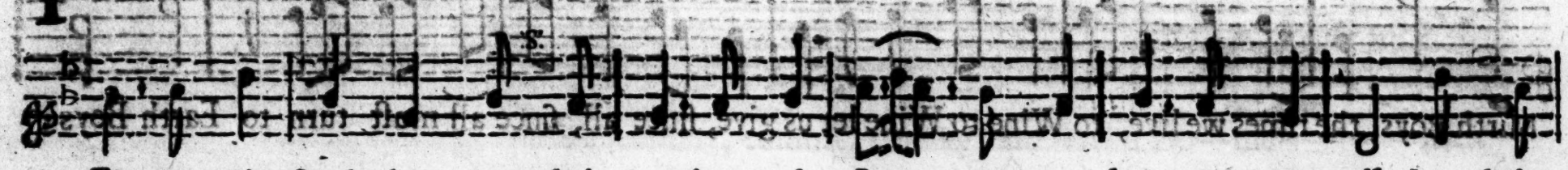


The Thorow-Baſs.

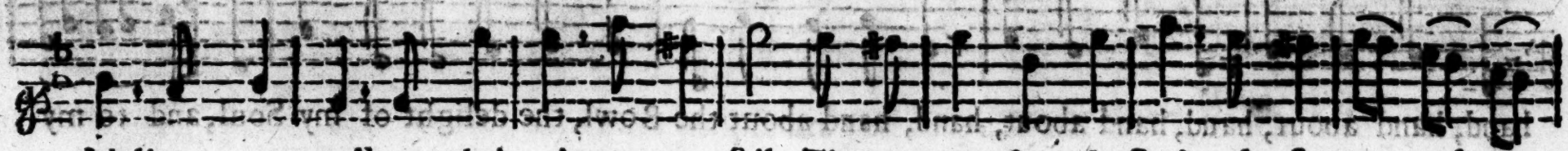


(20) A. 3. Voc. [*A Catch.*] Mr. *H. Purcell.*

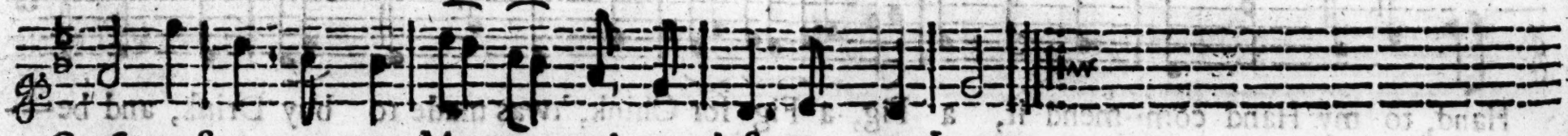
TRue Engliſh Men drink a good health to the Miter, let our Church ever flouriſh tho' her



E—ne—mies ſpight her; may their cunning and for——ces no lon—ger pre—vail, but their

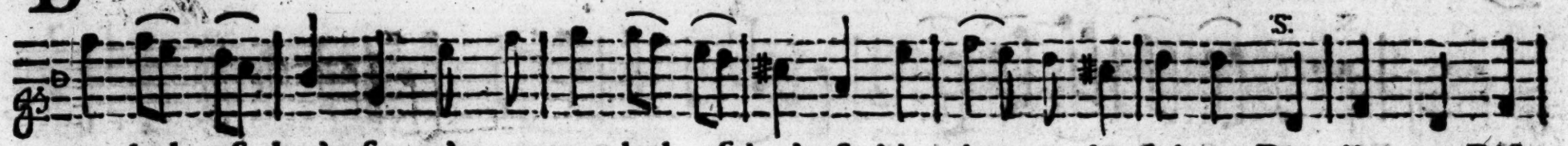


Malice as well as their Arguments fail: Then re-mem-ber the Sev'n who ſupport—ed our



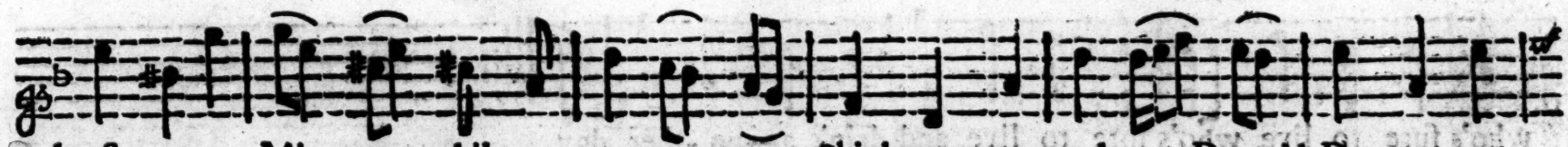
Cauſe, as ſtout as our Martyrs, and as juſt as our Laws.

BRing the Bowl and cool *Nantz*, bring the Bowl and cool *Nantz*, and let us be mixing; We've a



great deal of bus'neſs, we've a great deal of bus'neſs, 'tis time to be fixing: Dip, dip your Diſh

fair a-——-round to all jol——ly, jol—ly *Punch*-drinkers; we looſe not a Mi—nute, we



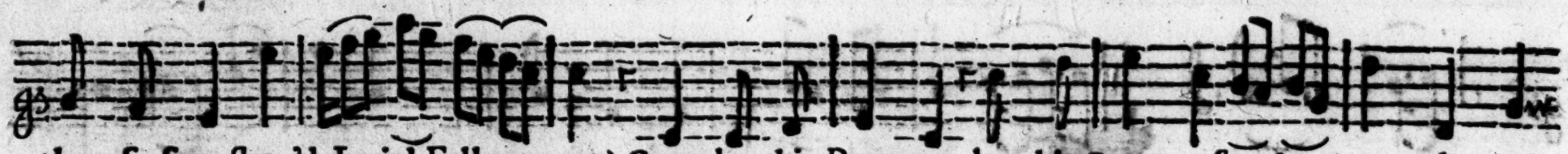
looſe not a Mi—nute, while we are our own Skinkers; we need no Damn'd Drawers, our

mo— — — —tions, our motions are quicker, we ſit at the Well Boys, we ſit at the

Well Boys, and drink ri—cher Liquor.

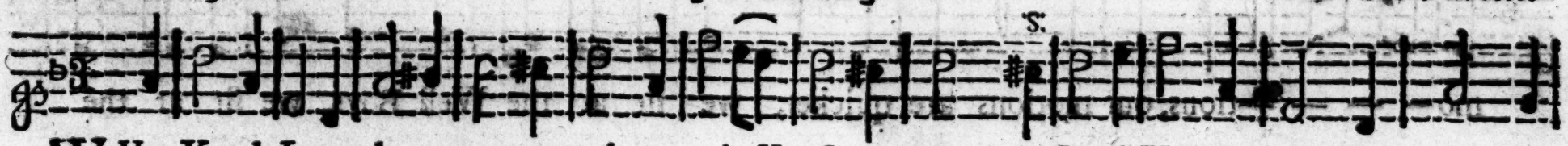
DRink on, drink on, drink on, till Night be ſpent, and Sun do ſhine, did not the Gods give anxious

Mortals Wine, to waſh all Care, to waſh all Care and Trouble from the Heart? why then ſo ſoon, why

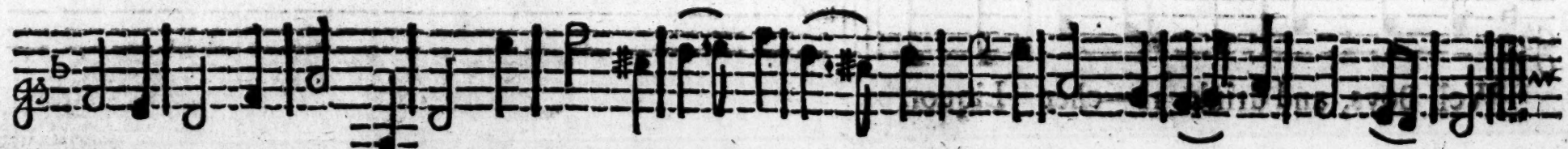


then ſo ſoon ſhou'd Jovial Fellows part? Come let this Bumper, let this Bumper for the next make way,

who's ſure to live, who's ſure to live, and drink a—no--ther day.



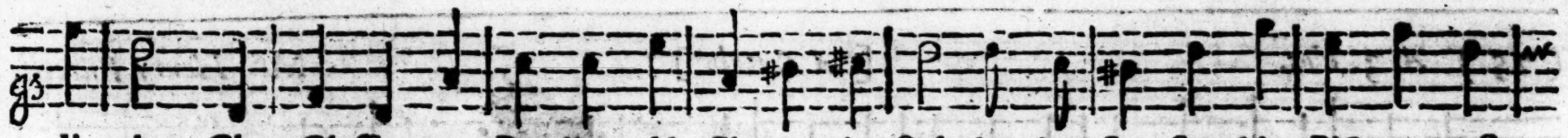
WHen *V* and *I* together meet, we make up 6 in Houſe or Street; yet *I* and *V* may meet once more, and



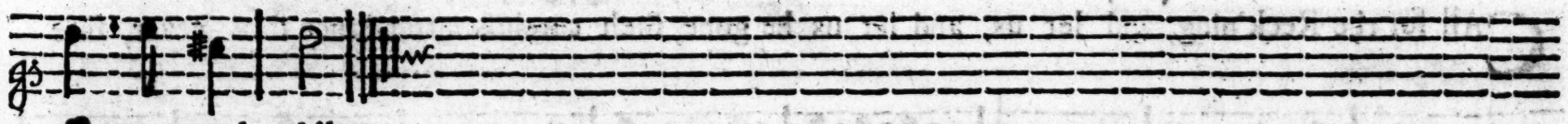
then we 2 can make but 4: But when that *V* from *I* am gone, a-las! poor *I* can make but one.

PAle Fa—ces ſtand by, and our bright ones a dore, we look like our Wine, you worſe than our Score;

come light up our Pimples, all Art we out-ſhine, when the plump God does Paint each Streak is



di—vine: Clean Glaſſes are Pencils, old Claret is Oyl, he that fits for his Picture muſt



ſit a good while.

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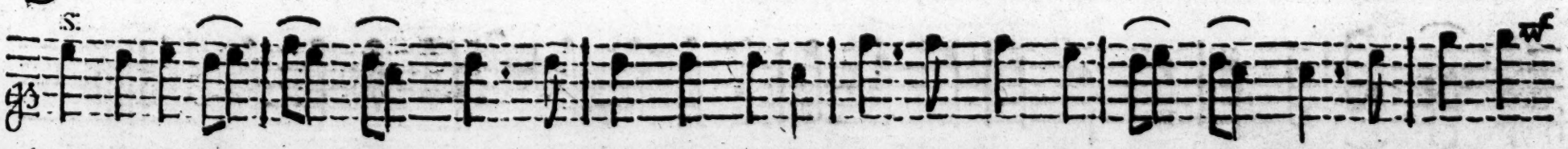
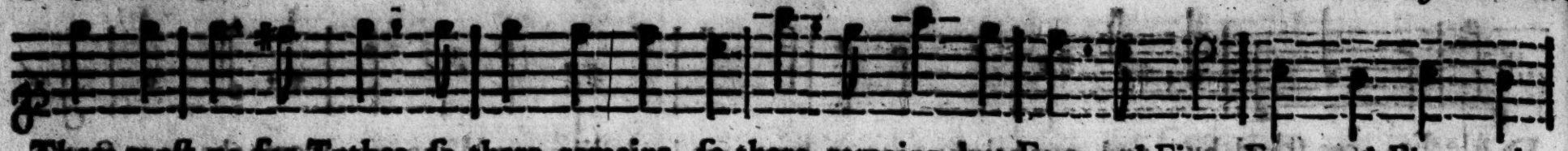
(24) *A. 3. Voc.* [*A Catch.*] Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

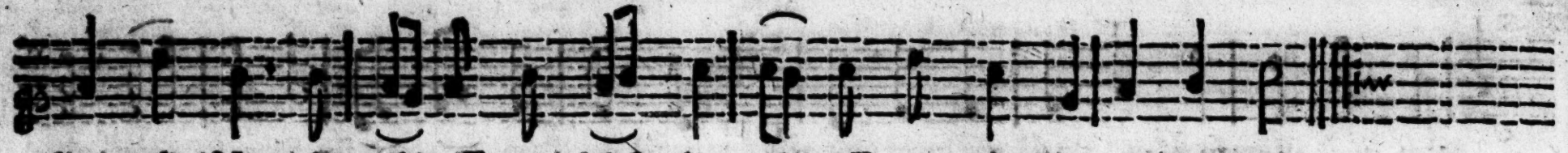
SOldier, Soldier take off thy Wine, and ſhake thy Locks, and ſhake thy Locks as I ſhake mine;



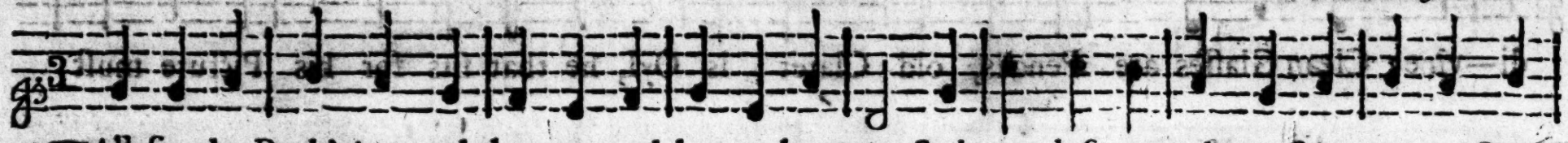
how can I my poor Locks ſhake, that have but Ten, I have but Ten Hairs on my Pate, and one of



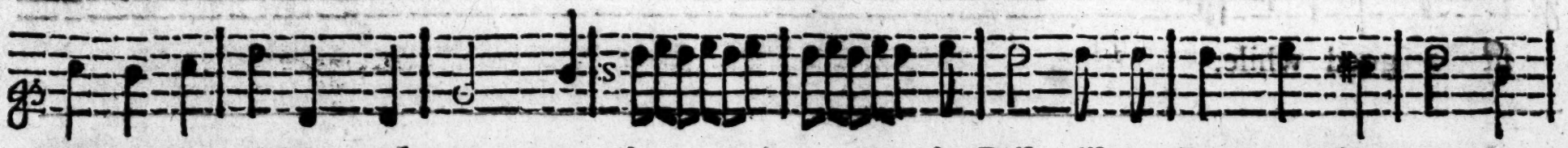
Them muſt go for Tythes, ſo there remains, ſo there remains but Four and Five, Four and Five, and



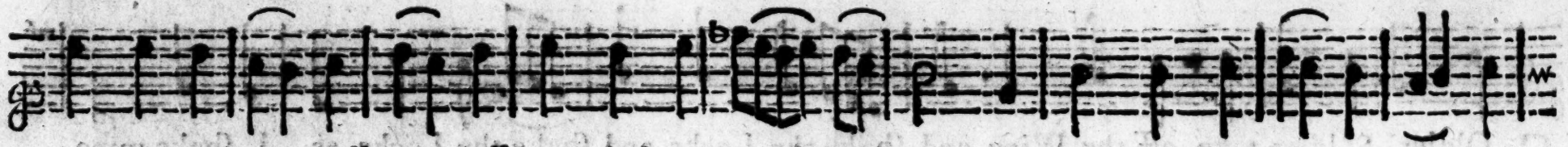
that makes Nine, then take off your drink, then take off your drink as I take mine.



CAll for the Reck'ning, and let us, and let us be gone, ſuch careleſs attendance ſure never, ſure

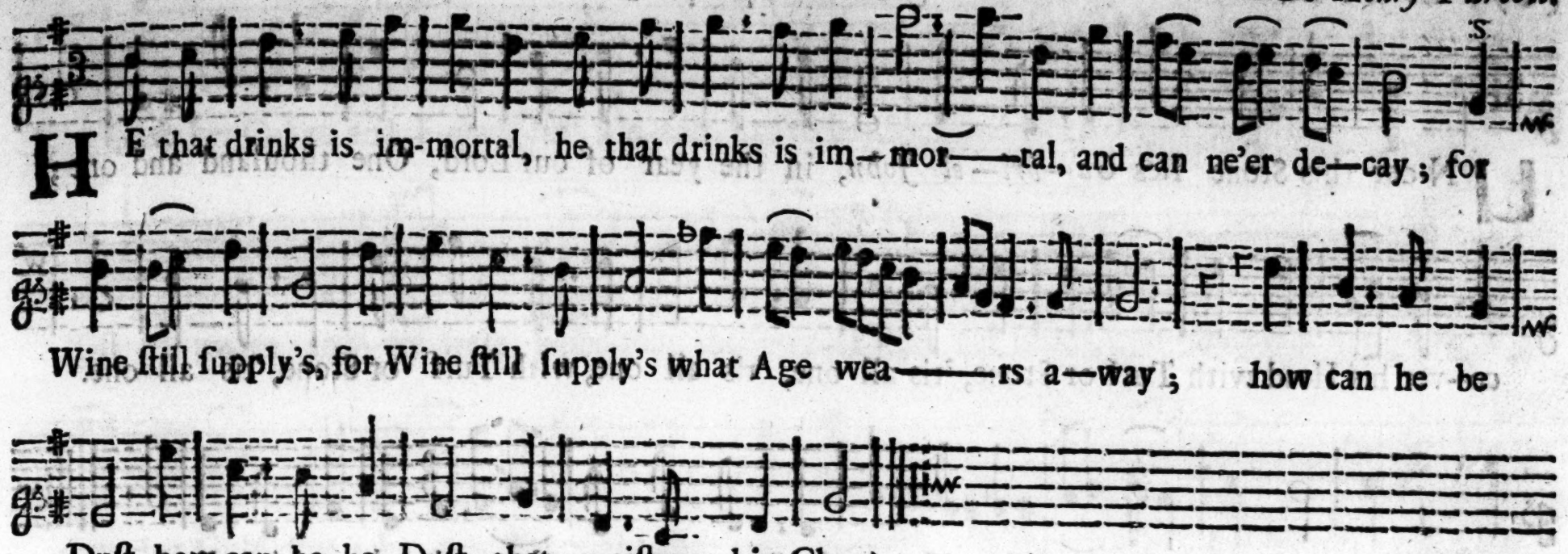


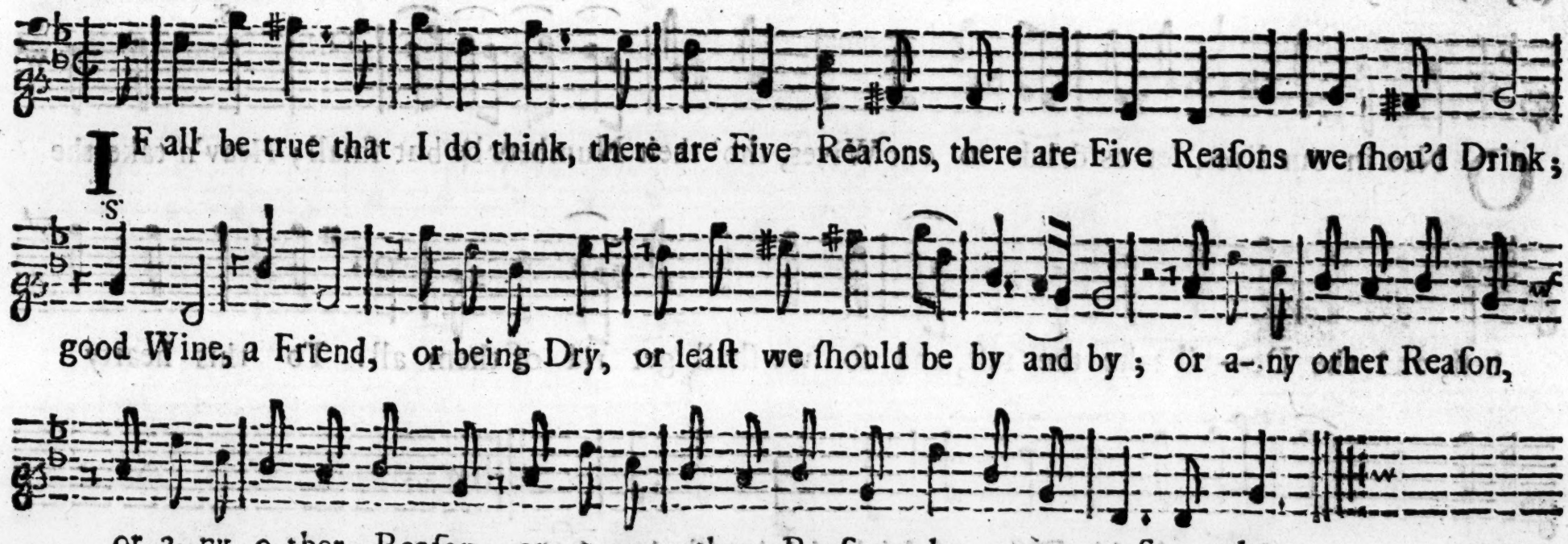
never, ſure never was known; pray ri——ng the Bell, till the Drawers come up, nay,

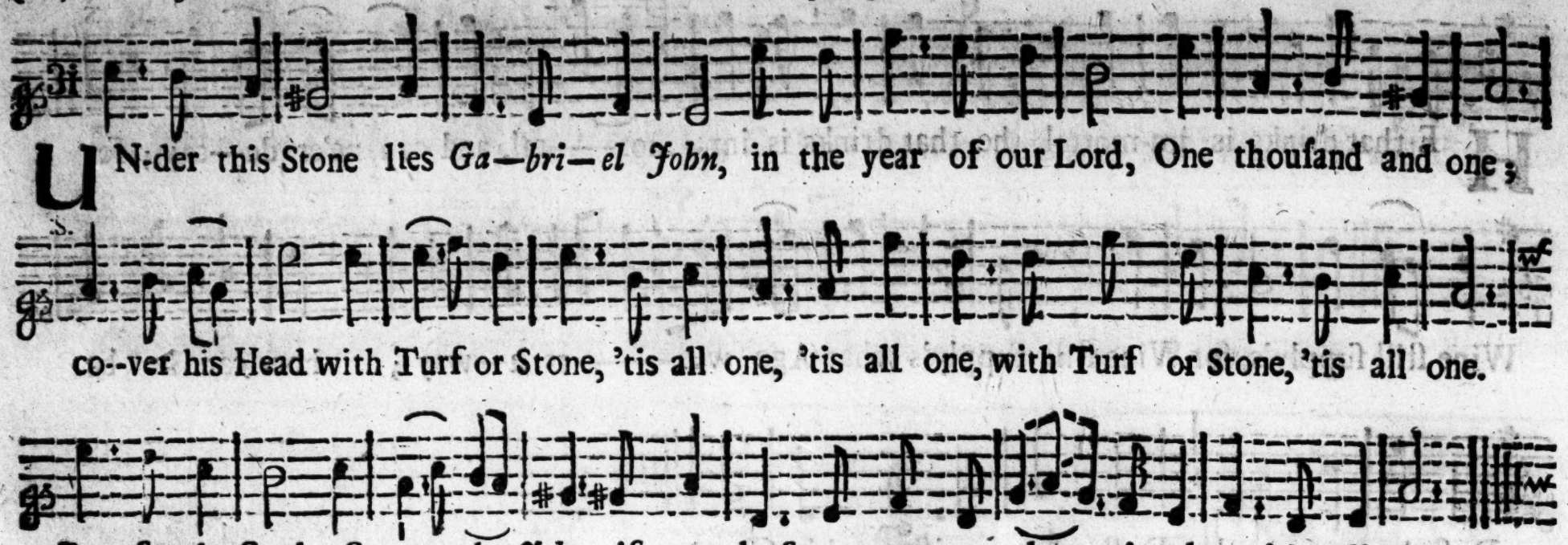


prithee pull on, pull on, pull on, tho' you break the Rope; why ſure they're a-ſleep, a pox, a

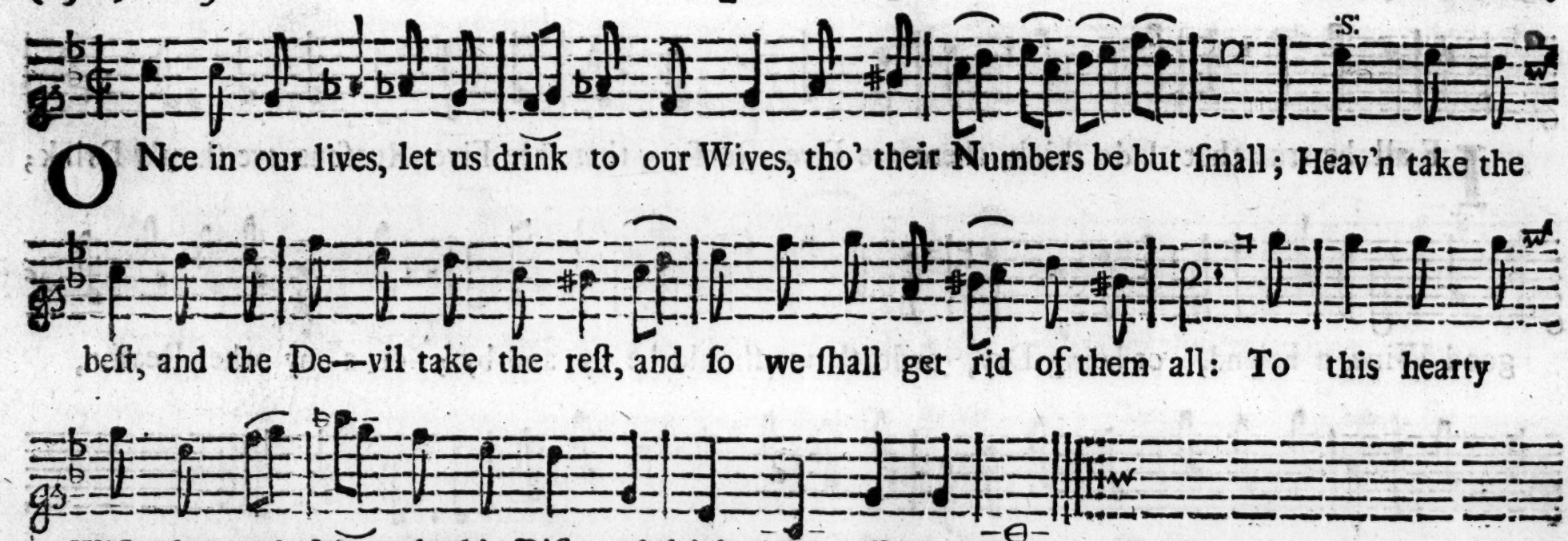
pox take 'em all: oh! now they come ſneaking with Gentlemen d'ye call, Gentlemen d'ye call.


HE that drinks is im-mortal, he that drinks is im—mor——tal, and can ne'er de—cay; for
Wine ſtill ſupply's, for Wine ſtill ſupply's what Age wea——rs a—way; how can he be
Duſt, how can he be Duſt, that moiſtens his Clay?


IF all be true that I do think, there are Five Reaſons, there are Five Reaſons we ſhou'd Drink;
good Wine, a Friend, or being Dry, or leaſt we ſhould be by and by; or a--ny other Reaſon,
or a--ny o-ther Reaſon, or a--ny other Reaſon, why, a--ny reaſon why.



(30) *A.* 3. *Voc.* [*A Catch.*] Mr. *H. Purcell.*



I Gave her Cakes, and I gave her Ale, and I gave her Sack and Sher--ry, I Kiſt her once, and I

Kiſt her twice, and we were wond'rous mer—ry: I gave her Beads, and Bracelets fine, and I

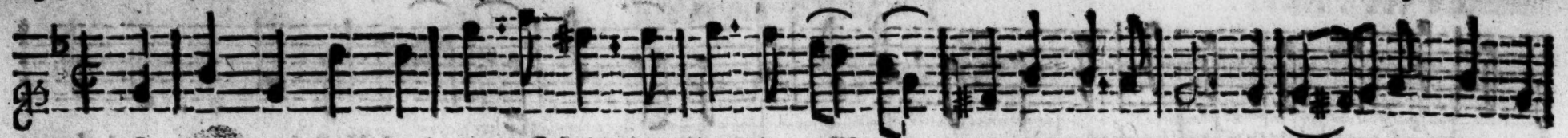
gave her Gold down der--ry; I thought ſhe was a--feard, till ſhe ſtroak'd my Beard, and we

were wond'rous mer—ry; merry, my Hearts, merry my Cocks, merry my ſprights; merry,

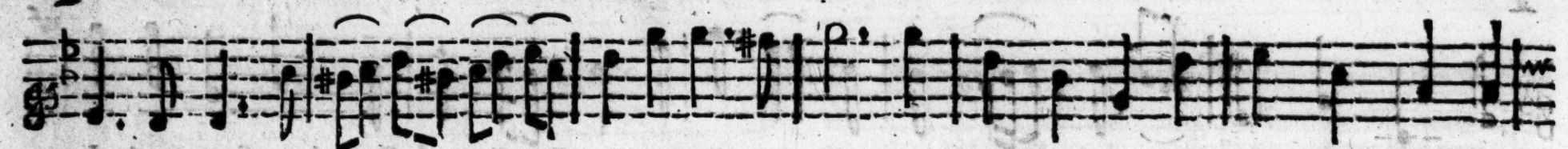
merry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer--ry, my hey down der--ry, I Kiſt her once, and I Kiſt her

twice, and we were wond'rous mer—ry.

(33) *A.* 3. *Voc.* [*A Catch.*] Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



TO thee, to thee and to a Maid, that kindly will up—on her Back belaid; and laugh, and ſing and



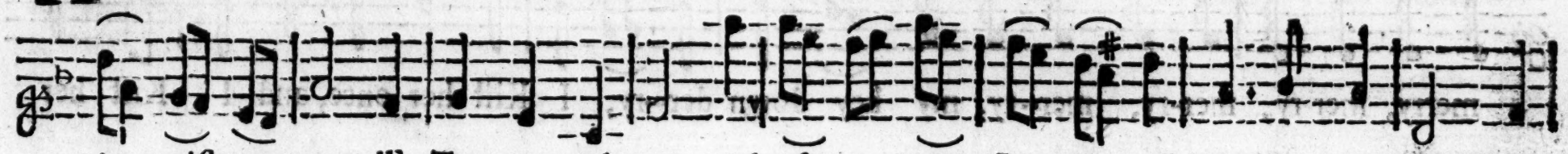
kiſs, and play, and wanton, wanton out a Summer's day: Such, ſuch a Laſs, kind Friend, and Drinking

give me, Great *Jove*! and damn, and damn the Thinking.

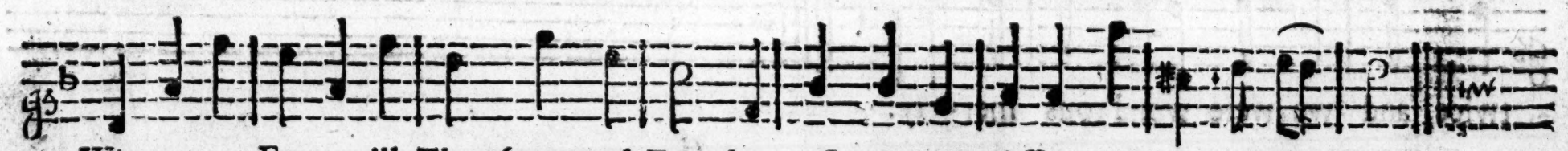
---

(34) *A.* 3. *Voc.* [*A Catch.*] Mr. *H. Purcell.*

AN Ape, a Lyon, a Fox, and an Aſs, do ſhew forth Man's Life as it were in a Glaſs; for



A—piſh we are till Twenty and one, and af—ter that, Ly---ons till Forty be gone: Then



Wit--ty as Foxes till Threeſcore and Ten, but af—-ter that Aſſes, and ſo no more Men.

The Second Part; to the ſame Tune.

A Dove, a Sparrow, a Parrot, a Crow,
As plainly ſets forth how you Women may know;
Harmleſs they are, till Thirteen be gone,
Then Wanton as Sparrows till Forty draw on;
Then Prating as Parrots till Threeſcore be o're,
Then Birds of ill Omen, and Women no more.

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(35) *A. 4. Voc.* [*A Catch.*] Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

YOung *John* the Gard'ner having lately got, a ve-ry Rich and Fertile Garden Plot; bragging to *Joan*, Quoth

he, ſo Rich a Ground for Melons, cannot in the World be found: That's a damn'd lye, quoth

Joan, for I can tell, a place that does your Garden far excell; Where's that? ſays *John*; In mine Arſe quoth

Joan, for there is ſtore of Dung and Wa--ter all the Year.

(39) *A. 4. Voc.* [*A Catch.*] Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

THE *Macedon* Youth left behind him This Truth, That no--thing was done with much thinking; He

drank, and he fought, and he got what he ſought, and the World was his own by fair drink-ing: He

waſh'd his great Soul, in a plentiful Bowl, he caſt away Trou--ble and Sorrow; his Mind did not

run, of what was to be done, for he thought of to day, not to morrow.

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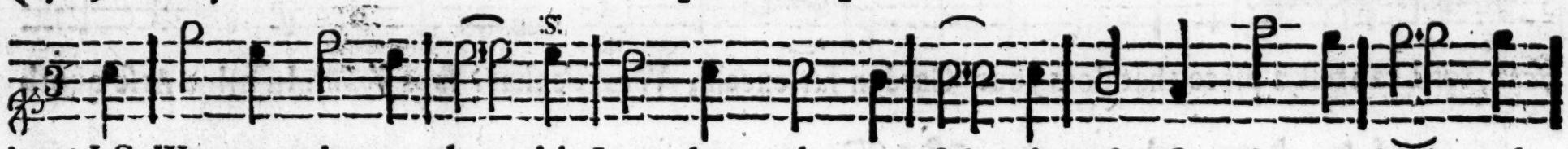
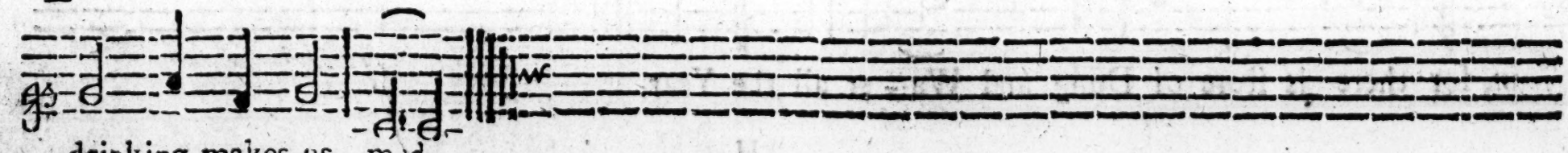
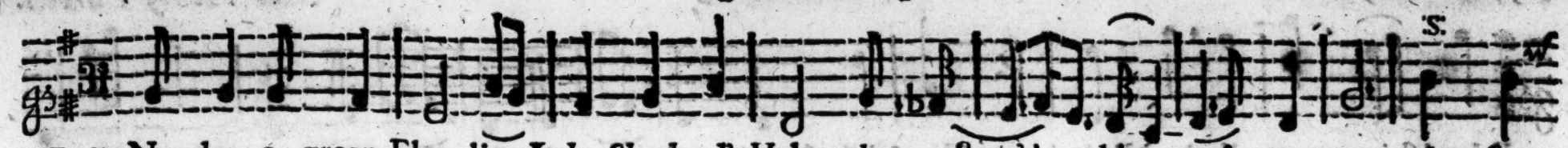
(40) *A. 4. Voc.* [*A Catch*] Mr. *H. Pureell.*



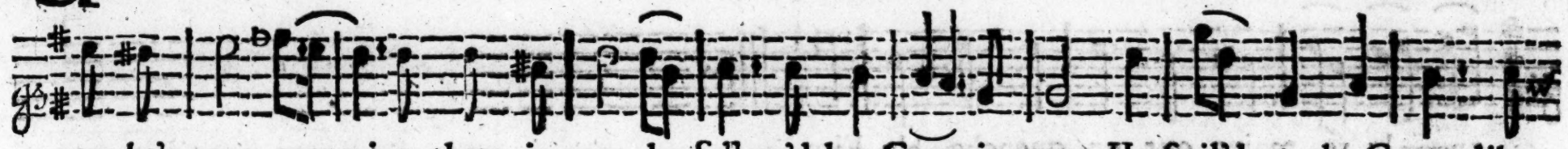
'TIS Women makes us love, 'tis Love that makes us ſad; 'tis Sad-neſs makes us drink, and



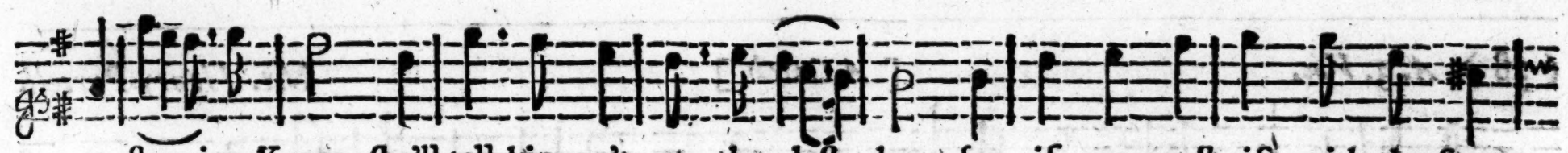
drinking makes us mad.



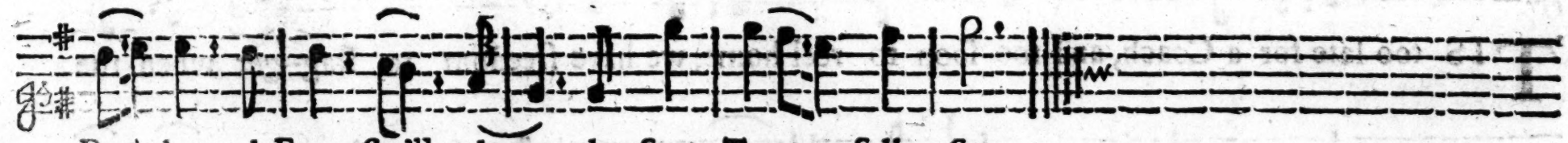
UNder a green Elm, lies *Luke Shepherd's* Helm, that ſteer'd him ev'ry way; wherefore



now he's gone, mourning there is none, he follow'd her Corps in gray; He ſmil'd at the Grave, like



a fleer-ing Knave, ſhe'll tell him on't at the laſt day; for if we muſt riſe, with the ſame



Bo—dy and Eyes, ſhe'll have the ſame Tongue, folks ſay.

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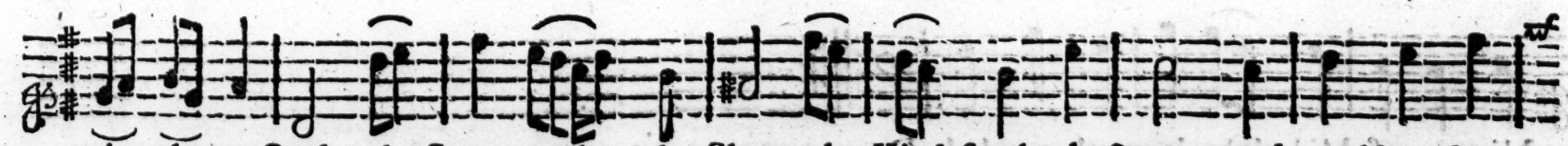
(37) *A. 3. Voc.* [*A Catch. Words by Mr.* Otway.] Mr. *H. Purcell.*

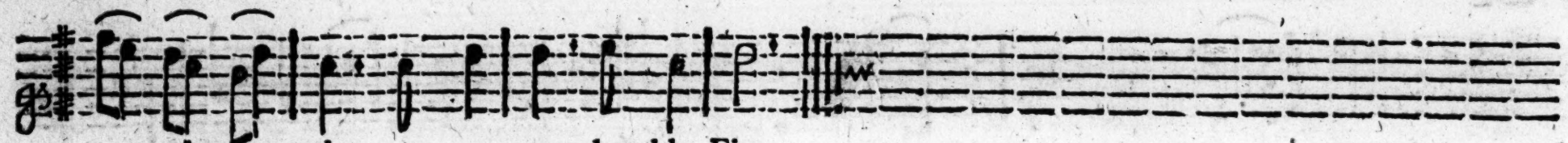
WOuld you know how we meet o're our jol—ly full Bowls, as we min—gle our Liquors, we



min--gle our Souls; the Sweet melts the Sharp, the Kind ſooths the Strong, and nothing but

(37) *A. 3. Voc.* [*A Catch.*] Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

Friendſhip grows all the Night long: We drink, laugh, and gra—ti—fie ev'—ry De—ſire, Love



on—ly re--mains, our un--quencha--ble Fire.

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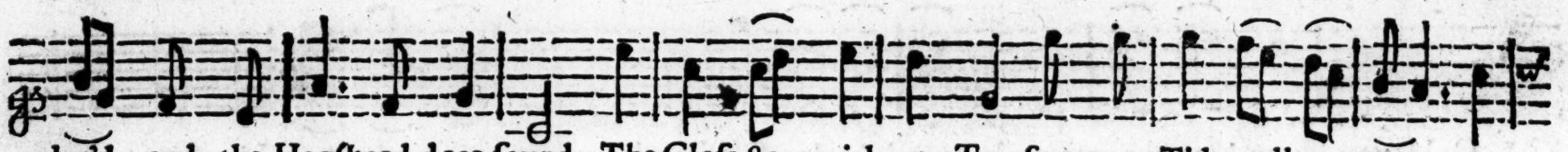
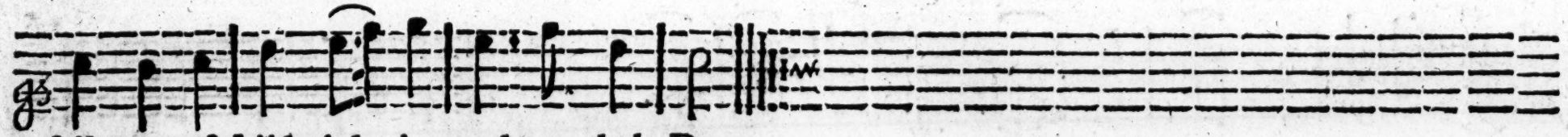
(38) *A. 3. Voc.* [*A Catch.*] Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

'TIS too late for a Coach, and too ſoon to' reel home, we have freedom to ſtag--ger when the

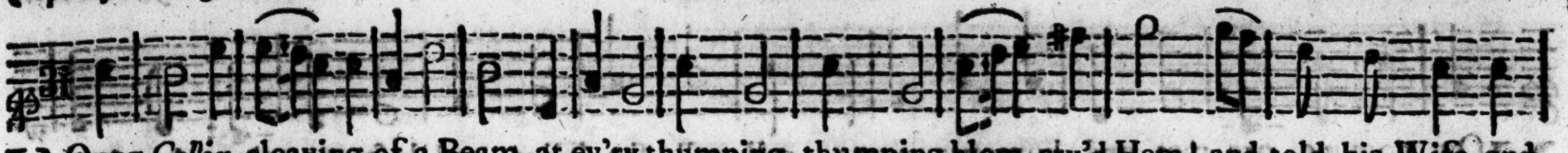
Town is our own; let's whirle it away, and whip Six—pen-ces round, till the Drawers are foun—



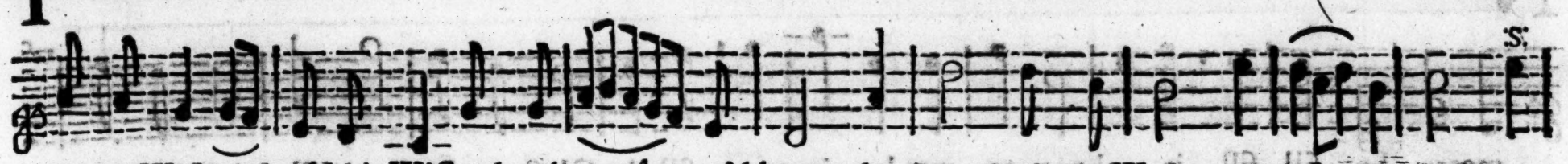
---der'd, and the Hogſhead does ſound: The Glaſs ſtays with you *Tom*, ſave your Tide, pull a---way, one



Minute of Mid-night is worth a whole Day.

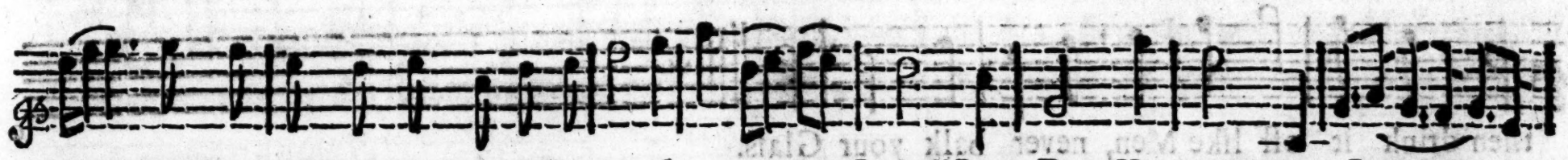


YOung *Collin* cleaving of a Beam, at ev'ry thumping, thumping blow, cry'd Hem! and told his Wife, and

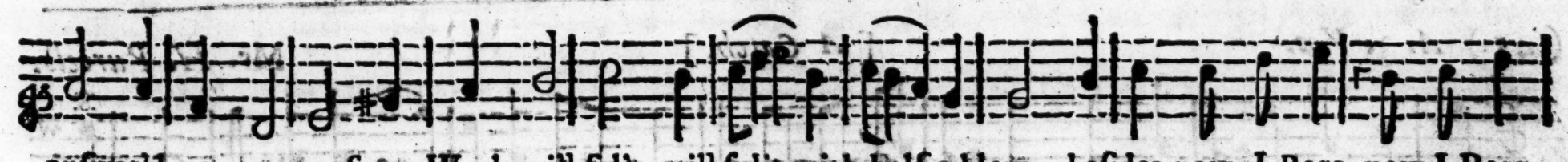


told his Wife, and told his Wife who the cauſe wou'd know, that Hem made the Wedge much farther go. Plump

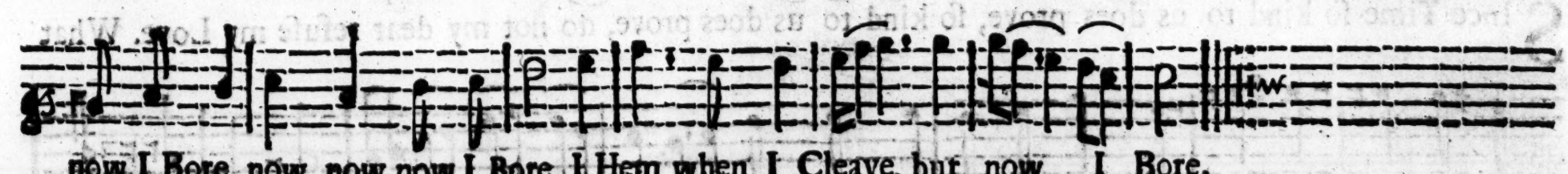
Joan when at Night to Bed they came, and both were play —— ing at the ſame, cry'd Hem! Hem!



Hem! prethee, prethee, prethee, *Collin* do, if e--ver thou Loved'ſt me, Dear Hem now; he Laughing

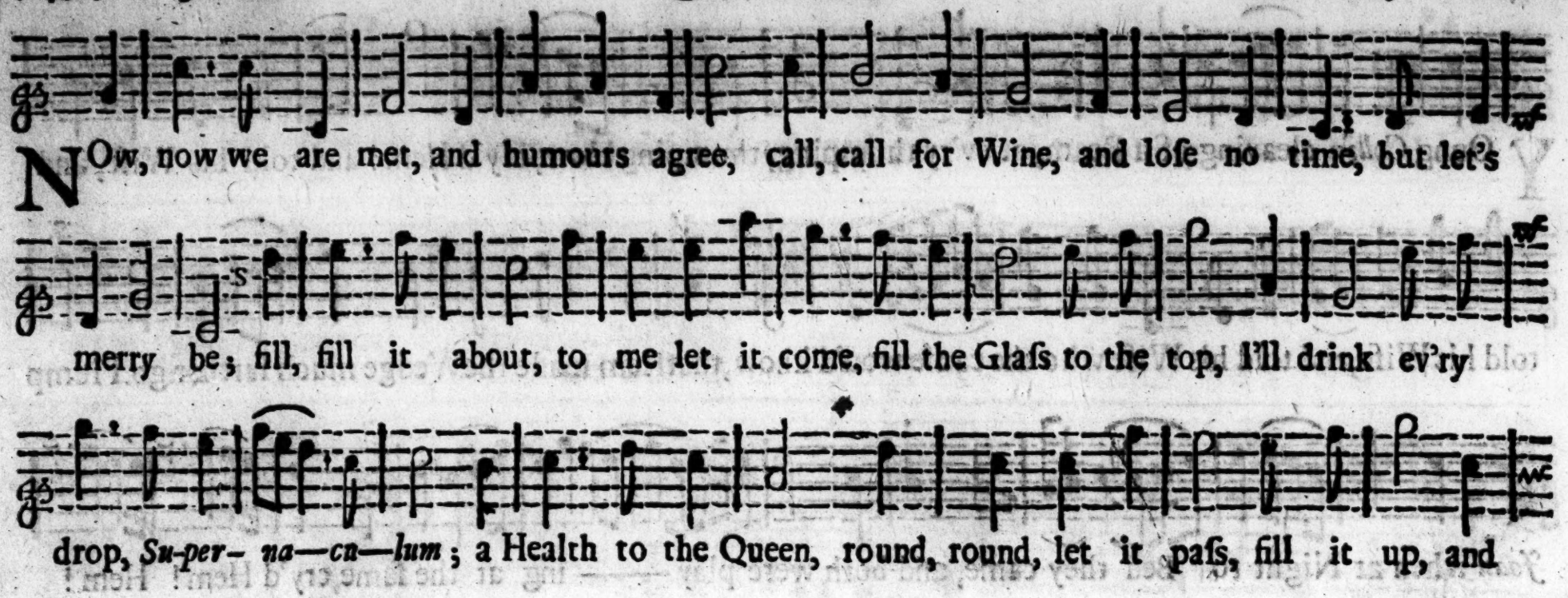


anſwer'd no, no, no, ſome Work will ſplit, will ſplit with half a blow; beſides now I Bore, now I Bore,



now I Bore, now, now, now I Bore, I Hem when I Cleave, but now I Bore.

(45) *A. 3. Voc.* [*A Catch.*] Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



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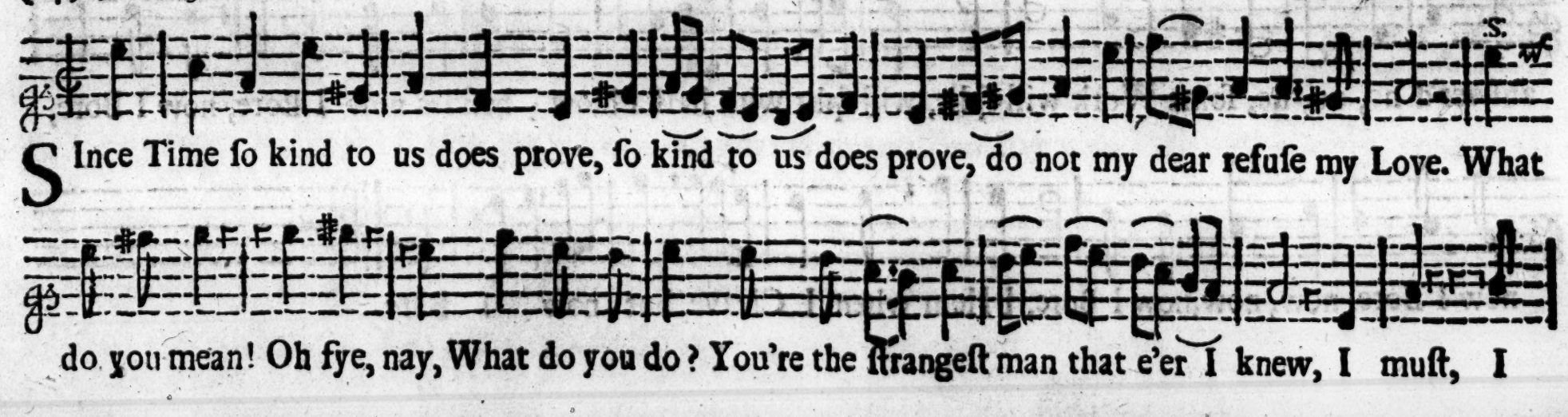
(45) *A. 3. Voc.* [*A Catch.*] Mr. *H. Purcell.*

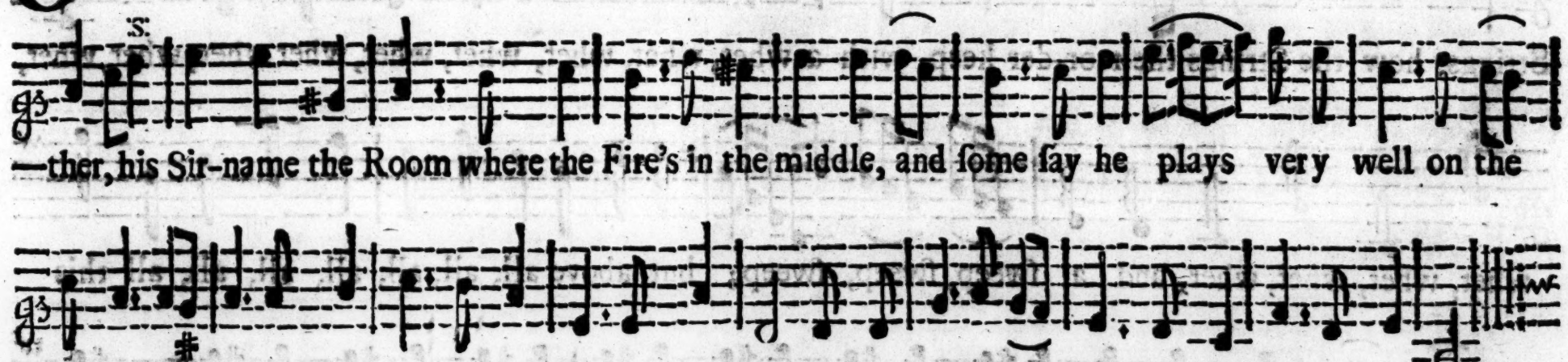


muſt, I can't, forbear, I can't, I can't forbear, lye ſtill, lye ſtill my dear.

---

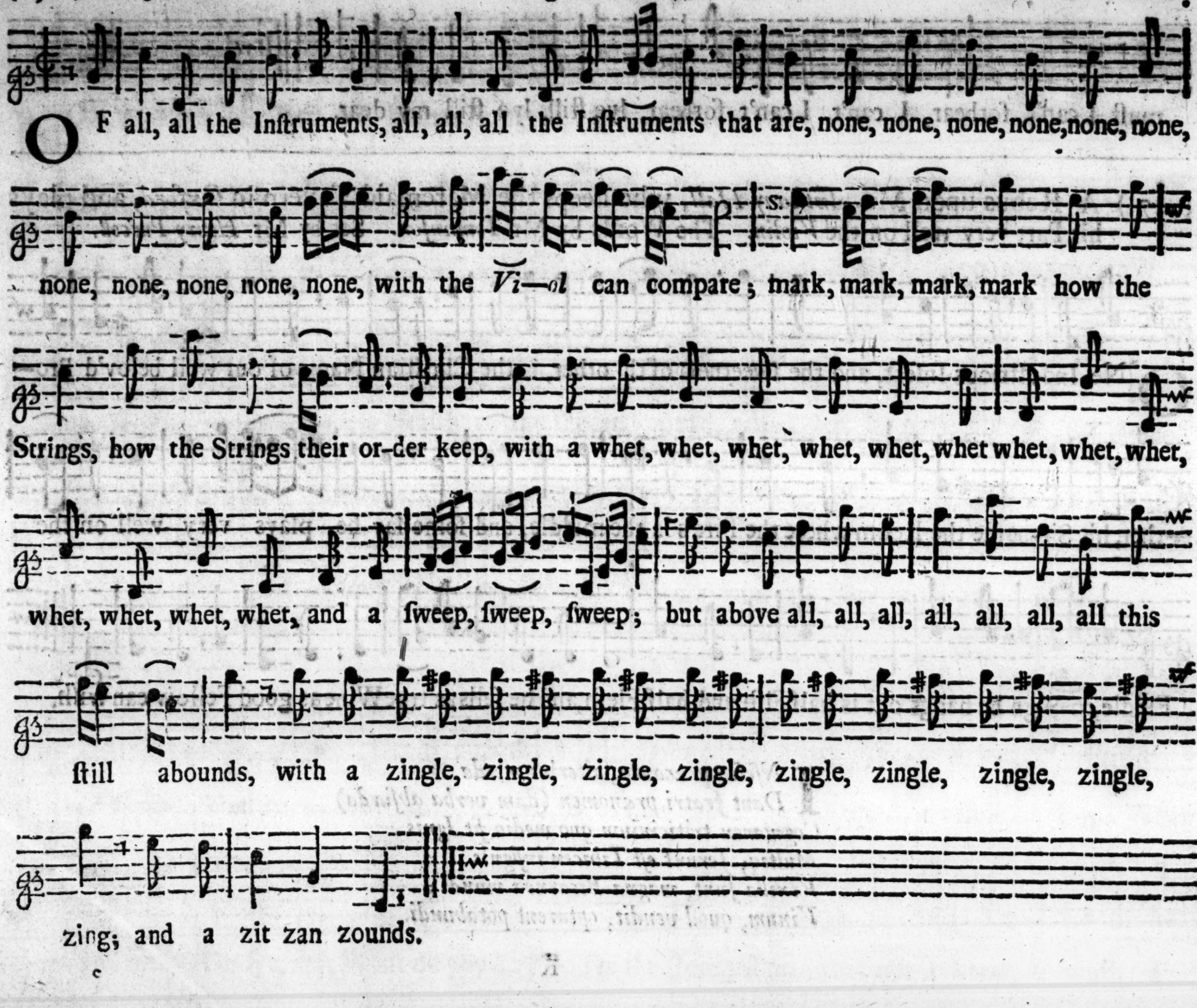
(47) A Rebus upon Mr. *Anthony Hall*, who keeps the Maremaid Tavern in *Oxford*, and plays his Part very well on the *Violin*. The Words by Mr. *Tomlinſon*. Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

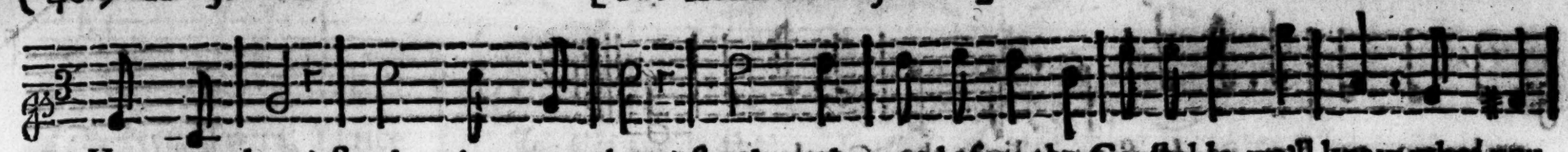
ONe Induſtrious Inſect, and the ſweetneſs of th' other, is the Chriſtian Name of our well belov'd Bro—



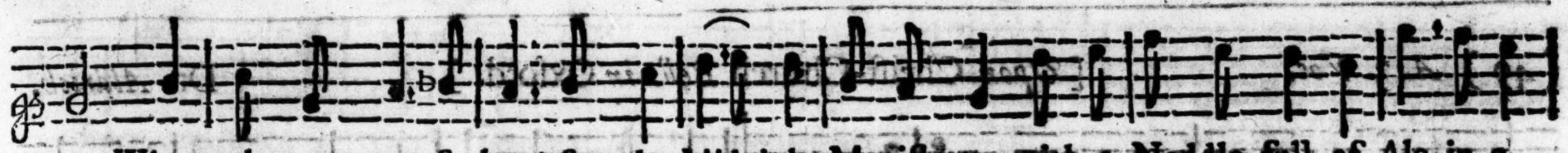
—ther, his Sir-name the Room where the Fire's in the middle, and ſome ſay he plays very well on the Fiddle, the Sign he hangs out is half Fiſh, and half Fleſh, and he ſells as true Wine as good Fellow can wiſh.

INſecta præcauta, alterius merda
Dant fratri prænomen (dum verba abſurda)
Cognomen triticinium quo medio ſit Ignis
Multiq; ferunt eſt Tibicen inſignis
Vexilla ſunt, magna Bicarnea mundi;
Vinum, quod vendit, optarent potabundi.

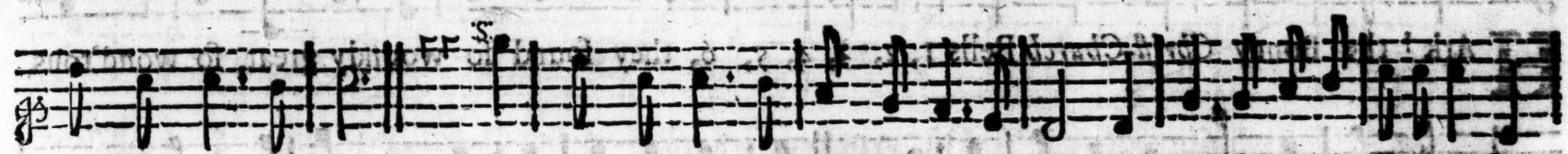

OF all, all the Inſtruments, all, all, all the Inſtruments that are, none, none, none, none, none, none,
none, none, none, none, none, with the Vi—ol can compare; mark, mark, mark, mark how the
Strings, how the Strings their or-der keep, with a whet, whet, whet, whet, whet, whet whet, whet, whet,
whet, whet, whet, whet, and a ſweep, ſweep, ſweep; but above all, all, all, all, all, all, all this
ſtill abounds, with a zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle,
zing; and a zit zan zounds.



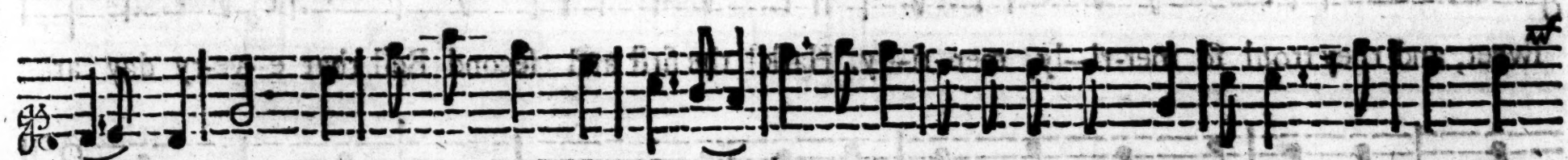
WHo comes there? ſtand; who comes there? ſtand; and come before the Conſtable, we'll know what you



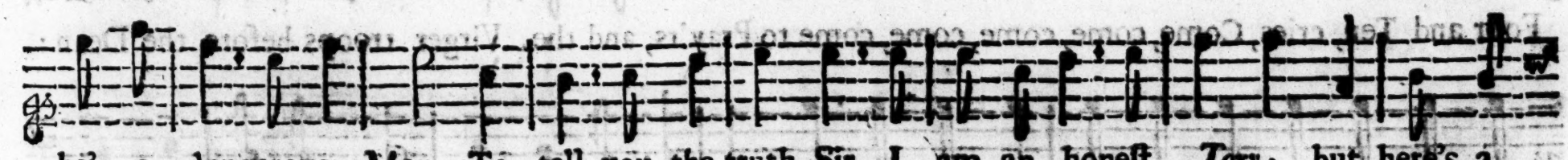
are: What makes you out ſo late? ſays the Midnight Magiſtrate, with a Noddle full of Ale in a



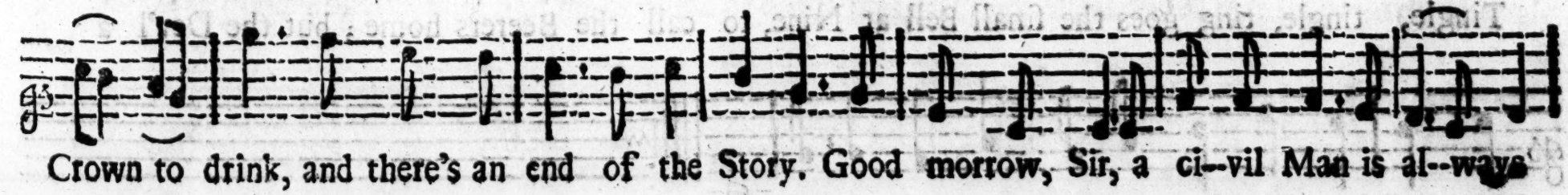
wooden Chair of State. Whence come you Sir? and whither do you go? you may be Sir a *Je-ſu-it* for



ought I know. You may as well, Sir, take me for a *Ma-ho-me-tan*, he ſpeaks Latin, ſecure him



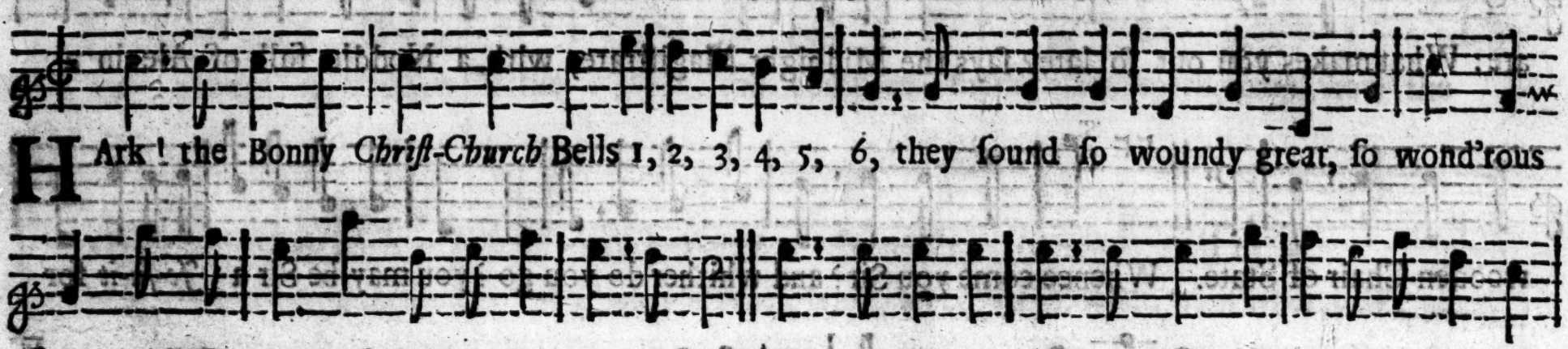
he's a dangerous Man. To tell you the truth, Sir, I am an honeſt *Tory*; but here's a



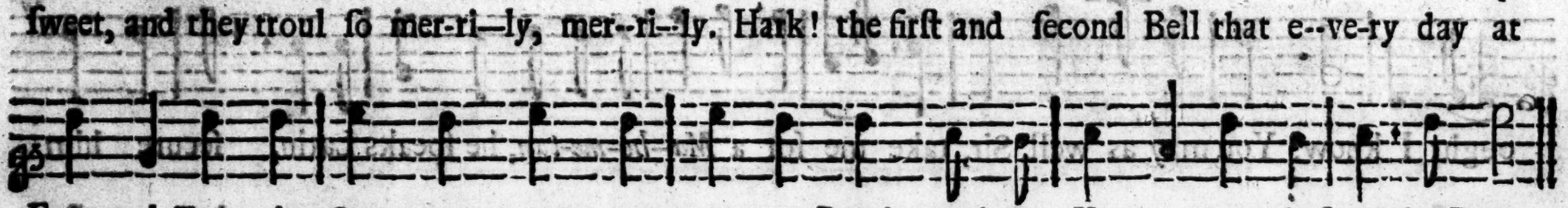
Crown to drink, and there's an end of the Story. Good morrow, Sir, a ci--vil Man is al--ways

welcome, go *Bar—na—by Bounce*, light the Gentleman home.

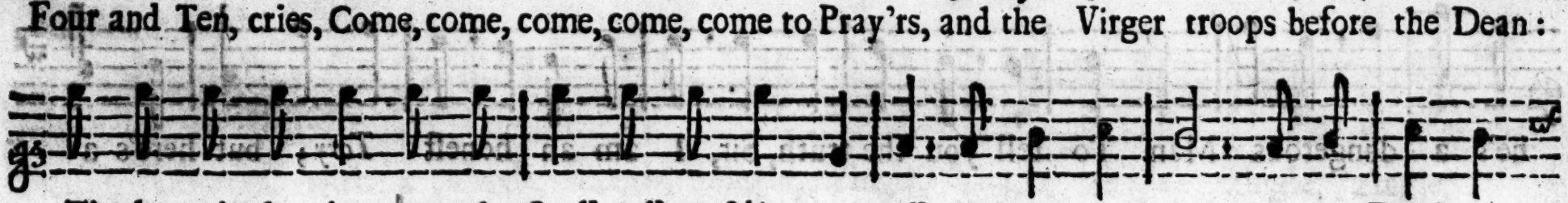
(49) *A.* 3. *Voc.* [*Upon* Chriſt-Church *Bells in* Oxford.] Dr. *Aldrich.*



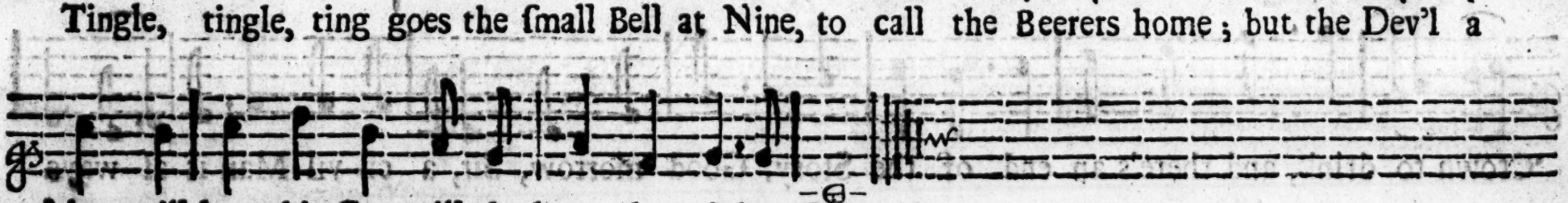
HArk! the Bonny *Chriſt-Church* Bells 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, they ſound ſo woundy great, ſo wond'rous



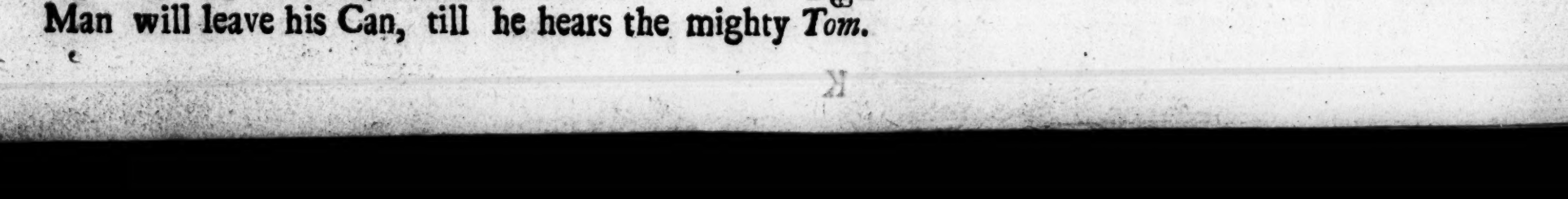
ſweet, and they troul ſo mer-ri—ly, mer--ri--ly. Hark! the firſt and ſecond Bell that e--ve-ry day at



Four and Ten, cries, Come, come, come, come, come to Pray'rs, and the Virger troops before the Dean:



Tingle, tingle, ting goes the ſmall Bell at Nine, to call the Beerers home; but the Dev'l a



Man will leave his Can, till he hears the mighty *Tom.*

ONce, Twice, Thrice I *Ju—lia* try'd, the ſcorn——ful Puſs as oft de—ny'd, and

ſince, and ſince I can no bet--ter, bet--ter thrive, I'll crin——ge to ne'er a Bitch a——

—live, ſo kiſs my Ar—, ſo kiſs my Ar—, ſo kiſs my Ar--, ſo kiſs my Ar-- diſ-dain-ful Sow, good

Claret, good Claret is my Mi–ſtreſs now.

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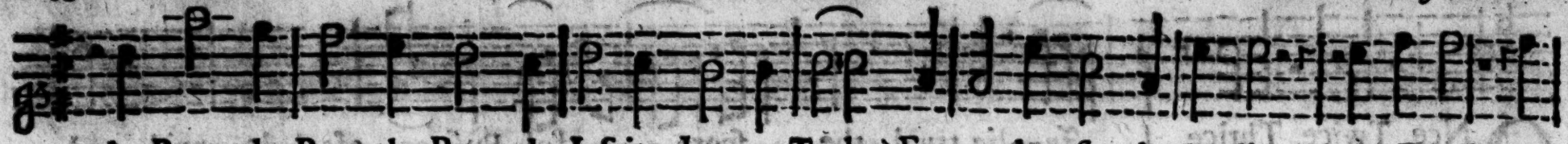
(43) *A. 3. Voc.* [*A Catch.*] Mr. *H. Purcell.*

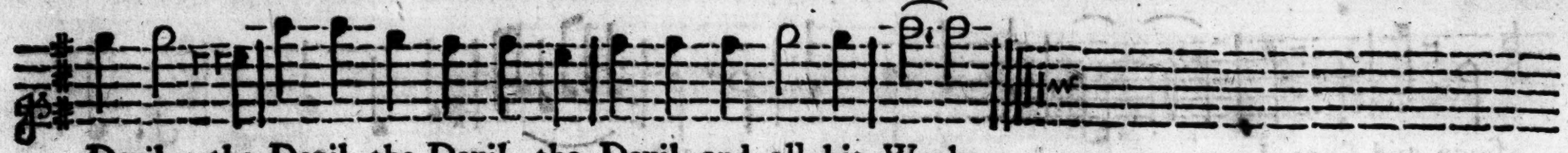
LEt's live good honeſt Lives, and make much of our Wives, and ſince all Fleſh is Graſs, let's merrily merrily

merrily drik our Glaſs: God bleſs our noble King, what need we fear the Pope, the Pope, the Pope,

(43) *A. 4. Voc.* [*A Catch.*] Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



the Pope, the Pope, the Pope, the Jeſuits, Jews or Turks? For we de---fie the Devil, the Devil, the



Devil, the Devil, the Devil, the Devil and all his Works.

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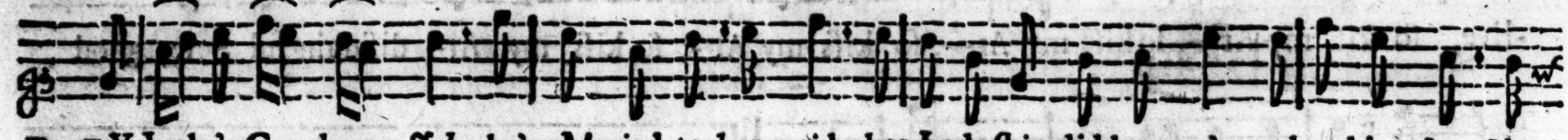
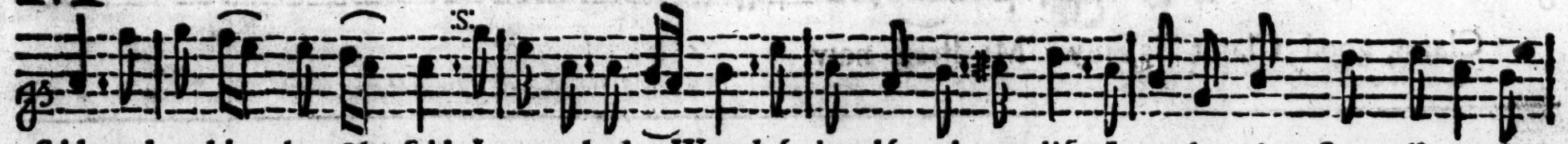
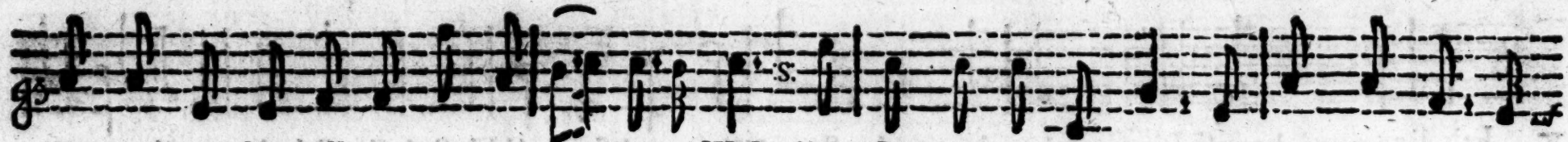
(44) *A. 3. Voc.* [*A Catch.*] Mr. *H. Purcell.*



MY Lady's Coachman *John*, be'ng Maried to her maid; her Ladyſhip did hear on't, and to him thus She

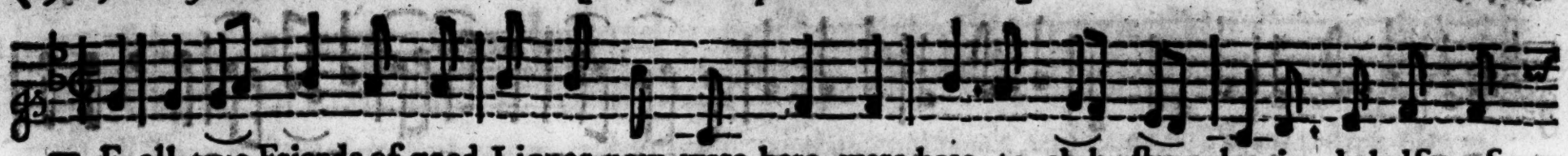


ſaid, and to him thus She ſaid, I never had a Wench ſo handſom in my life, I prethee therefore tell me, I

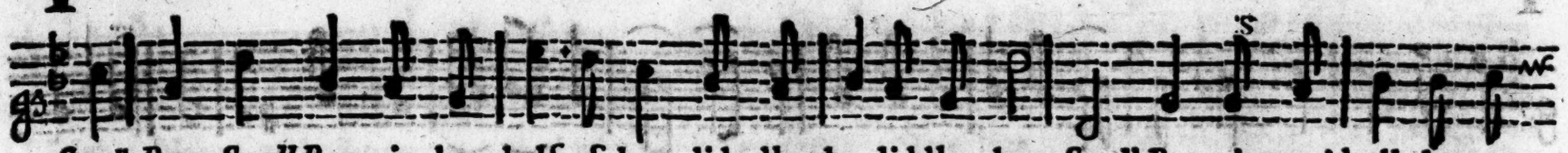


prethee therefore tell me how got you ſuch a Wife? *John* ſtar'd her in the Face, and anſwer'd ve---ry

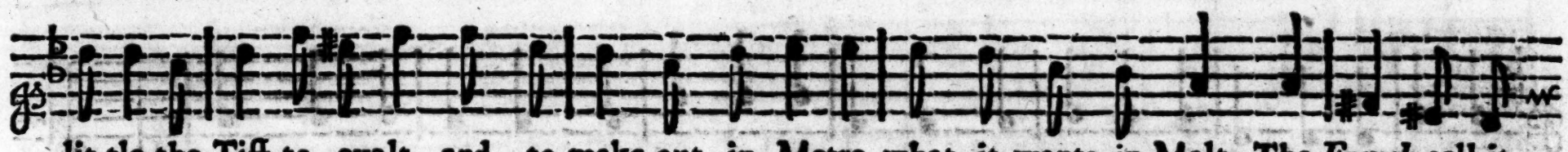
blunt, e'en as my Lord got you, How's that? Why by the ——



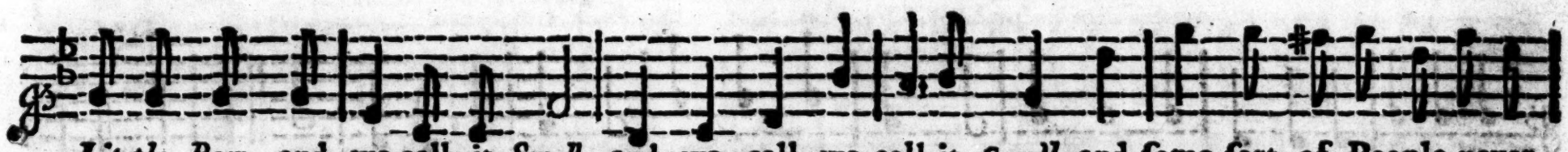
IF all true Friends of good Liquor now were here, were here, to club ſtrongly in behalf of



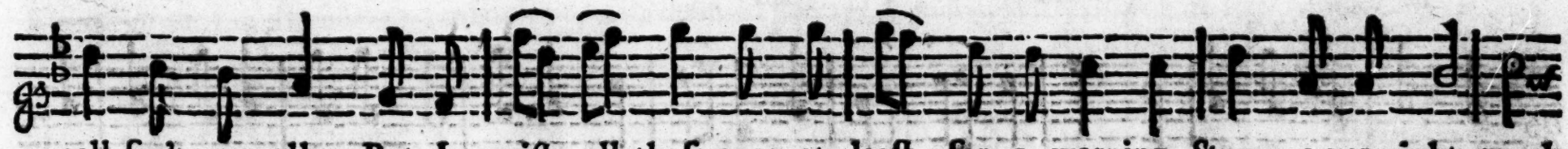
Small Beer, Small Beer, in be—half of hey did--dle, ho diddle, hey, *Small Beer*; it wou'd all be too



lit-tle the Tiff to exalt, and to make out in Metre what it wants in Malt: The *French* call it

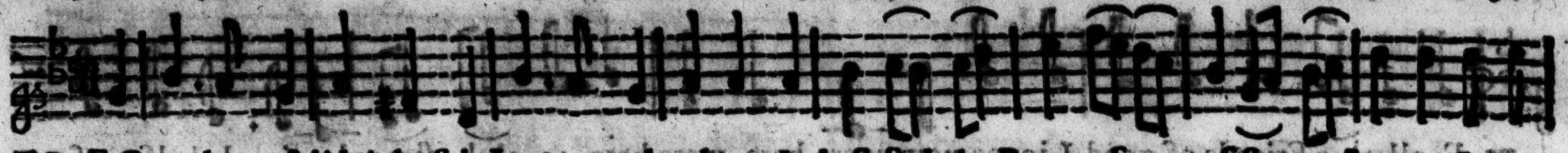


Lit-tle Beer, and we call it *Small*, and we call, we call it *Small*, and ſome ſort of People never



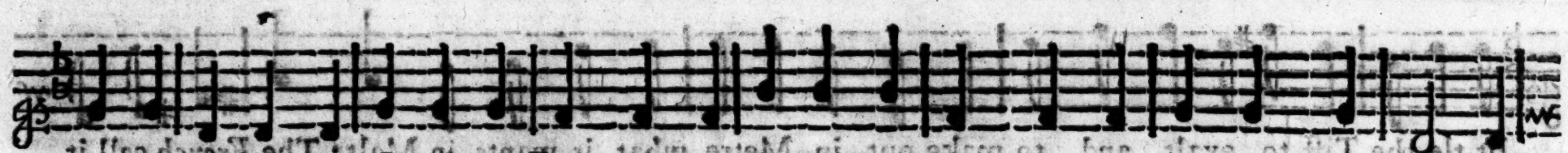
call for't at all; But I wiſh all thoſe once, at leaſt for a warning, *Strong* o-ver night, much

Strong over night, and no, no *Small* the next morning.



YE Cats that at Midnight ſpit Love at each other, who beſt feel the Pangs of a paſſionate Lover; I ap—

—peal to your Scratches and tattered Fur, if the buſineſs of Love be no more than to Pur. Old La—

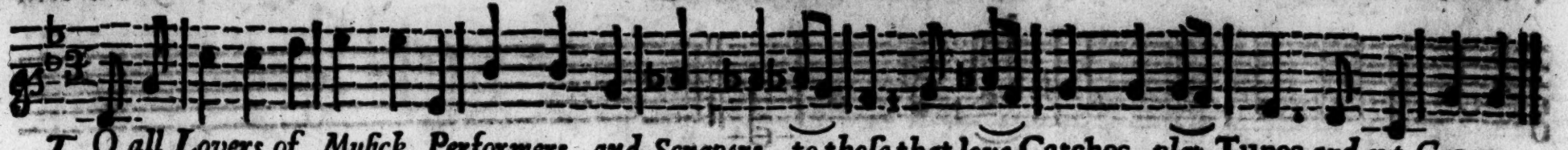


—dy *Grimmalkin*, with Goosberry Eyes, when a Kitten knew ſomething, for why ſhe was wiſe; you

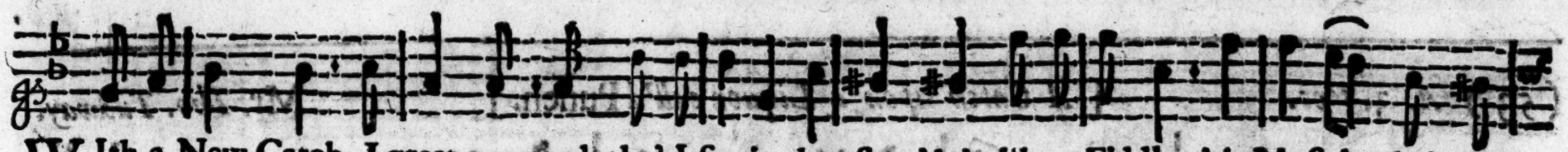
find by experience the Love-fit's ſoon o'er, Puſs, Puſs, laſts not long, but turns to Cat-whore. Men ride many

Miles, Cats tread many Tiles, both hazard, both hazard their Necks in the fray; on-ly Cats, if they fall

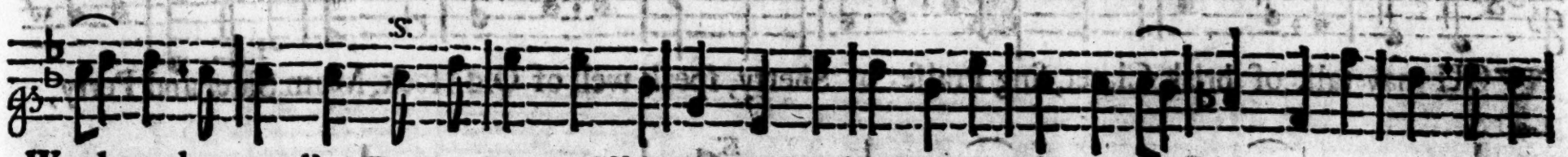
from a Houſe or a Wall, keep their Feet, mount their Tails, mount their Tails, and a—way.



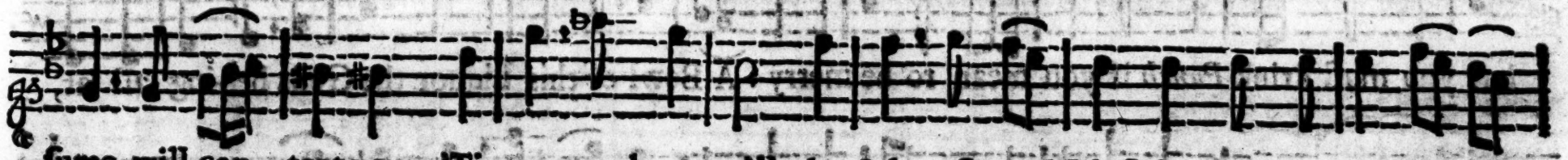
TO all Lovers of Muſick, Performers and Scrapers, to thoſe that love Catches, *play* Tunes *and cut Capers.*



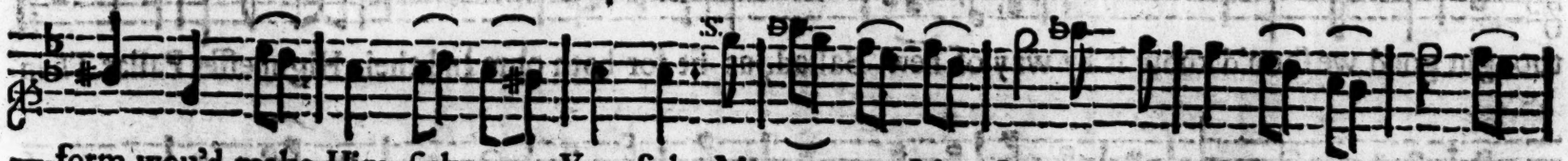
WIth a New Catch I greet you, and tho' I ſay it that ſhou'dn't, like a Fiddle, 'tis Muſick, tho' the



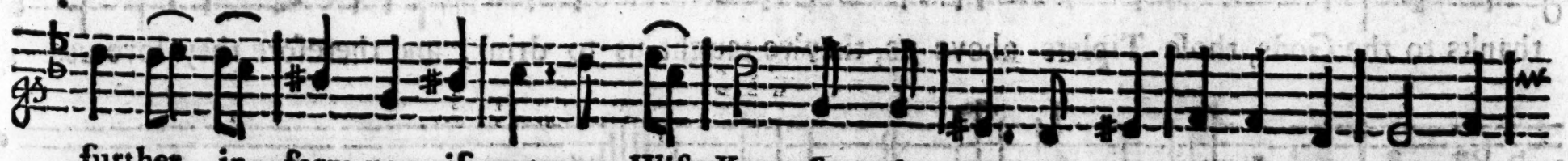
Words are but wood'n: But my Brother *John Playford* and I ſhall preſent you, e'er long with a Book, I pre-



—ſume, will con—tent you. 'Tis true, we know well the Sale of good Muſick; But to hear Us per—



—form wou'd make Him ſick or You ſick. My maggot Man *Sam*, at the firſt *Tem-ple-Gate*, will



further in—form you, if not, my Wife *Kate*; from between the two *Devils* near *Temple*——

[*A Catch.*]

Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

—*Bar*, I reft Your Friend and Servant *John Carr.*

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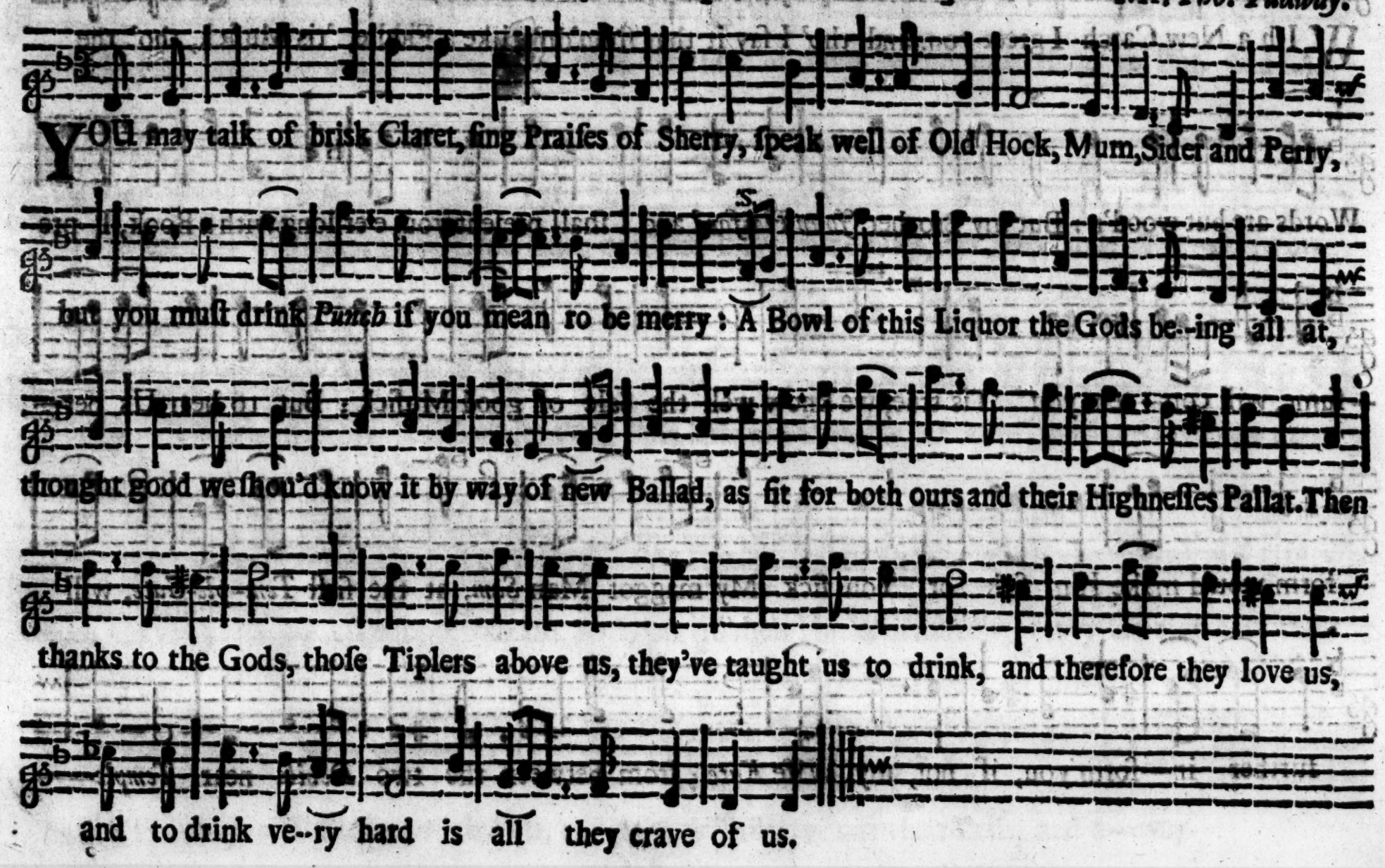
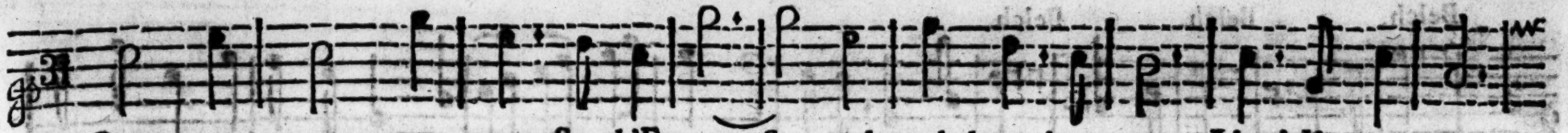
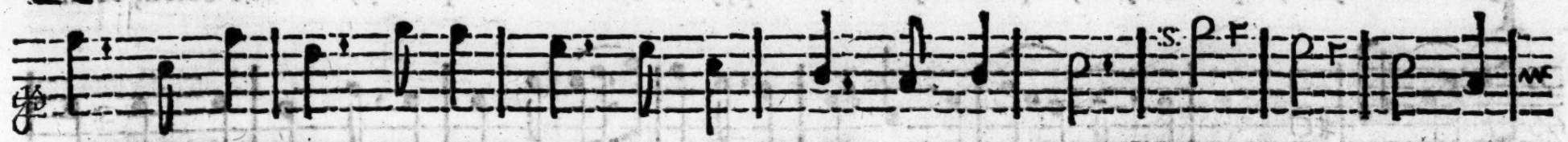
(53) *A.* 3. *Voc.* [*A Catch upon a Liquor call'd* Punch.] Mr. *Tho. Tudway.*



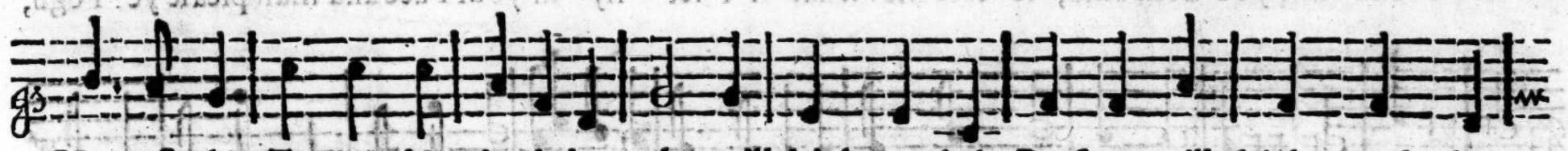
YOU may talk of brisk Claret, ſing Praiſes of Sherry, ſpeak well of Old Hock, Mum, Sider and Perry, but you muſt drink *Punch* if you mean ro be merry: A Bowl of this Liquor the Gods be--ing all at, thought good we ſhou'd know it by way of new Ballad, as fit for both ours and their Highneſſes Pallat. Then thanks to the Gods, thoſe Tiplers above us, they've taught us to drink, and therefore they love us, and to drink ve--ry hard is all they crave of us.



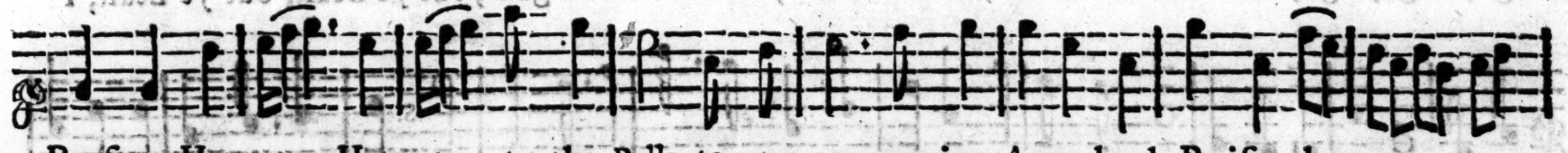
ROom, room, room, room, room for th'Ex—preſs at length here it comes; *Limrick*'s our own,



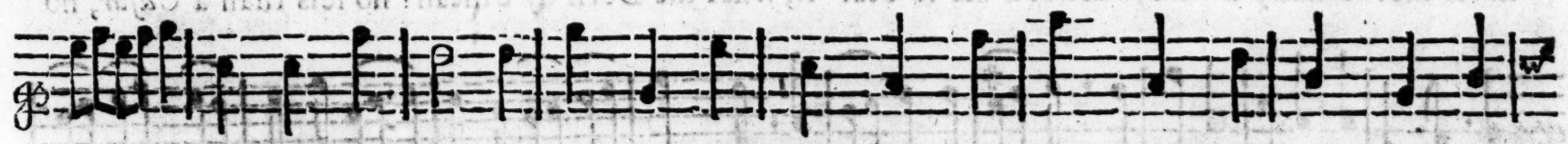
Limrick's our own, be it known, be it known to all Grums. Hark! hark! hark! the



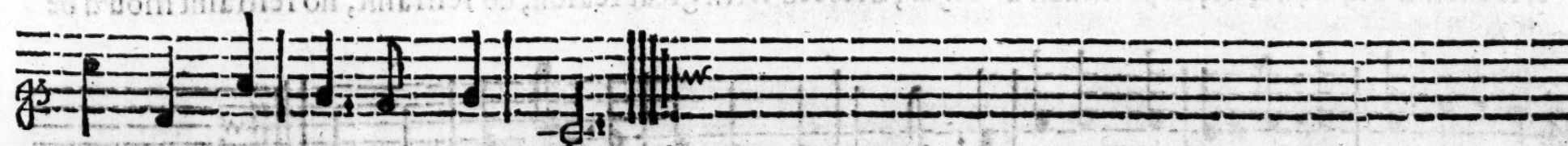
Guns of the Tower-ring, ring it in peals, we'll drink round the Bonfires, we'll drink round the



Bonfires, Huz—za, Huz—za to the Bells, to our con-quering Army loud Praiſes, lou-



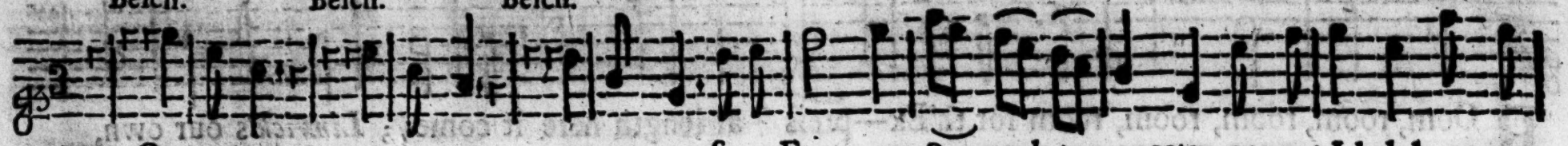
—d Praiſes let's Sing, and now *Monſieur* French-man, and now *Monſiutr* French-man have



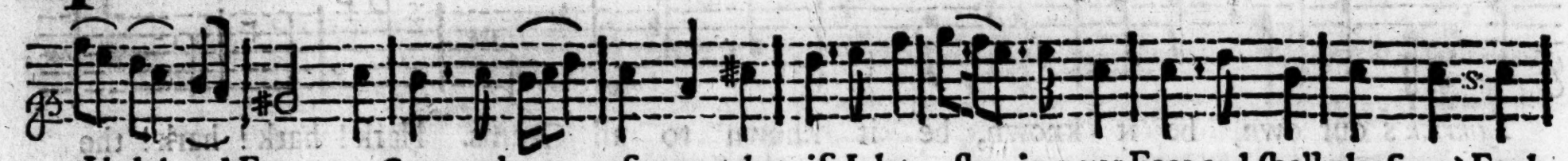
at you, have at you next Spring.

[42]

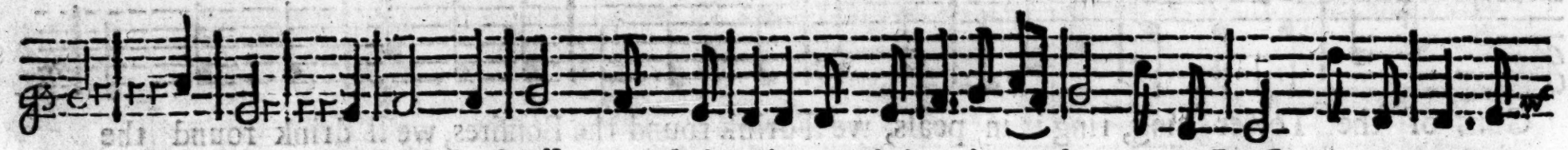
Belch. Belch. Belch.



POx on you, pox on you, pox on you for a Fop, your Stomach too queazy, cannot I belch, cannot

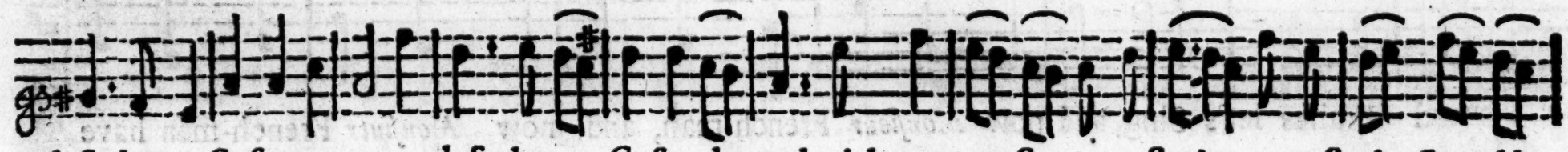


I belch and Fart, you Coxcomb, to eaſe me: what if I let fly in your Face and ſhall pleaſe ye? Fogh,

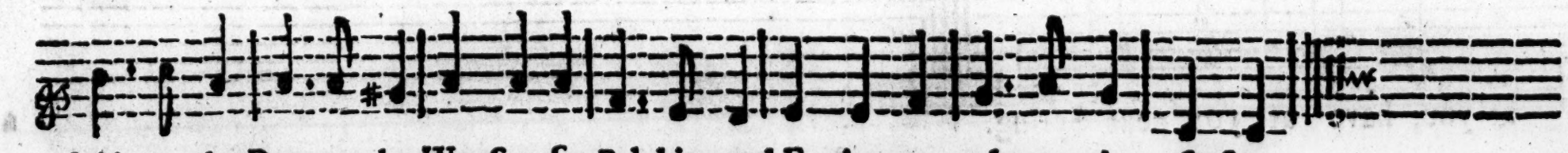


fogh, fogh, fogh, how ſow'r he ſmells; now he's at it, now he's at it a-gain; out ye Beaſt, out ye Beaſt, I

never met ſo naſty a Man, I'm not a-ble to bear it, what the Devil dy'e mean? no leſs than a *Cæſar*, no



leſs than a *Cæſar*, no, no, no, leſs than a *Cæſar*, decreed with great reaſon, no reſtraint, no reſtraint ſhou'd be

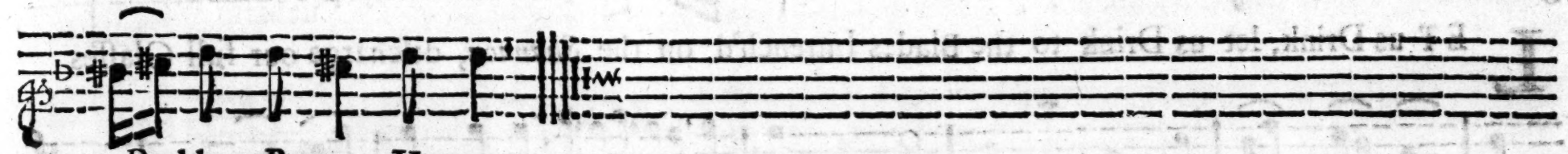


laid on the Bum or the Weaſon, for Belching and Farting were always in ſeaſon.

HEre's a Health, a Health, pray let it paſs about, a Health that ne'er ſhall ceaſe till all our Wine is out;

Therefore drink away and never let it ſtand, but ply it cloſe—ly roun-———-d, from hand to

hand, and eagerly, and bravely with courage thus perſue it, for 'tis a Health, a Health, to ho-neſt



Ruddy *Ro—ger Hewett.*

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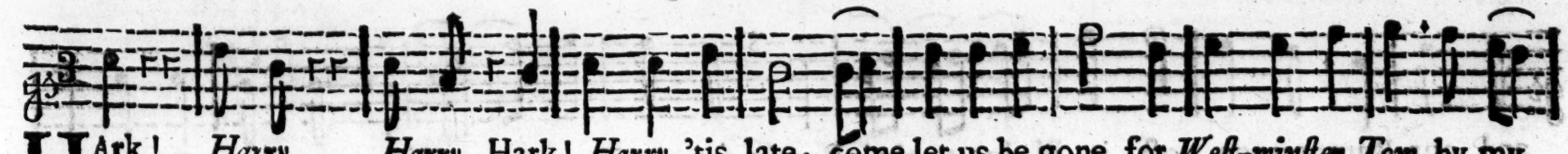
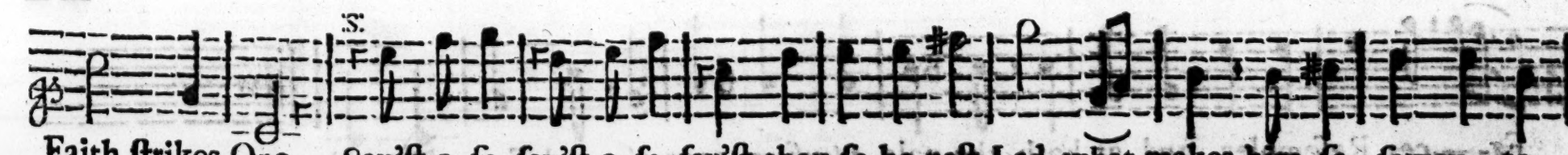
(57) *A.* 3. *Voc.* [*A Catch.*] Mr. *John Eccles.*

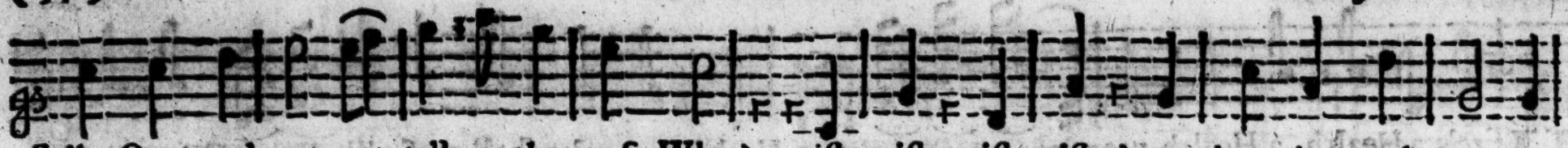


HArk! *Harry,* *Harry,* Hark! *Harry* 'tis late; come let us be gone, for *Weſt-minſter Tom* by my



Faith ſtrikes One. Say'ſt a ſo, ſay'ſt a ſo, ſay'ſt thou ſo ho-neſt Lad, what makes him ſo ſawcy to

(57) [*A Catch.*] Mr. *John Eccles.*



ſtrike One, and yet not tell us the cauſe Why? piſh, piſh, piſh, piſh, 'twas done in good part to

get us a—way, and will cer-tain—ly double his blow if we ſtay.

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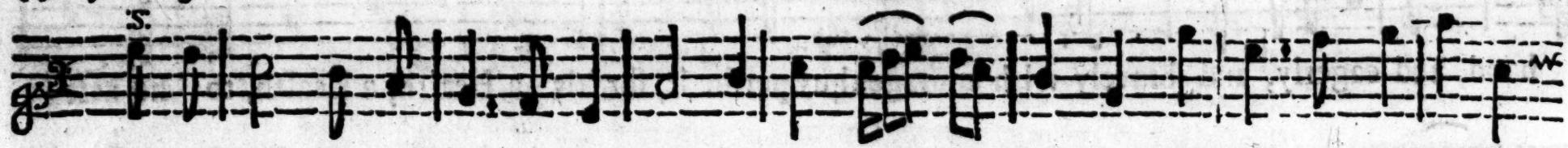
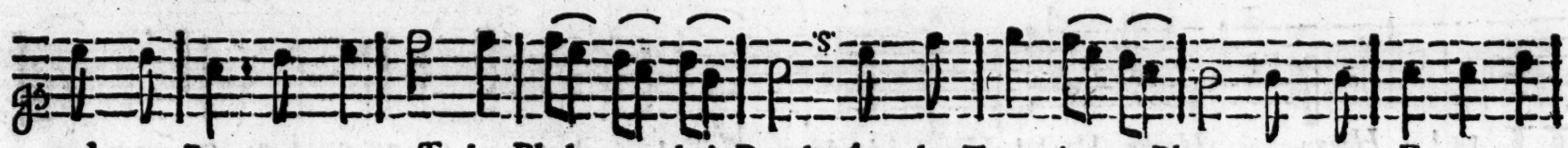
(58) *A.* 3. *Voc.* [*A Catch.*] Mr. *H. Purcell.*

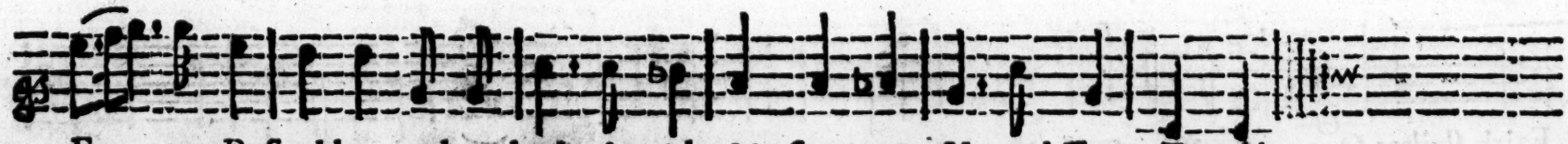


LET us Drink, let us Drink to the Blades Intrench'd on the *Shannon*, diſcharge our full Glaſſes

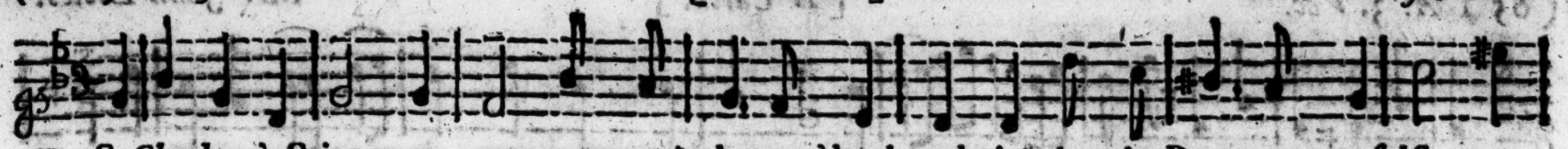
as they their whole Cannon; Ev'ry Health ſhall be Flou———riſh'd with Trumpets and Drums,



and our Bumpers go off in Pledge to their Bombs, ſee the Town in a Blaze, now our Faces, our

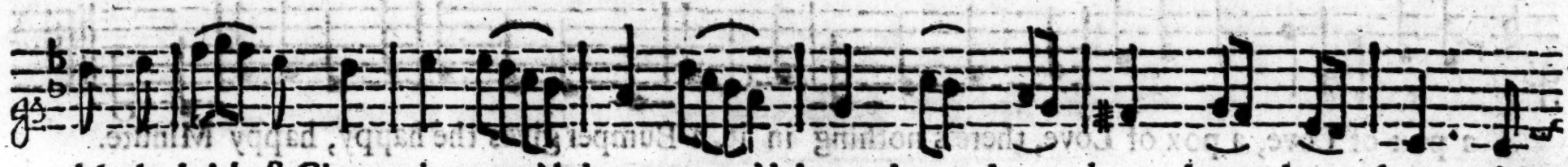


Fa—ces Reſembles, and at both the pale *Monſieur*, poor *Mac* and *Teague* Trembles.



IS *Charleroy*'s Seige come, come, come too? who wou'd a thought it? then the Rumours was falſe, was

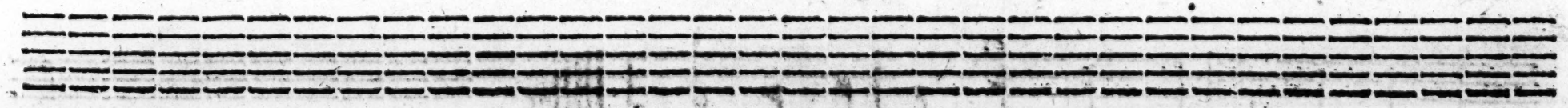
falſe, falſe, falſe, that *Lewis* had bought it. Then charge all your Guns Boys, as high as they can be,

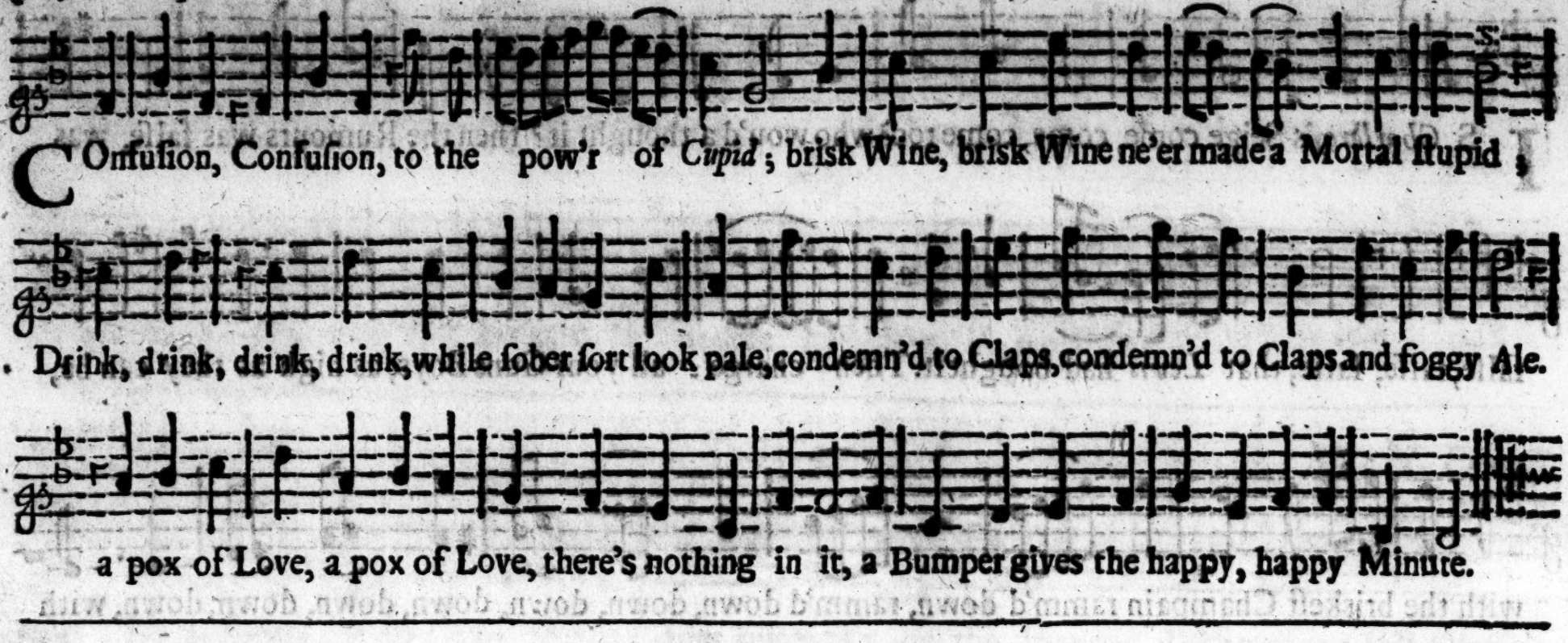


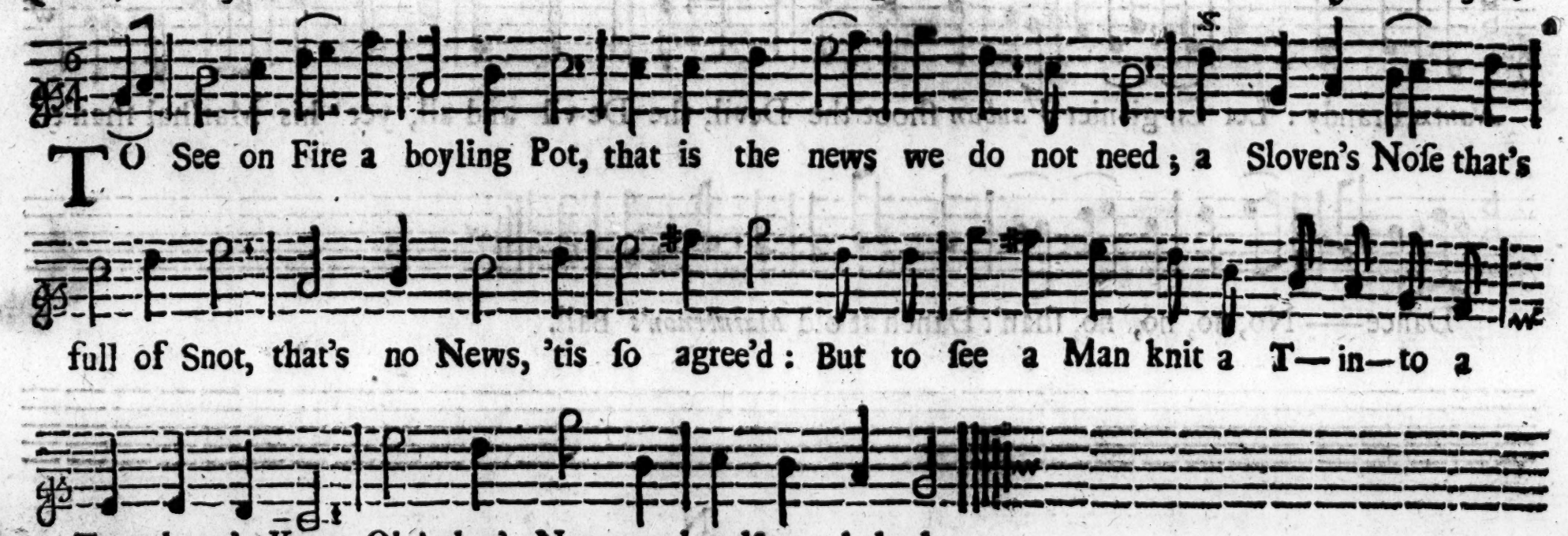
with the briskeſt Champain ramm'd down, ramm'd down, down, down, down, down, down, down, with

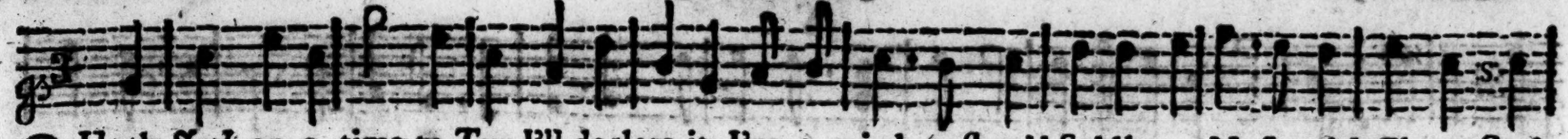
Nantz Brandy: Let En-gi-nier *Vauban* ſhoot the Devil, the De-vil and all, yet his Marſhal ſhan't

Dance——No, no, no, no, ſhan't Danch at old *Maintenon's* Ball.

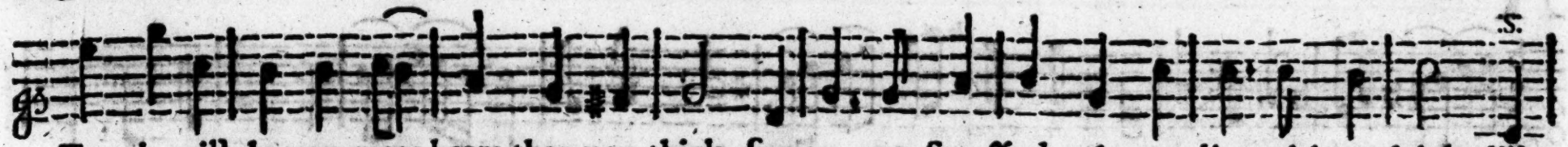



CONfuſion, Confuſion, to the pow'r of Cupid; brisk Wine, brisk Wine ne'er made a Mortal ſtupid;
Drink, drink, drink, drink, while ſober ſort look pale, condemn'd to Claps, condemn'd to Claps and foggy Ale.
a pox of Love, a pox of Love, there's nothing in it, a Bumper gives the happy, happy Minute.


TO See on Fire a boyling Pot, that is the news we do not need; a Sloven's Noſe that's
full of Snot, that's no News, 'tis ſo agree'd: But to ſee a Man knit a T—in—to a
True-lover's Knot, Oh! that's News to laugh at indeed.

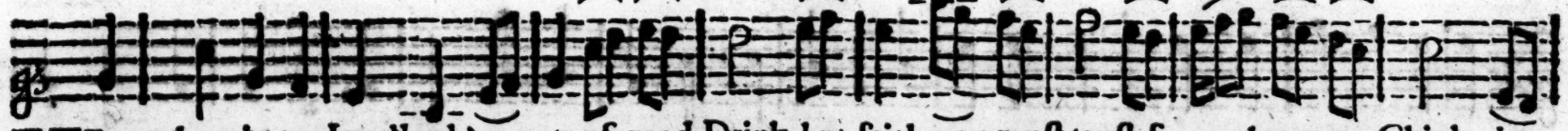


QUoth *Jack* on a time to *Tom* I'll declare it, I've a mind we ſhou'd fuddle our Noſes with Claret; Say's



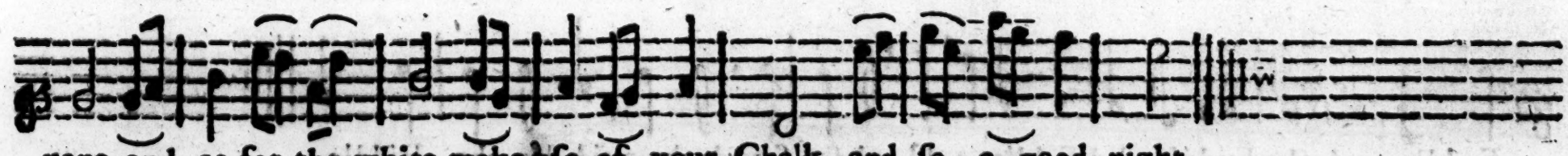
Tom it will do you more harm than you think, fye on you ſays *Jack*, who can live without drink? I'll

ne'er baulk my Wine, here's to thy diſpoſe; *Tom* pretends not to drink, pray look on his Noſe.

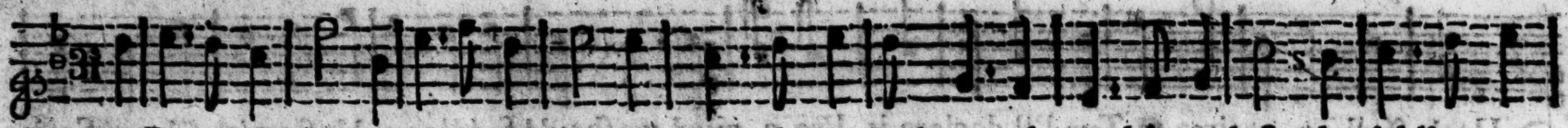


HEre, where is my Landlord? a pot of good Drink, but feith you muſt truſt, for we have no Chink, in—

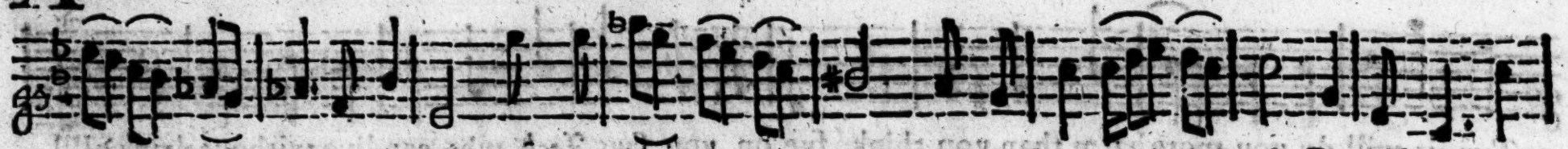
--deed, Sir you look like a very good fellow, but I cannot truſt without white or yellow, the yellow I have



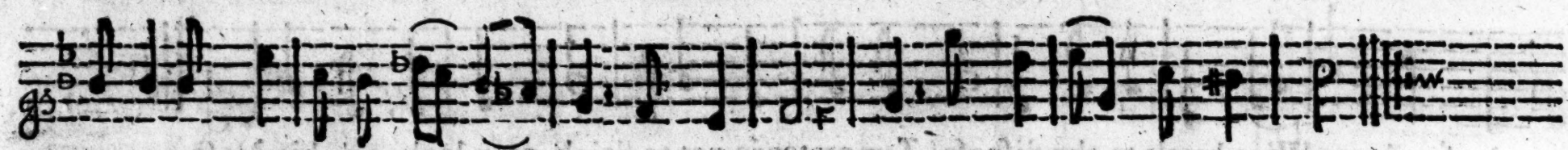
none, and as for the white, make uſe of your Chalk, and ſo a good night.



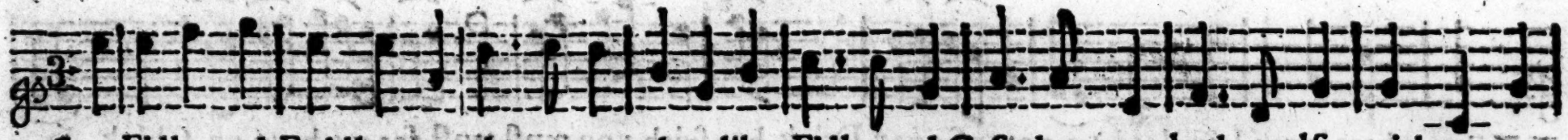
AS *Roger* laſt night to *Jenny* lay cloſe, he pull'd out his Budget and gave her a doſe; the tickling no



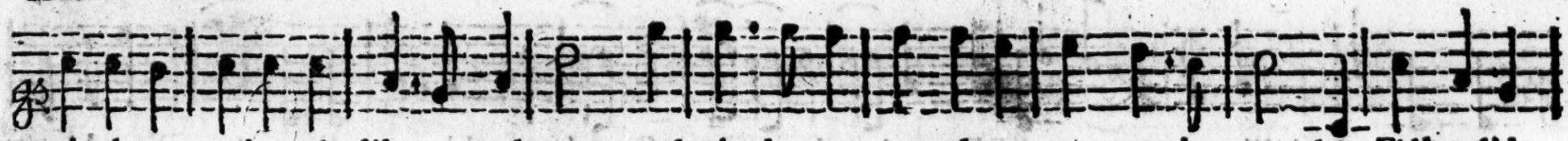
ſooner kind *Jenny* did find, but with laughing ſhe Purg'd both before and behind. Pox take it quoth



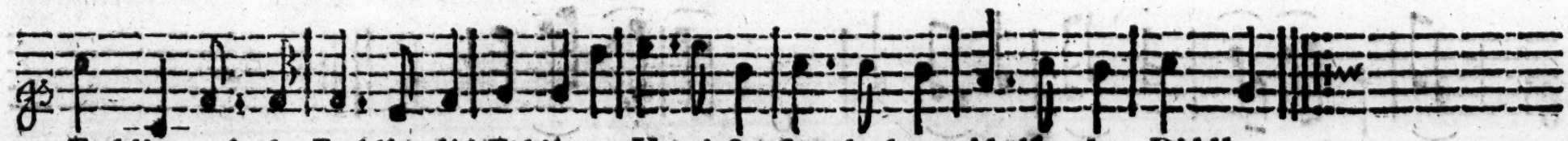
Roger, he muſt himſelf be be—ſide, that gives Pills, Pills, againſt Wind and 'gainſt Tide.



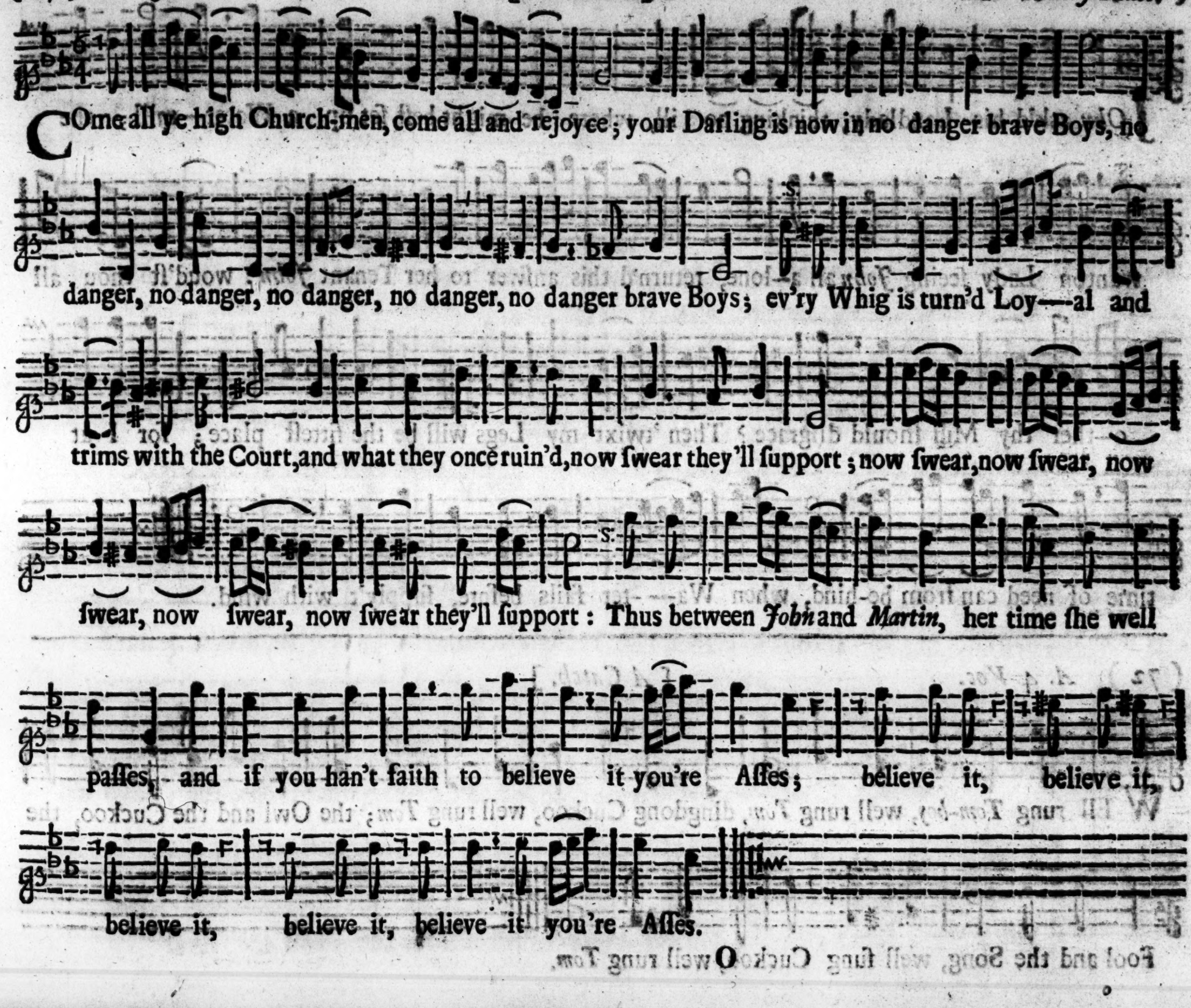
A Fidler and Fuddler are always to-gether, like Fidler and Caſe there was both, or elſe neither, u—

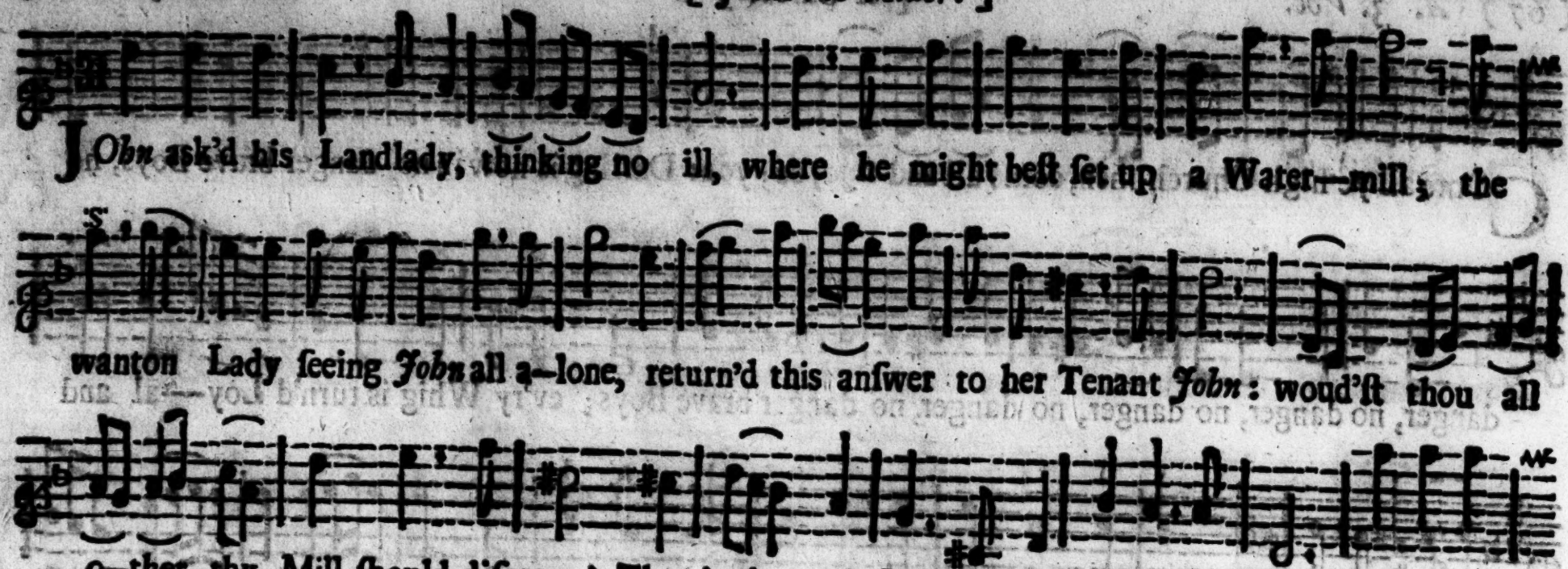


—nited companions the like never known, and may be com--pared to two parts in one, the Fidler did

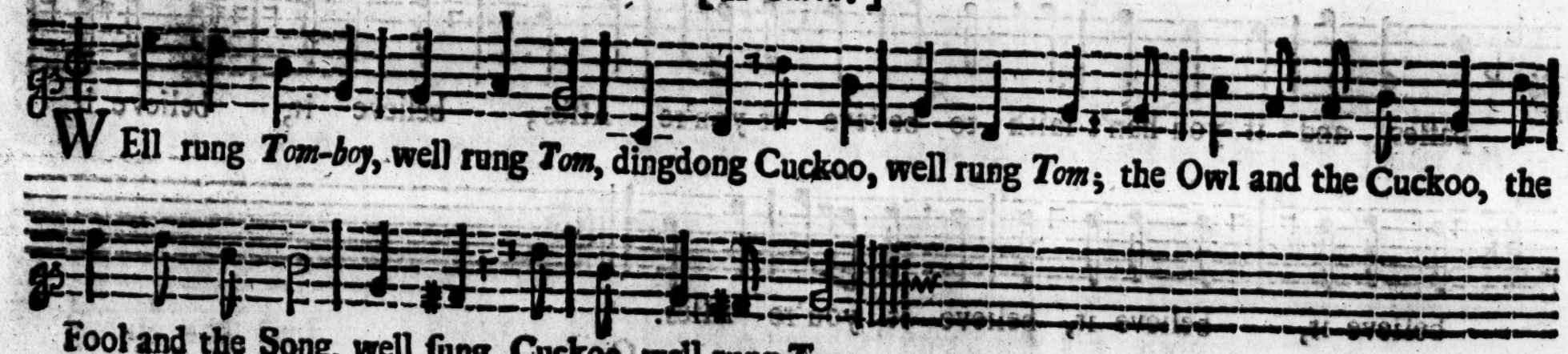


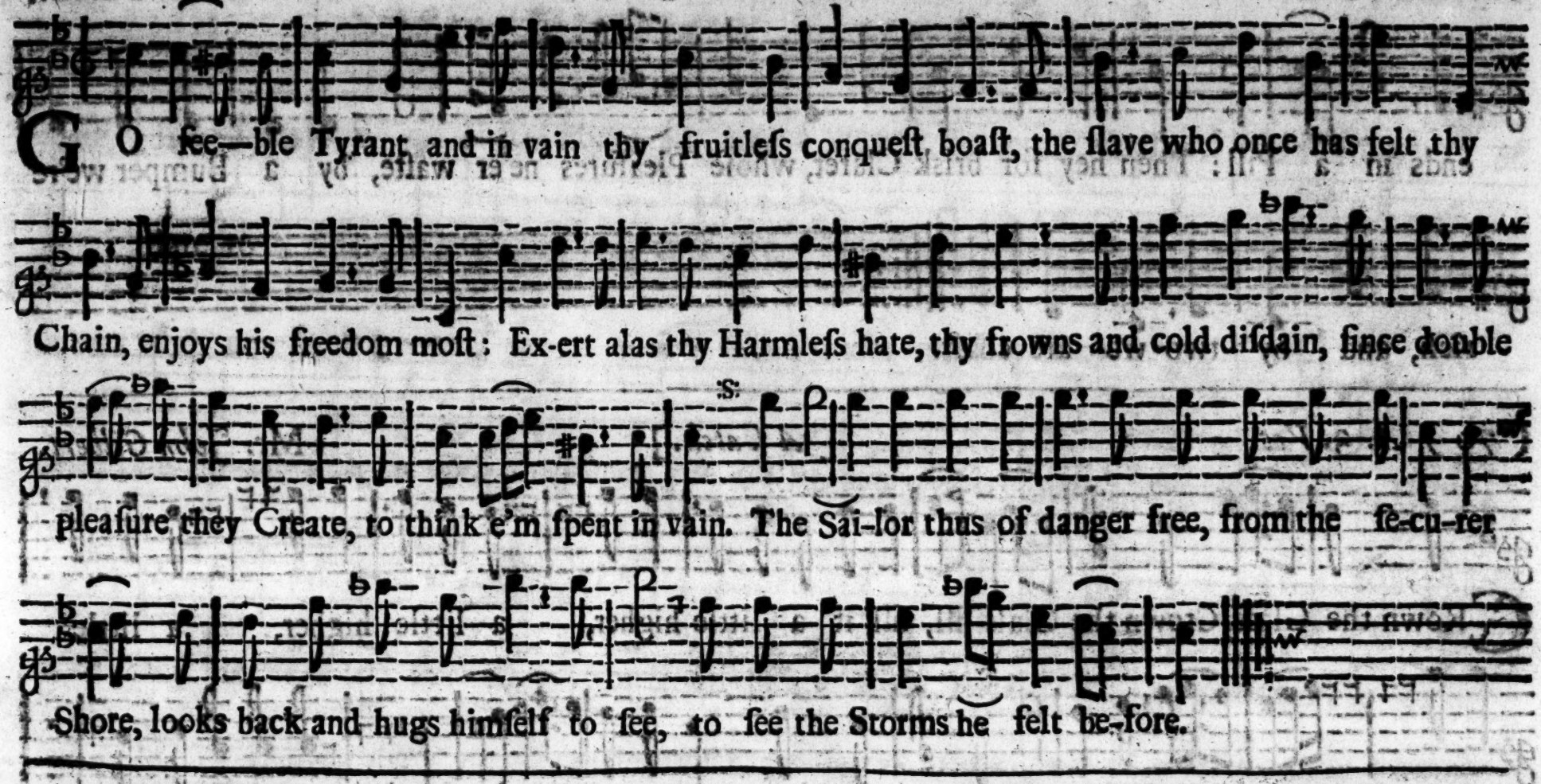
Fuddle, and the Fuddler did Fiddle, a U--ni-ſon ſure doth un-rid-dle the Riddle.


COme all ye high Church-men, come all and rejoyce; your Darling is now in no danger brave Boys, no
danger, no danger, no danger, no danger, no danger brave Boys; ev'ry Whig is turn'd Loy—al and
trims with the Court, and what they once ruin'd, now ſwear they'll ſupport; now ſwear, now ſwear, now
ſwear, now ſwear, now ſwear they'll ſupport: Thus between *John* and *Martin*, her time ſhe well
paſſes, and if you han't faith to believe it you're Aſſes; believe it, believe it,
believe it, believe it, believe it you're Aſſes.

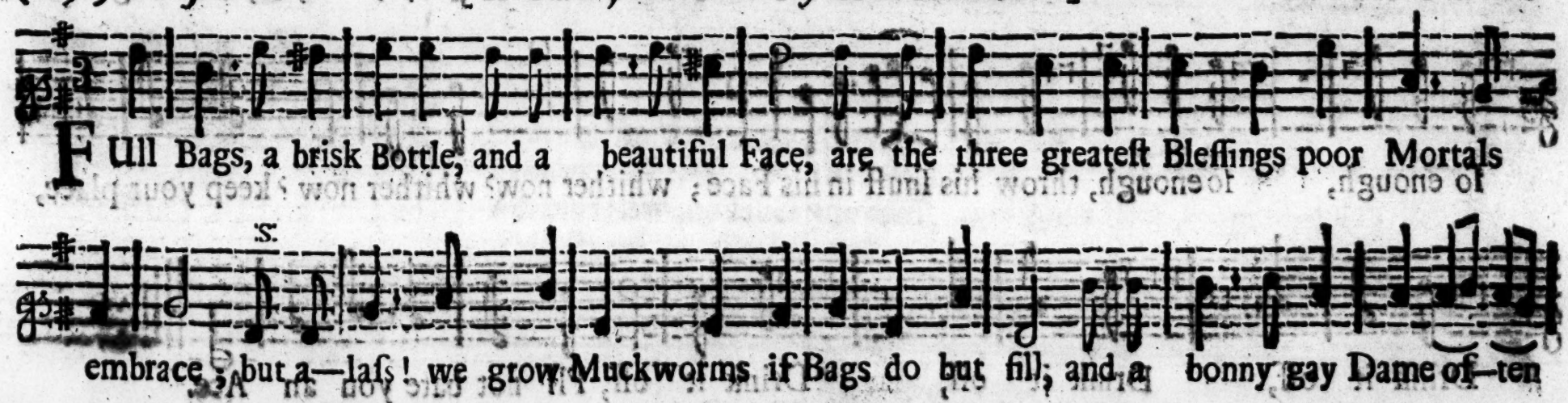


(72) *A. 4. Voc.* [*A Catch.*]

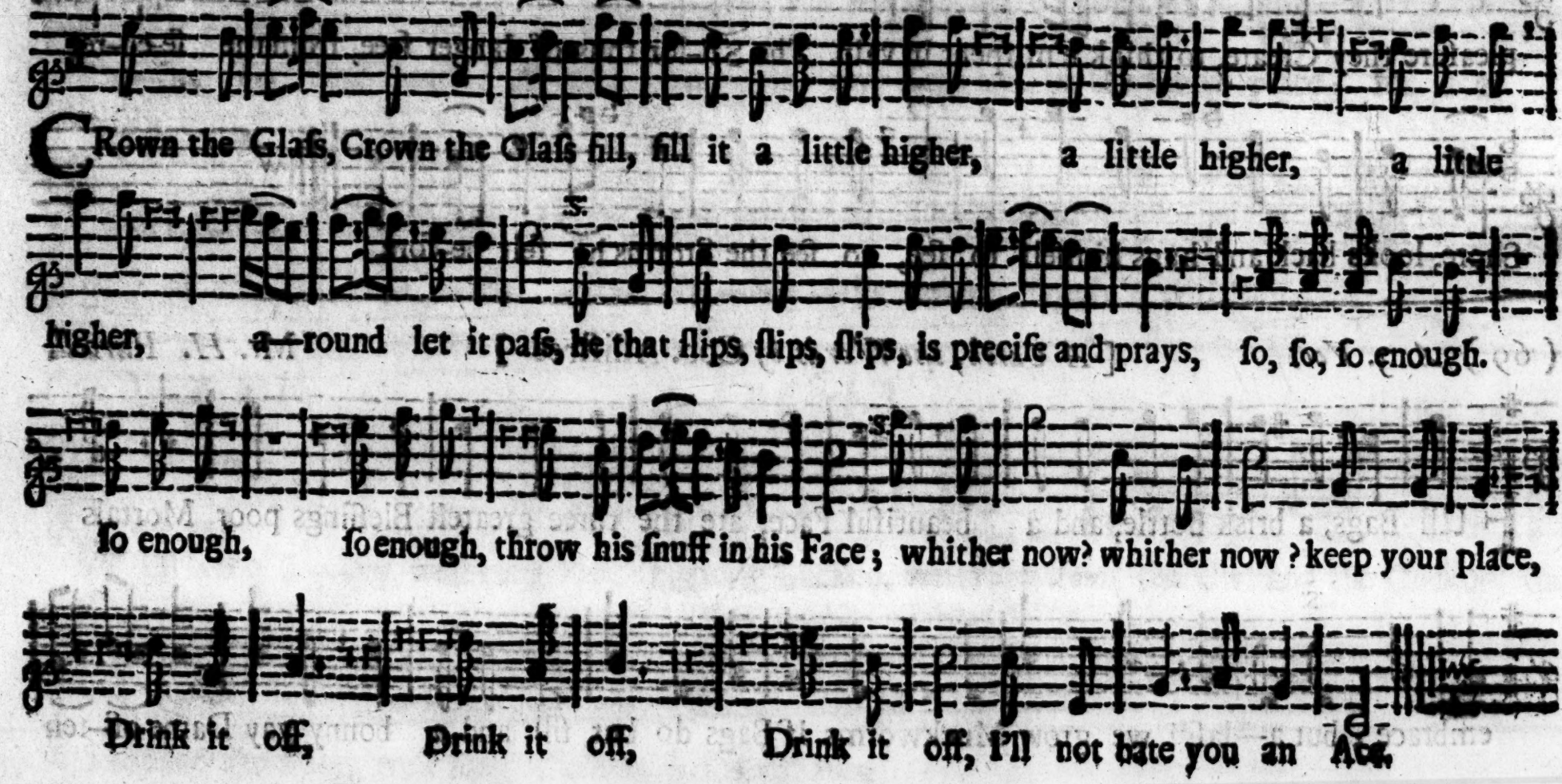




(69) A. 3. Voc. [A Catch, the Words by Cob. Alliſtree.] Mr. H. Purcell.

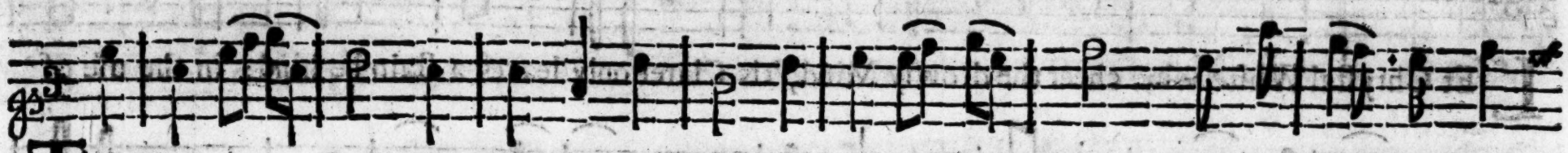


(70) A. 3. Voc. [A Catch.] Mr. John Gilbert.

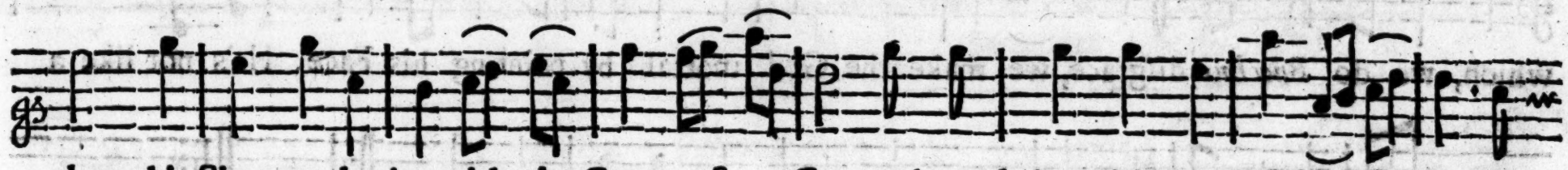


(73) A REBUS on the late Mr. *Henry Purcell*'s Name, by Mr. *Tomlinſon*.

Sett to MUSICK by Mr. *John Lenton*.

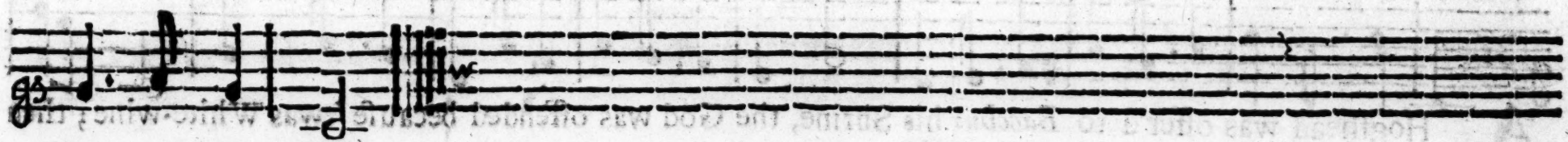


THe Mate to a Cock, and Corn tall as Wheat is his Chriſtian Name, who in Mu-ſick's Com—



—pleat; his Sir-name begins with the Grace of a Cat, and concludes with the Houſe of a Hermit

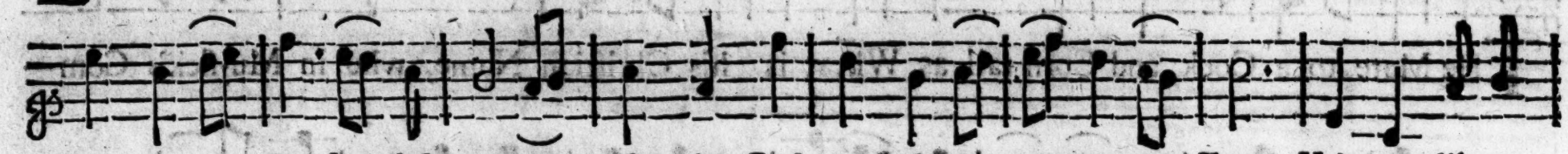
note that; his Skill and Per-formance each Au—di-tor Wins, but the Po—et deſerves a good



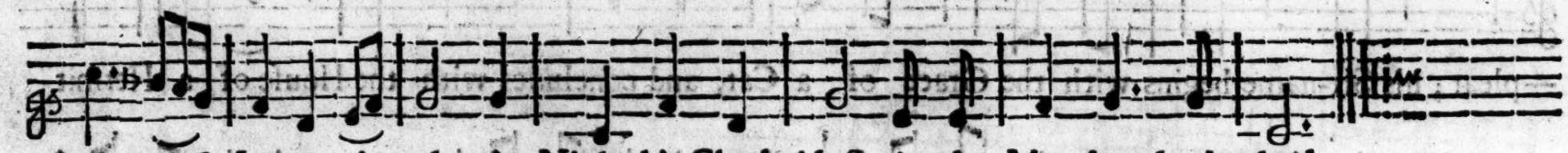
kick on the Shins.

Galli marita par tritico ſeges,
Prænomen eſt ejus, dat chromati leges
Intrat cognomen, blanditiis Cati,
Exit Eremi in Ædibus ſtali,
Expertum effectum omnes admirentur
Quid merent Poetæ? ut bene calcentur.

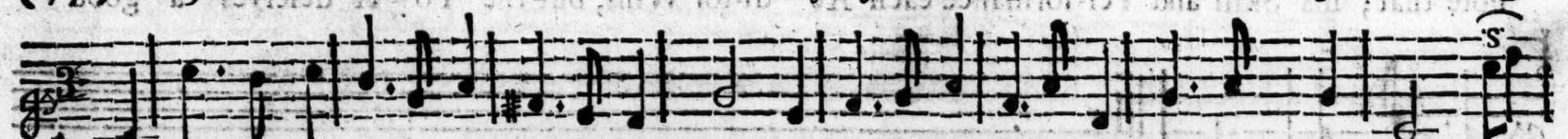
LEt Chryſtal White-wine cheer the drowſy Mind, 'tis Claret only leaves a ſtain be-hind; in the uſe of



which, we do *Bacchus* diſgrace, we make the God mortal by painting his Face. He's not like a



God, whoſe Image is red; o're Night his Cheeks bluſh, in the Morning they're dead.



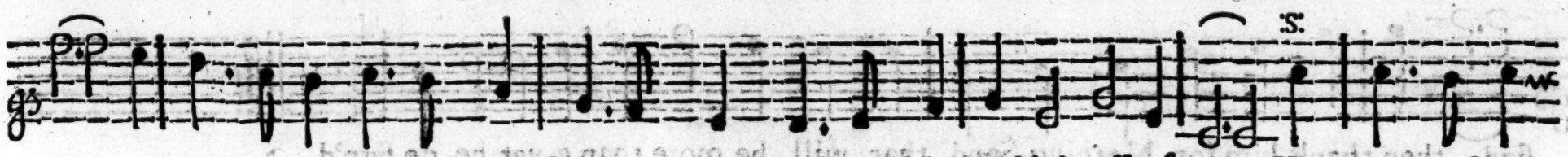
A Hogſhead was offer'd to *Bacchus* his Shrine, the God was offended becauſe 'twas White-wine; then

curs'd in a paſſion, Damn't, Rot it, and Mar it, did'ſt ever know *Bacchus* drink other than Claret? So the

jolly Red God having empty'd the White-wine, return'd the poor Vot'ry the Hogſhead to ſhite in.

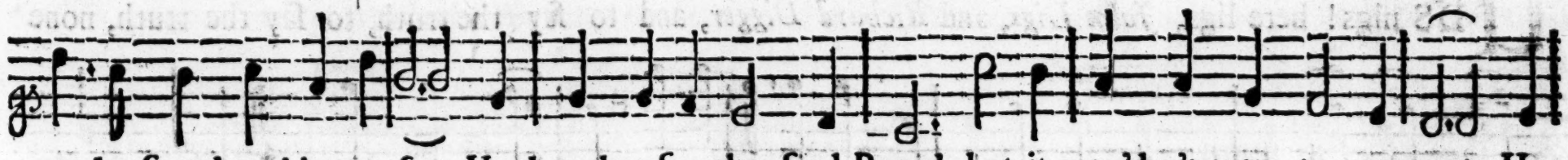
Sing merri-ly now my Lads, here's a Catch that was never meant you; but come by the Wheel of For—

--tune, without a-ny deſign or intent you: It happen'd that once the Author his Head was exceeding

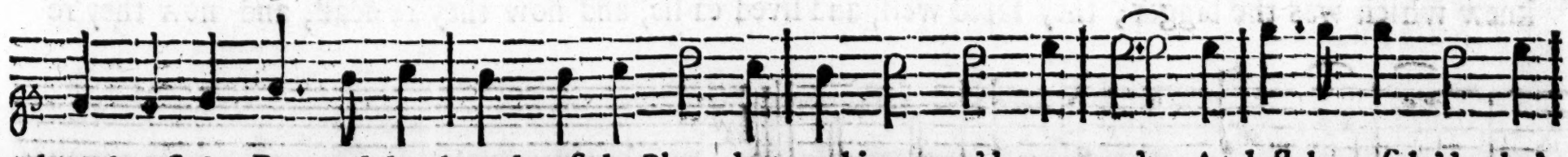


hot, a Catch he reſolv'd he wou'd make, he wou'd make, and he cou'dn't tell of what. He thought of the

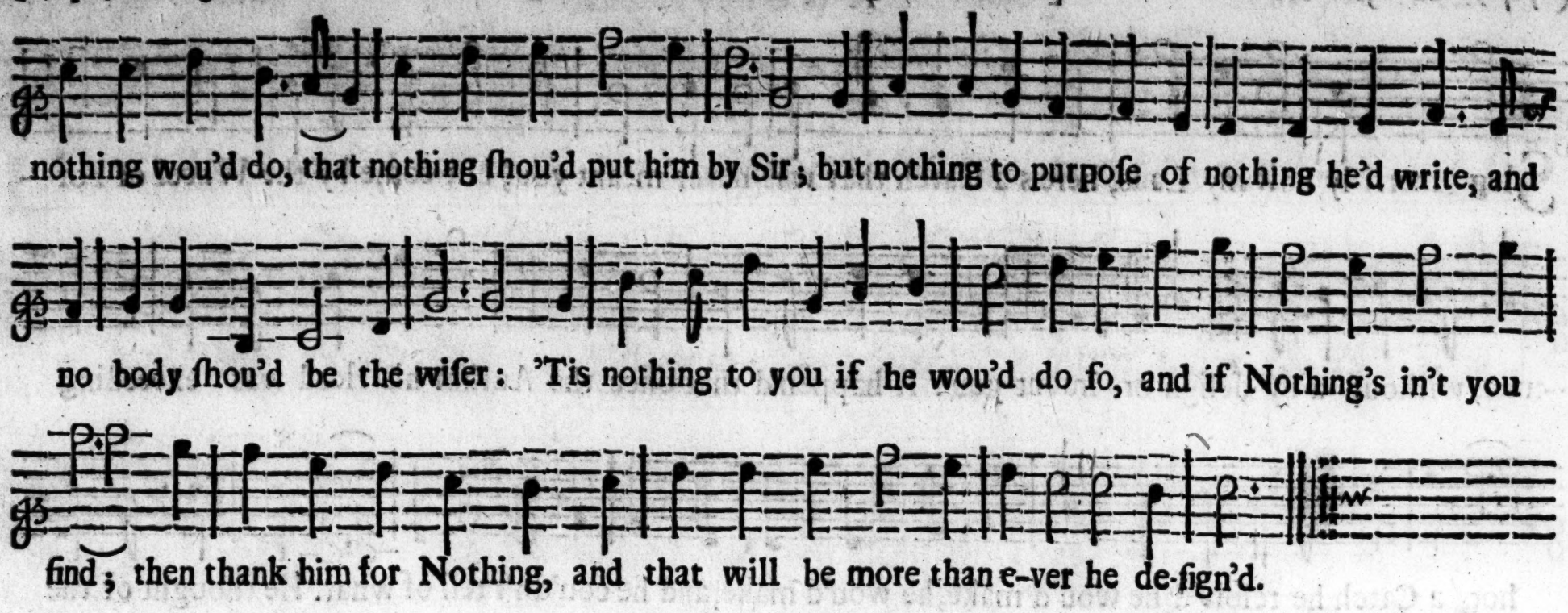
Smoak the Weed affords, and it vaniſh'd all away: He thought of fine Ladies and their fine Lords, and



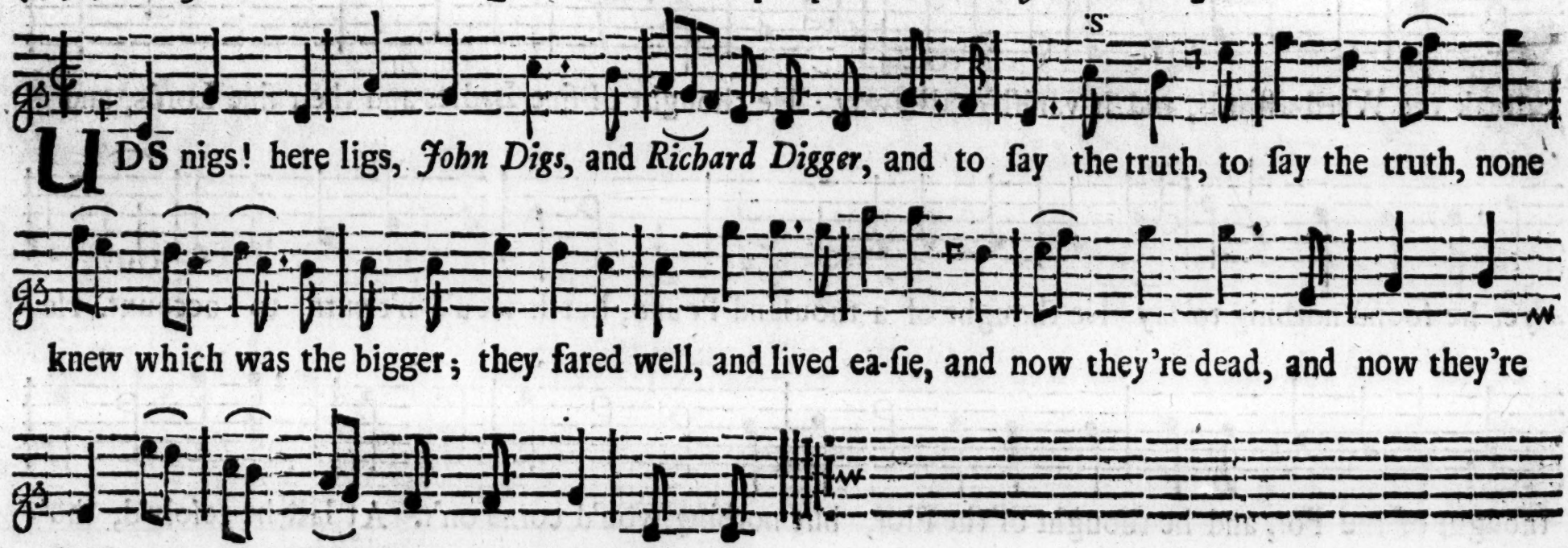
yet he found nothing to ſay. He thought of a thouſand Pound, but it wou'd-n't turn to account. He

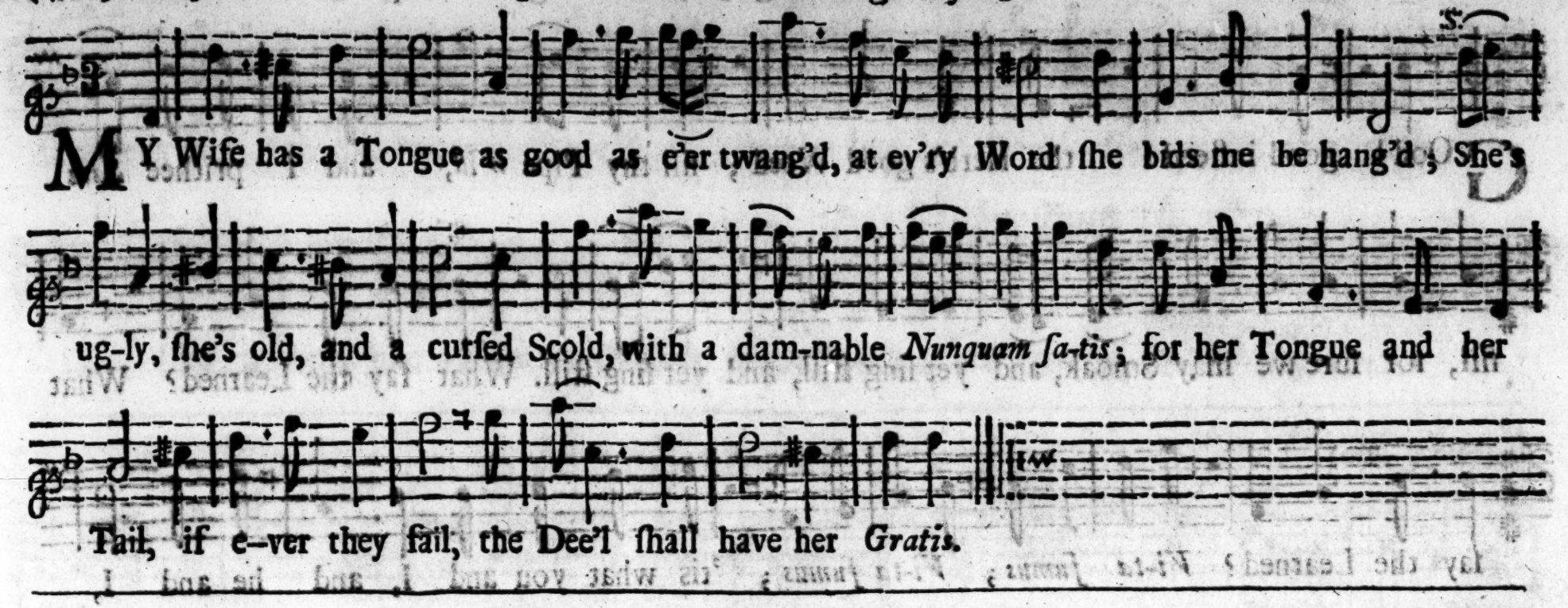


thought of the Pot, and he thought of the Plot, but nothing wou'd come on't. At laſt he reſolv'd, tho'

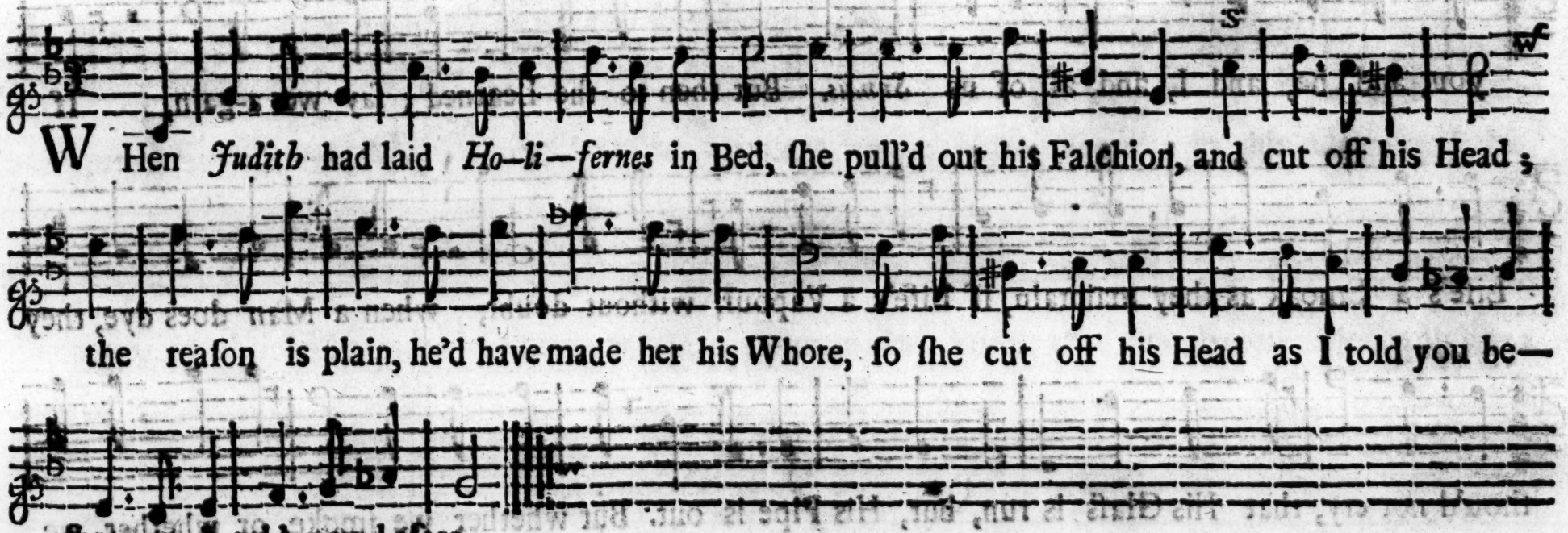


(75) *A. 3. Voc.* [*A* Yorkſhire *Epitaph on two Abby-Lubbers.*] Dr. *Blow.*





(79) *A. 3. Voc.* [*A Catch on* Judith *and* Holifernes.] Mr. *Mich. Wiſe.*



GOod! good infteed! the Herb's good Weed; fill thy Pipe *Will*, and I prithee *Sam*

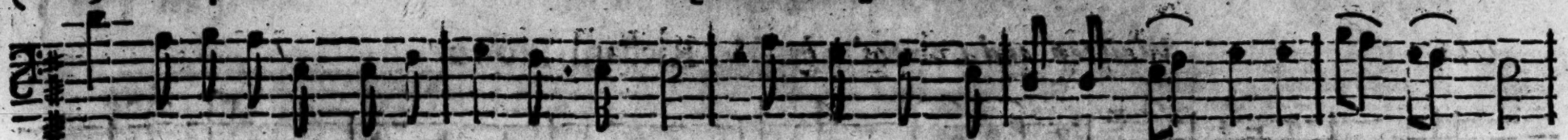
fill, for ſure we may Smoak, and yet ſing ſtill, and yet ſing ſtill. What ſay the Learned? What

ſay the Learned? *Vi-ta fumus*; *Vi-ta fumus*; 'tis what you and I, and he and I,

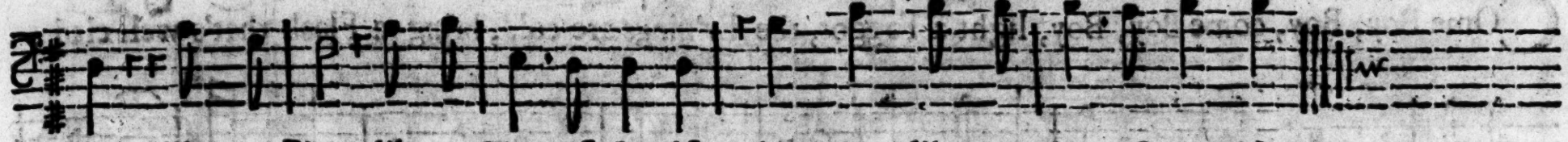
you, and he, and I, and all of us *Sumus*. But then to the Learned; ſay we a-gain, If

Life's a Smoak as they maintain, if Life's a Vapour, without doubt, when a Man does dye, they

ſhou'd not cry, that His Glaſs is run, but, His Pipe is out. But whether we ſmoke, or whether we

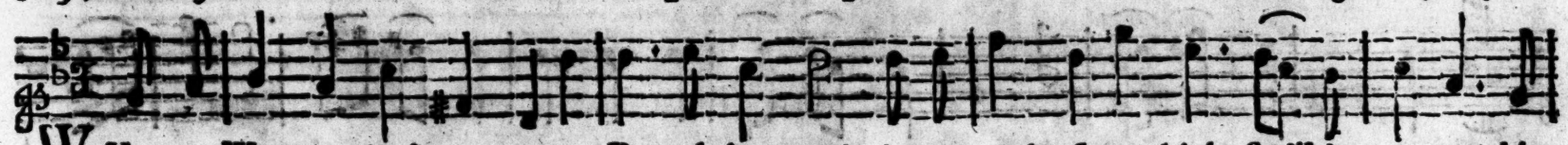


ſing, let's be Loyal, and re-member the King; let him live and let his foes vaniſh, thus, thus, thus,

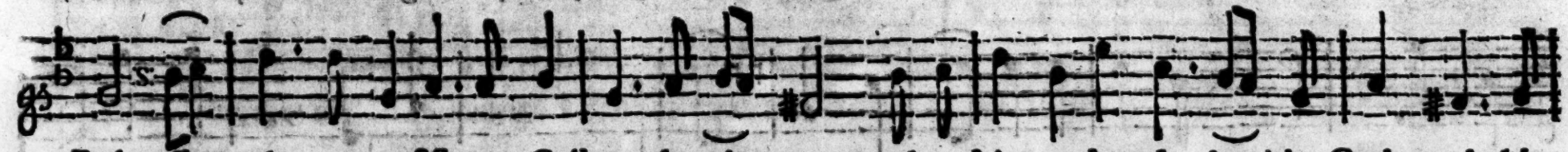


like, like a Pipe, like a Pipe of *Spaniſh*; thus, thus, like a Pipe of *Spaniſh*.

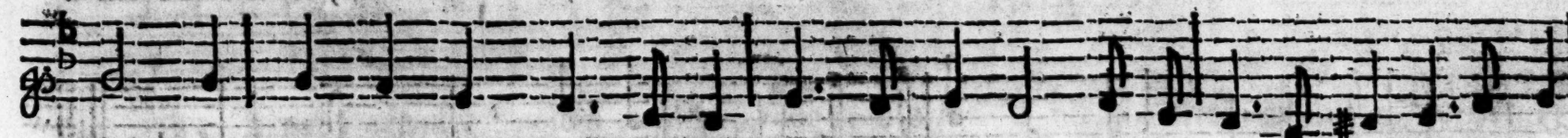
(83) A. 3. Voc. [A Catch.] Mr. *John Jackſon.*



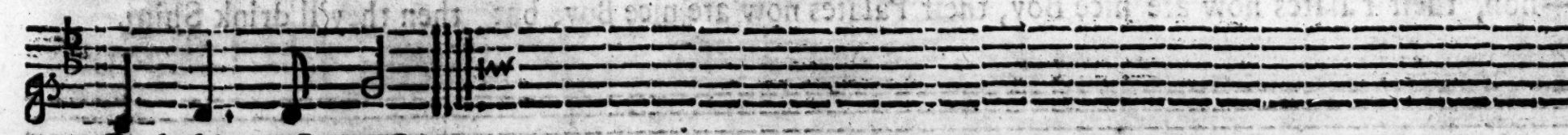
When a Woman that's Buxom, a Dotard does wed, 'tis a madneſs to think ſhe'll be true to his



Bed; For who can reſiſt a Gallant that is young, and a Man *A-lamode* in his Garb, and his

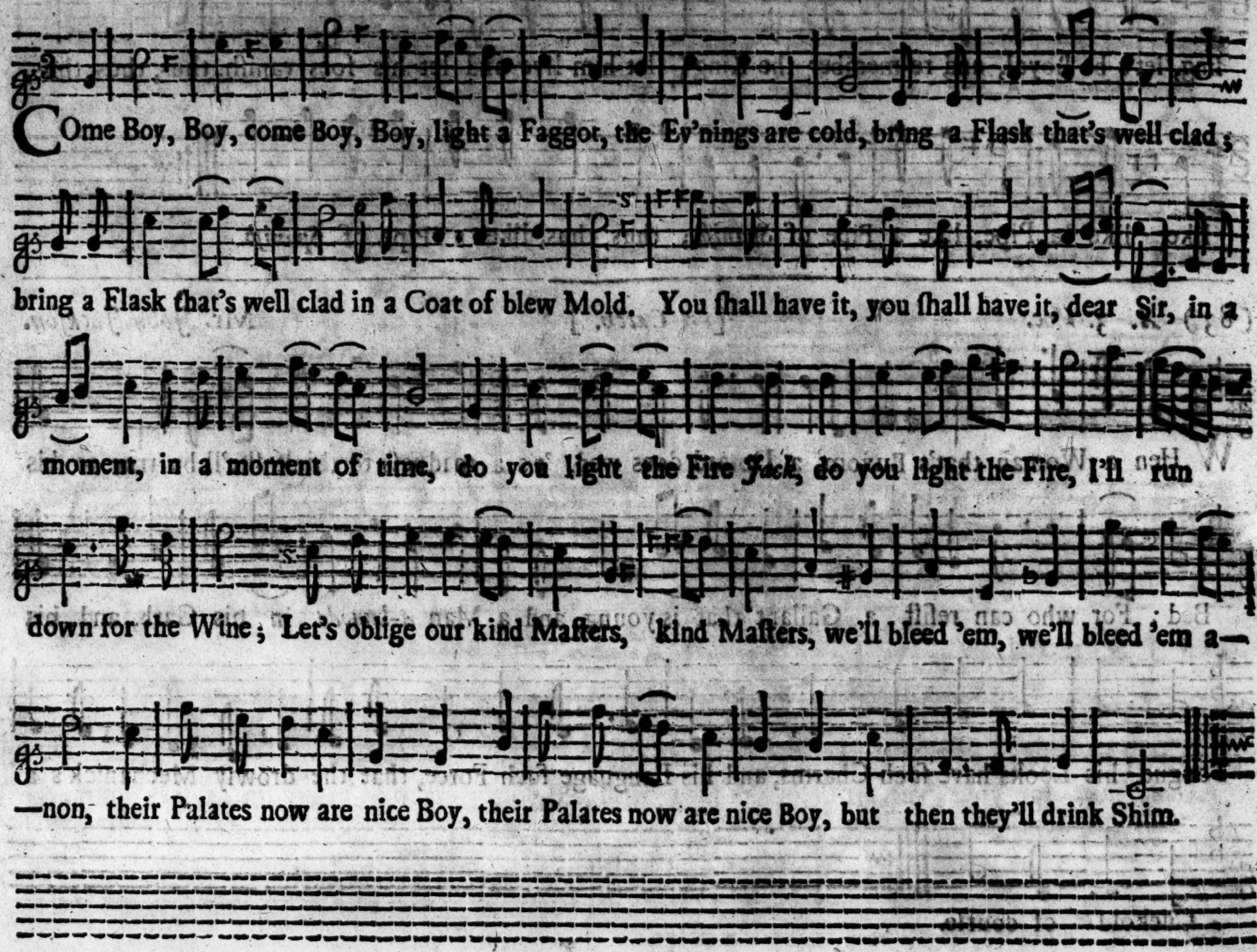


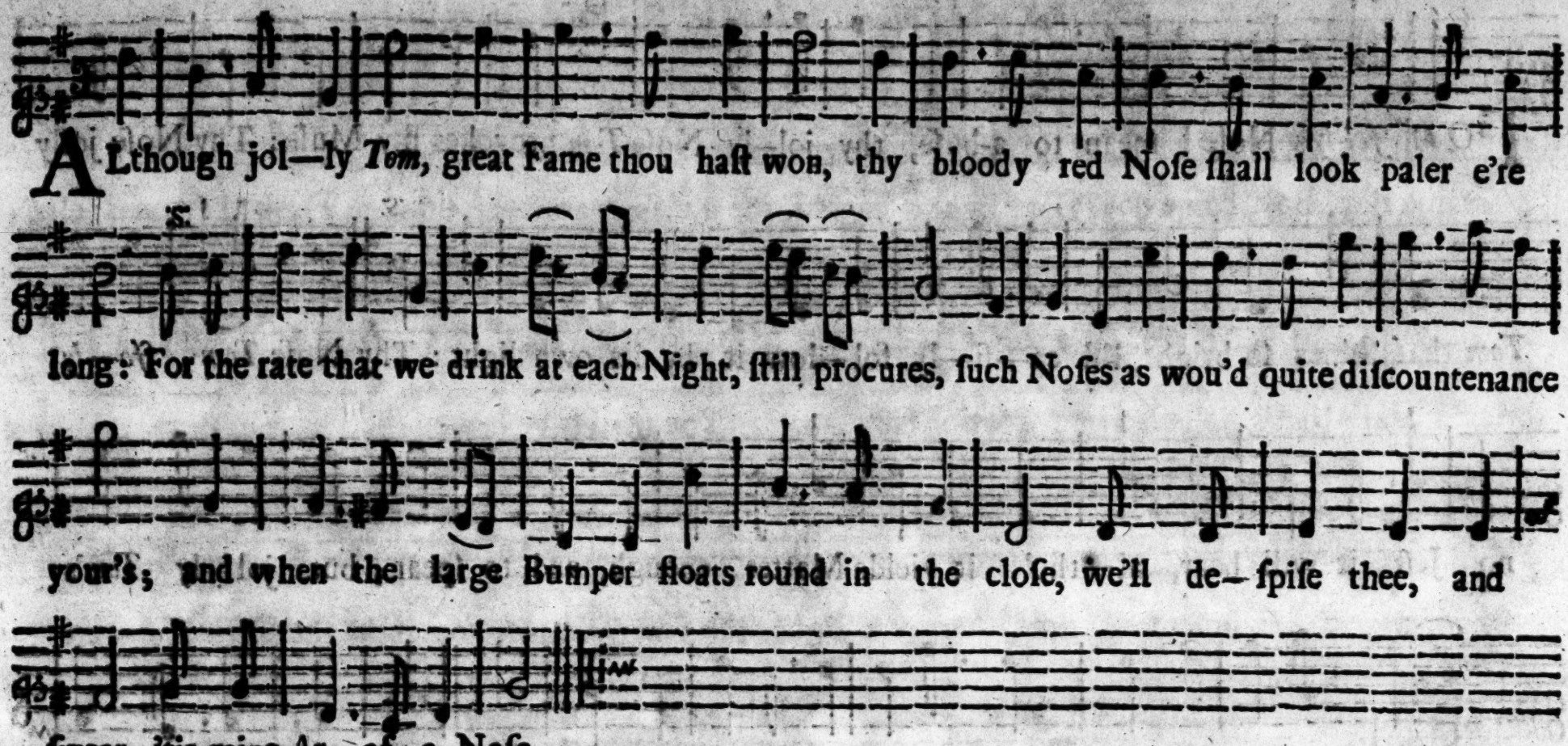
Tongue, his Looks have ſuch Charms, and his Language ſuch Force, that the drowſy Mechanick's a



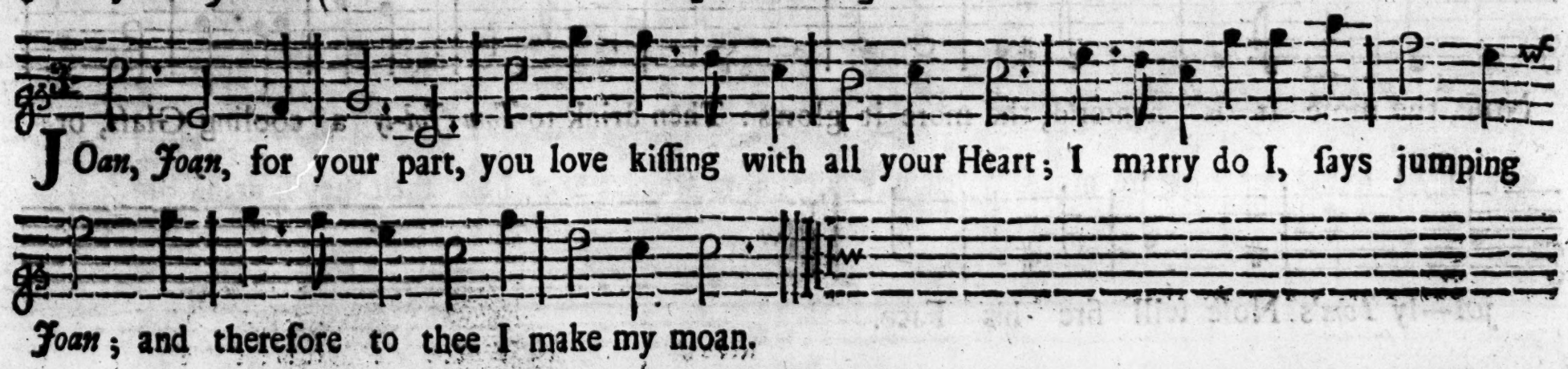
Cuckold of courſe.

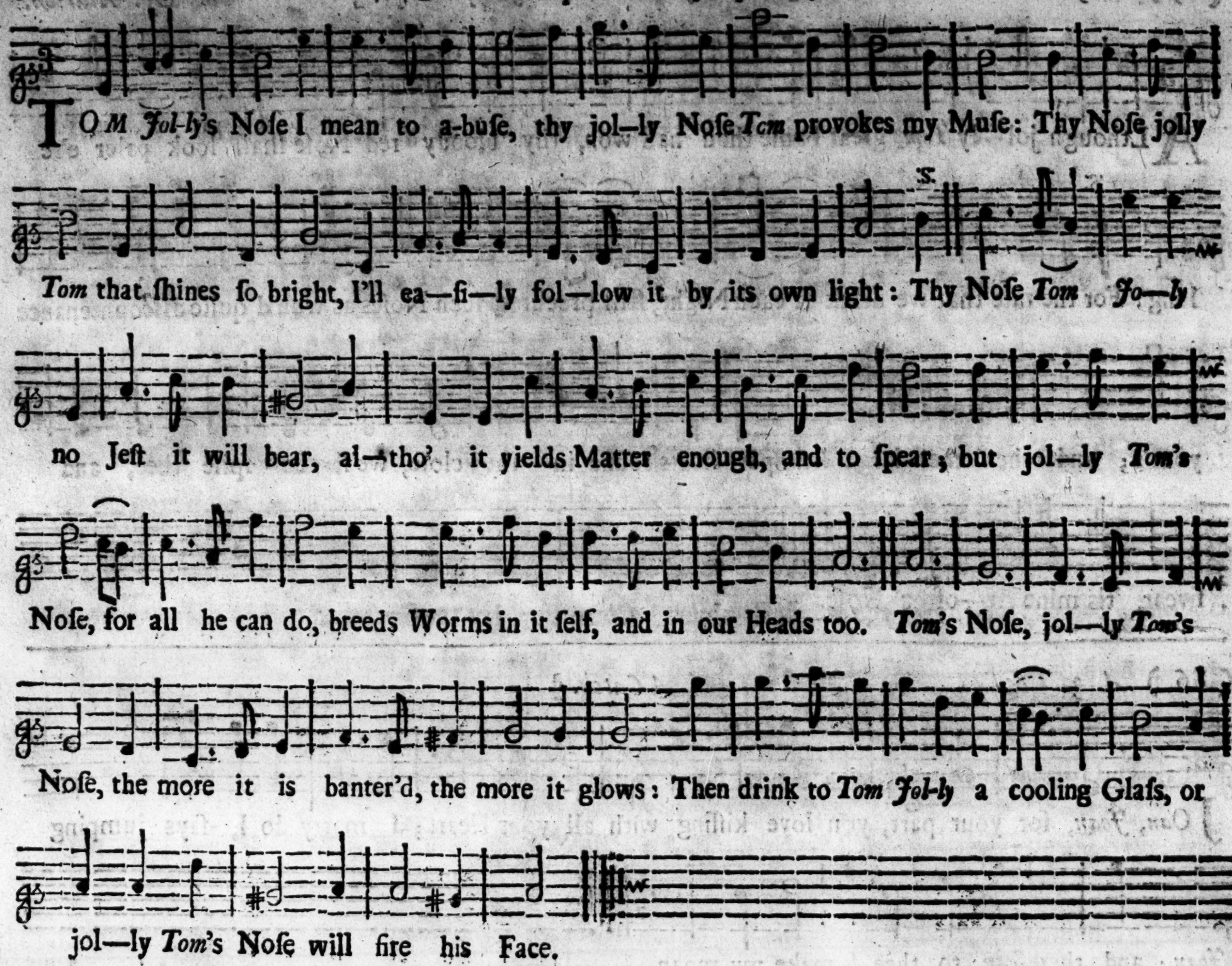
Written and Compos'd by Mr. Richard Brown.





(86) *A. 3. Voc.* [*A Catch.*]

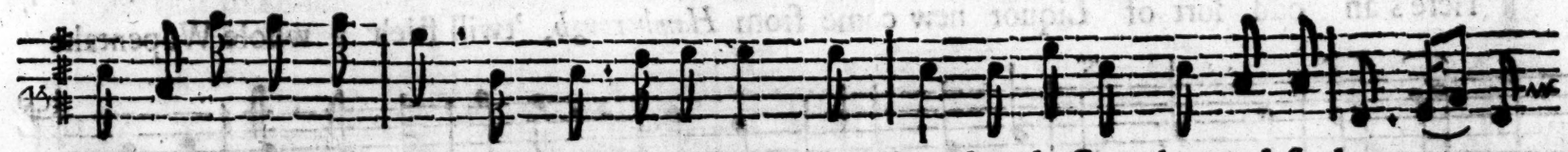



TOM Fol-ly's Nose I mean to a-buse, thy jol—ly Nose Tom provokes my Muse: Thy Nose jolly
Tom that shines so bright, I'll ea—si—ly fol—low it by its own light: Thy Nose Tom Jo—ly
no Jest it will bear, al—tho' it yields Matter enough, and to spear; but jol—ly Tom's
Nose, for all he can do, breeds Worms in it self, and in our Heads too. Tom's Nose, jol—ly Tom's
Nose, the more it is banter'd, the more it glows: Then drink to Tom Fol-ly a cooling Glass, or
jol—ly Tom's Nose will fire his Face.

Will you go by Water ſir? I'm the next Sculler; go with my Fare up Weſtward, Sir, my Boat ſhall

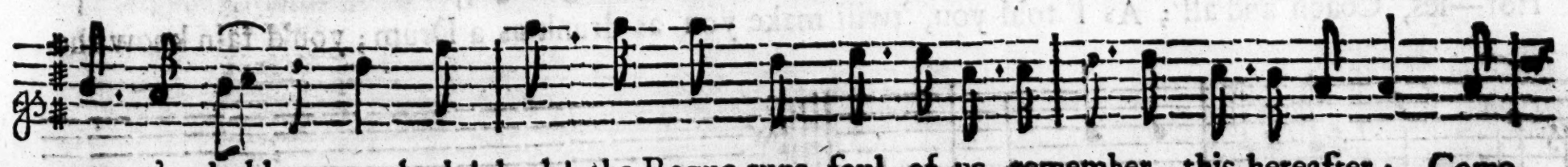
be no fuller: Next Oars, Sir, next Oars; whether is't you go? To *Fox—hall* or *Weſtminſter*, or

Through-Bridge hoa? Pray Maſter Trim the Boat, and ſit a little higher; you have a handſom



Woman by you, me-thinks you might ſit nigher! Come Boy, lay the Stretcher, and ſit down to your

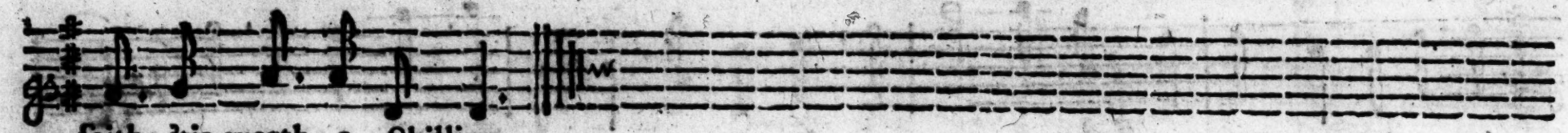
Oar; You Sir! will you change a Rogue for a Whore? You Sculler! look before you, with a—



—pox t'ye hold water; look! look! the Rogue runs foul of us, remember this hereafter: Come

(80) *A. 3. Voc.* [*A Catch*] Mr. *Barth. Iſaack.*

land us here at *King's-Bridge*, Ay Sir, if you're willing: Here Water-man there's Six-pence; Good



faith, 'tis worth a Shilling.

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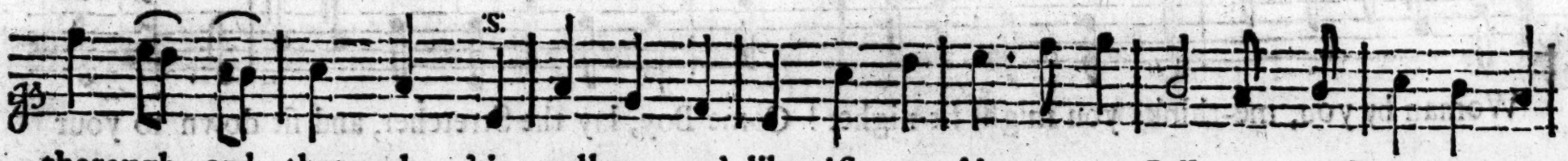
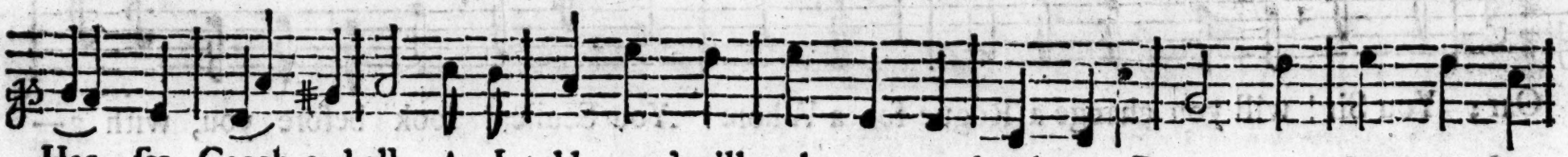
(81) *A. 3. Voc.* [*A Catch in Praiſe of* MUM.]

THere's an odd ſort of Liquor new come from *Hamborough*, 'twill ſtich a whole Wapentake



thorough and thorough, 'tis yellow, and likewiſe as bit—ter as Gall, and as ſtrong as ſix

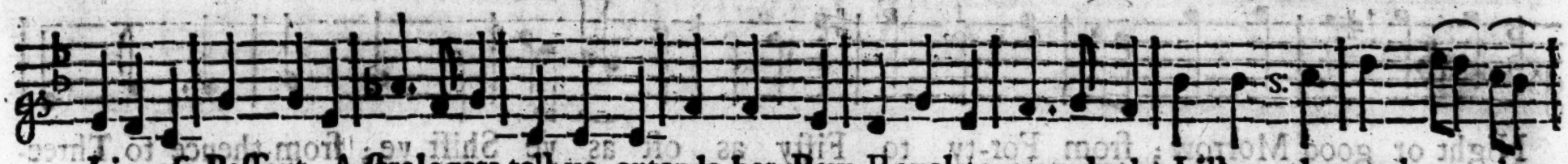


Hor—ſes, Coach and all; As I told you, 'twill make you as drunk as a Drum; you'd fain know the

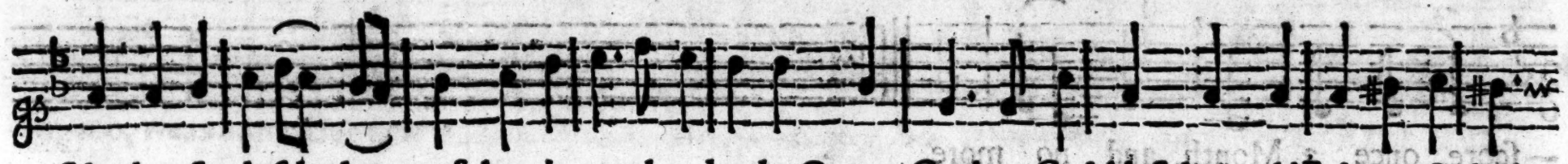
Name on't, but for that, my Friend, MUM.

A Catch for 3 Voices, upon a Prophecy, and Hieroglyphick of the late Mr. Will. Lilly *the* Aſtrologer; *the Words by Mr.* D'Urfey. *Sett by Mr.* John Eccles.

IN Seventeen Hundred, and Three told twice over, we're like to hear very good Tidings from *Dover*; A



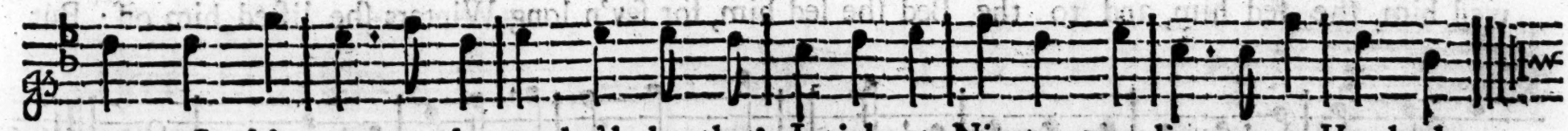
Lioneſs Paſſant, A-ſtrologers tell ye, extends her Paw Royal to grapple the Lilly; the mark on her



ſide that ſo cloſely does preſs her, is noted to be the Queens Cypher, God bleſs her; th'Enigma ſo dark,

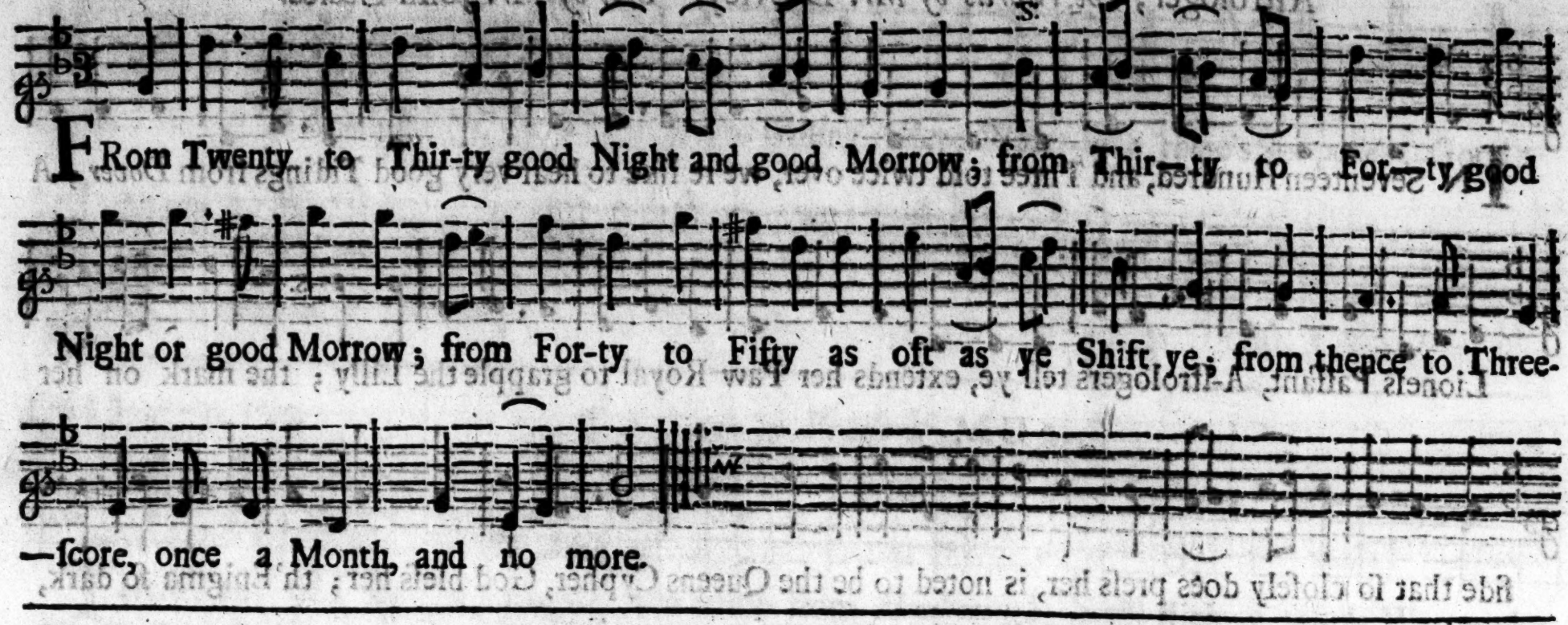
how we *France* ſhall be leaguer, you may find out at *Kingſton*, of honeſt *Tom Eager*; Old *Tom* was con-

firm'd in't and 'twas no Il-luſion, that his Fourſcore and Sev'n, ſhou'd ſee *Monſieur*'s Confuſion; if a year or two

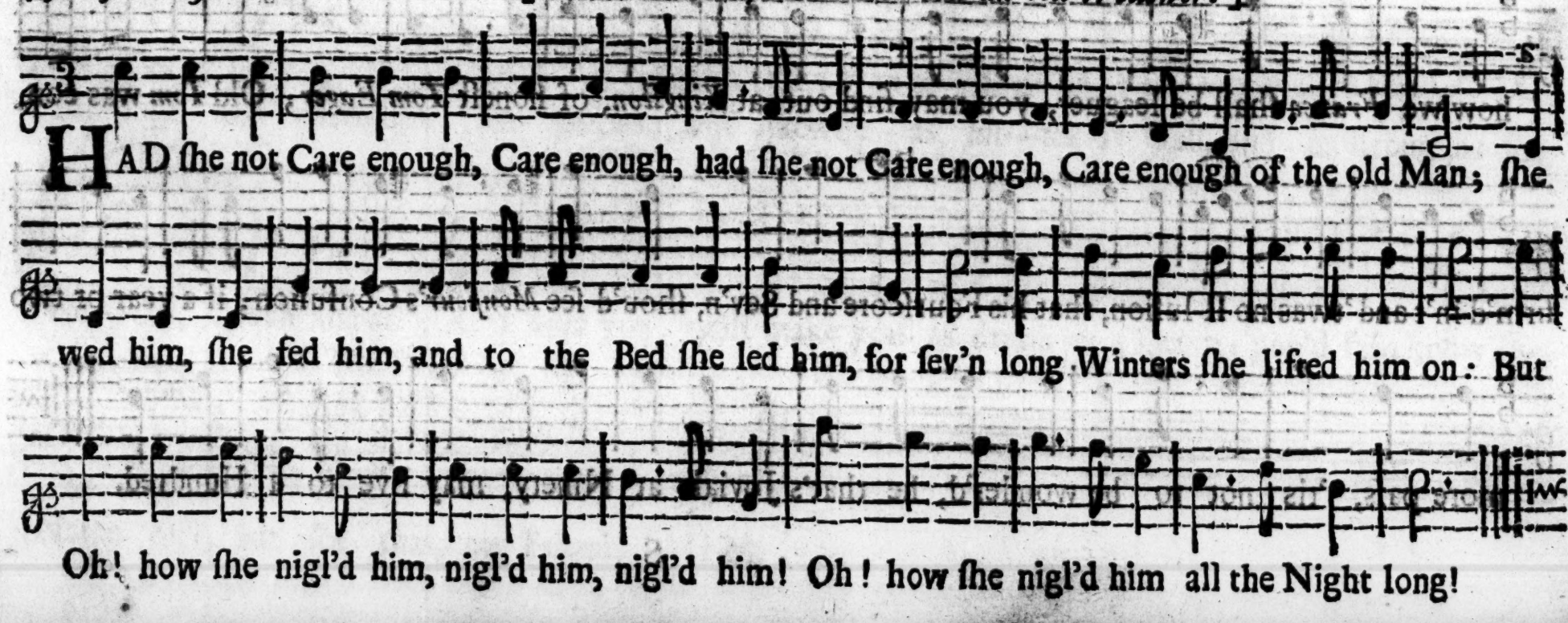


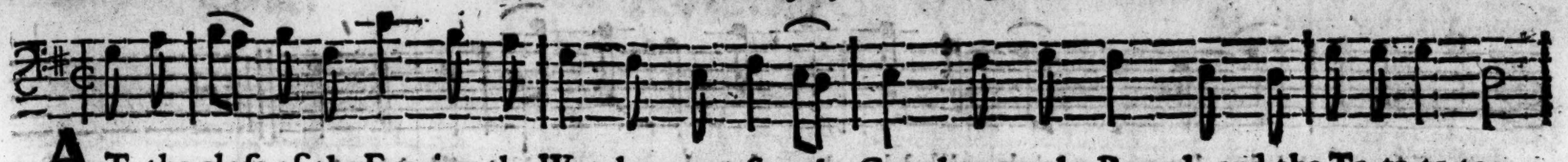
more paſs, 'tis not to be wonder'd, he that's Jovial at Ninety, may live to a Hundred.

S

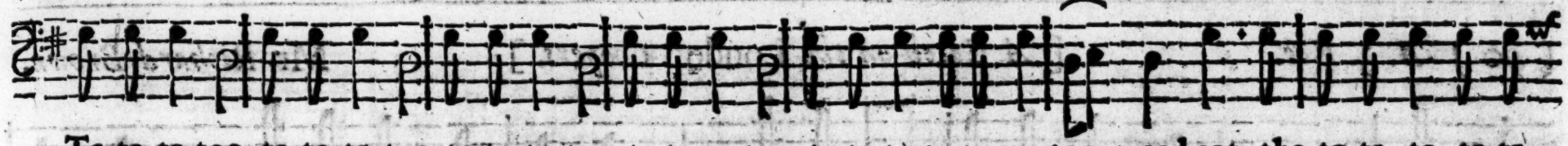


(92) A. 3. Voc. [On a Widow, who Married an old Widower.]

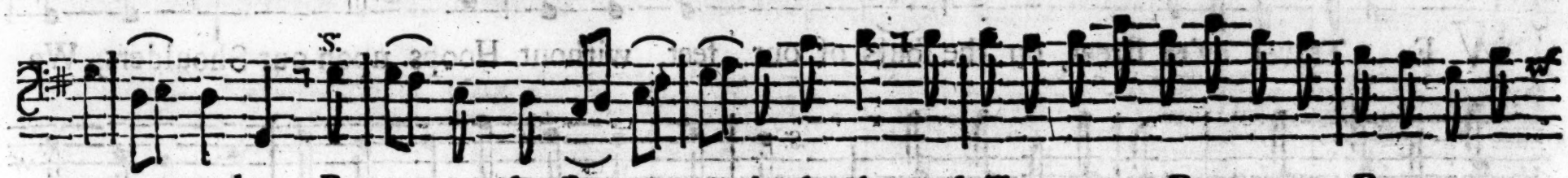




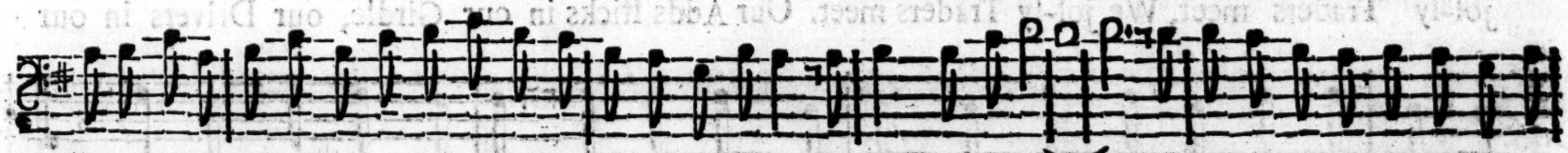
AT the close of the Evening the Watches were set, the Guards went the Round, and the Ta-ta-ta-too,



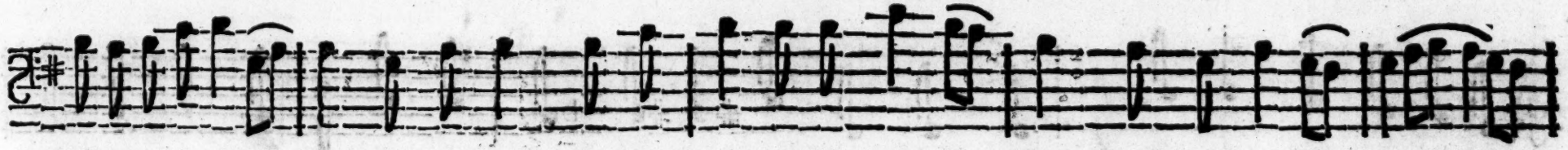
Ta-ta-ta-too, ta-ta-ta-too, ta-ta-ta-too, ta-ta-ta-too, ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta--too, was beat, the ta-ta--ta--ta-ta—



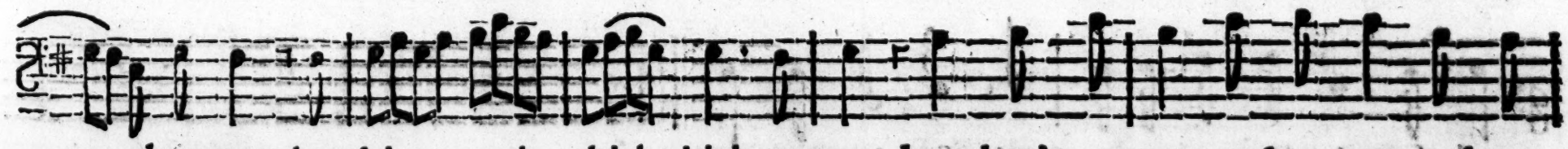
—ta-too, weas beat: But now yonder Stars ap-pear in the Sky, and Ta-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra,



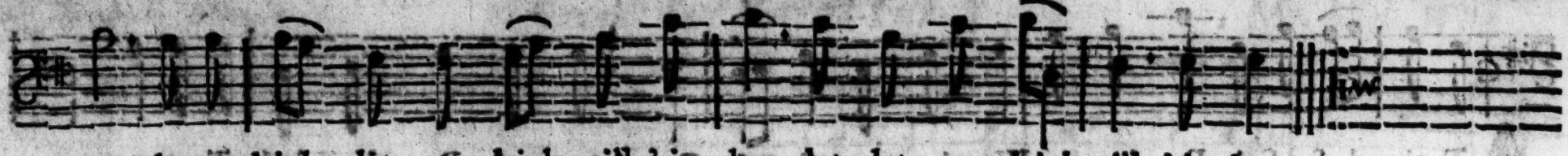
Ra-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra-ra, is ſounded on high—, and Ta-ra-ra-ra, Ta-ra-ra-ra,



Ra-ra-ra-ra-ra, is ſounded on high; we ſhall ſoon be Reliev'd, then drink, drink away, then dri———

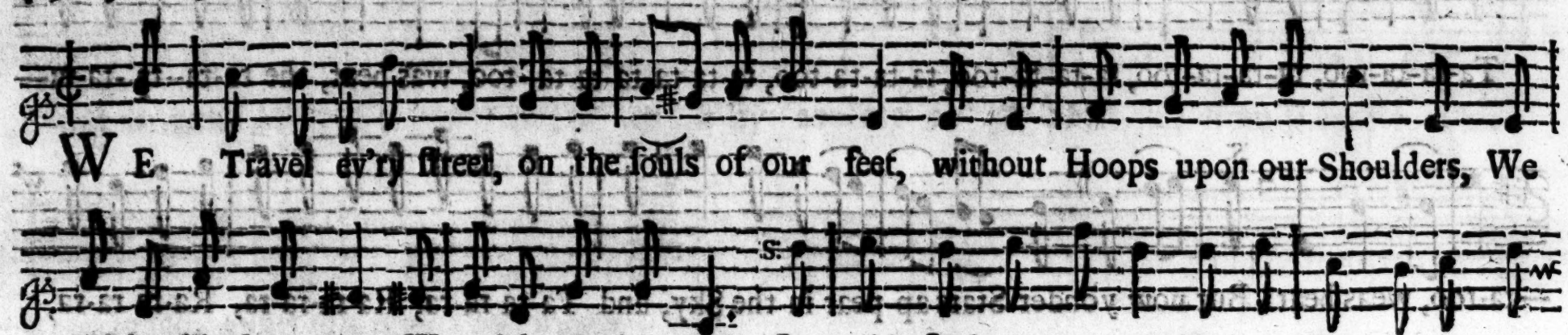


——— nk away, then dri——— nk, drink, drink a-way; here, here's to you, and to you, and to



you, let us drink, let us drink till 'tis day, let, let us drink till 'tis day.

(90) A. 3. Voc. [A Catch on the London Coopers.] Mr. Richard Brown.

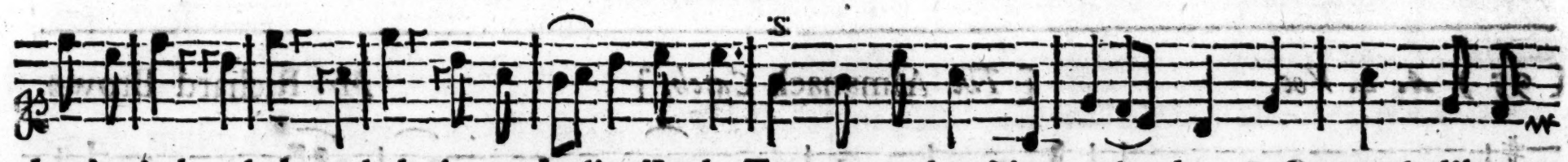


WE Travel ev'ry ſtreet, on the ſouls of our feet, without Hoops upon our Shoulders, We jol-ly Traders meet, We jol-ly Traders meet. Our Adds ſticks in our Girdle, our Drivers in our hand, and thus we ask the Fair Maids how Tite their Veſſels, how Tite their Veſſels ſtand; And if a Laſs proves Leaky 'tis known we ſoon can Hoop her, which done yet ſtill We loudly cry, work for the Cooper, a—ny work for the Cooper.

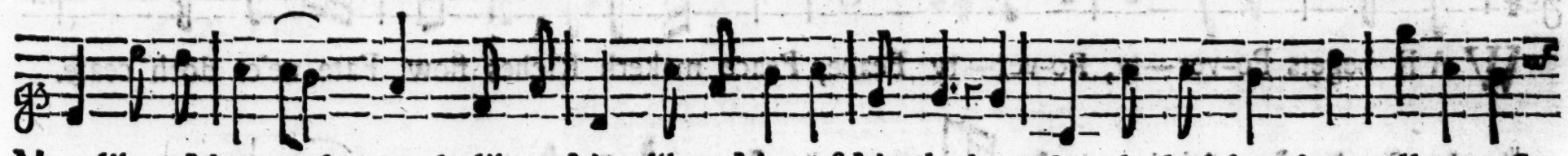
TInking *Tom* was an honeſt Man, tink a tink, t———and a Lad of Bonny Mettle, he dext'rouſly cou'd

clink the Pan, clink a clink, clink a clink, and ſtop, and ſtop, and ſtop a hole i'th' Kettle, to him did my

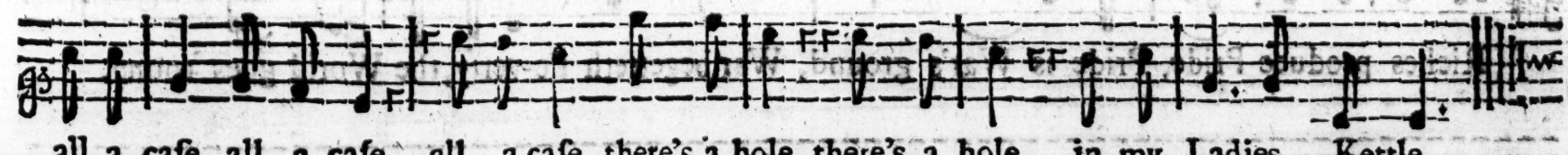
Ladies Maid advance, advance, come, come in thou Man of Mettle, a ſad miſchance, a ſad miſchance,



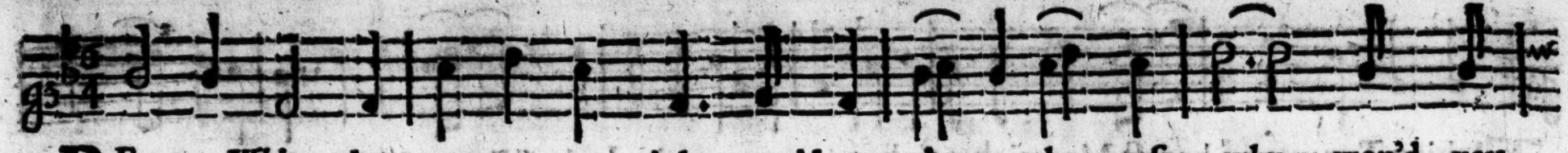
here's a hole, a hole, a hole in my Ladies Kettle, *Tom* went to ham'ring on the place, and wrought like a



Man, like a Man, and wrought like a Man, like a Man of Mettle, but when he had done 'twas all a caſe,

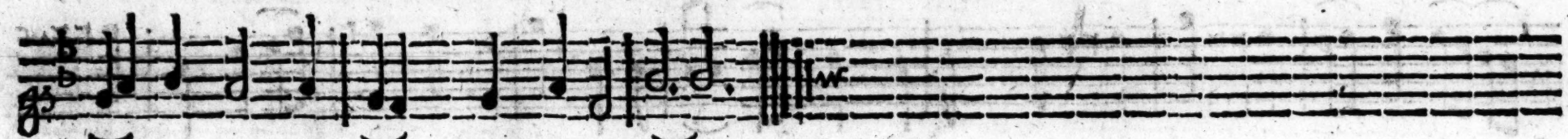


all a caſe, all a caſe, all a caſe, there's a hole, there's a hole in my Ladies Kettle.



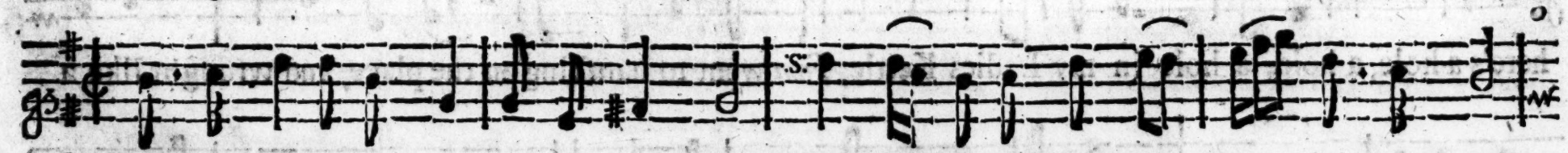
PE—ter White that never goes right, wou'd you know the reaſon why; wou'd you

know the reaſon why. He follows his Noſe where e—ver he goes, and that ſtands all a—

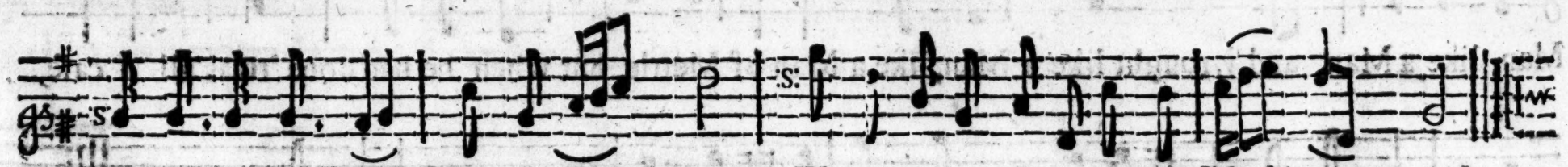


—wry, a-wry, and that ſtands all a—wry.

[95) A. 4. Voc. [The Almanack Catch.] Mr. Richard Brown.

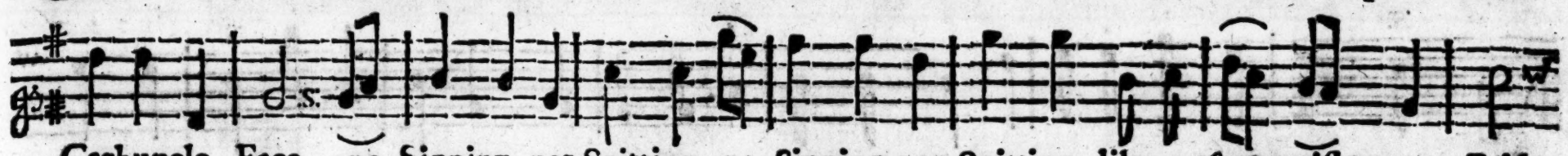


WAR begets Po-ver—ty, Po-ver—ty Peace, Peace maketh Riches flow, Fate ne'er doth ceaſe.



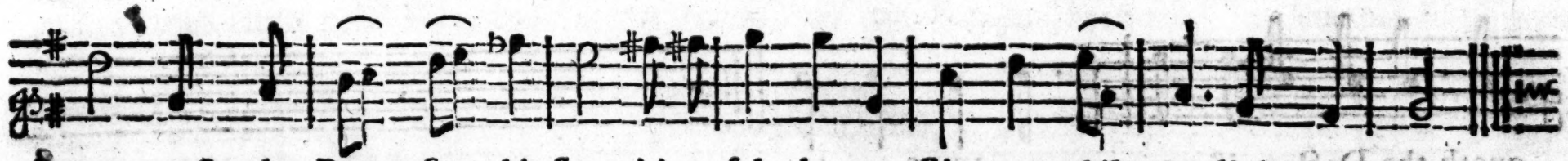
Riches produce Pride, Pride is War's ground, War begetteth Po-verty, the World goes round.

COme *Jack* drink, drink, drink, drink a-bout, take it off with a grace, no Ru-bie compares with a



Carbuncle Face; no Sipping nor Spitting, no Sipping nor Spitting like a ſqueamiſh young Bride,

take a Pint that's a brimmer and a-way the next Tide, then Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring for the



drawer, rouſe the Rogue from his ſleep, 'tis a fol—ly to ſtir now whilſt day-light doth peep.

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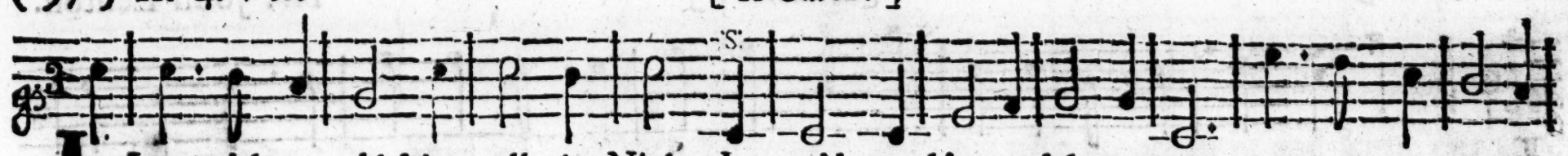
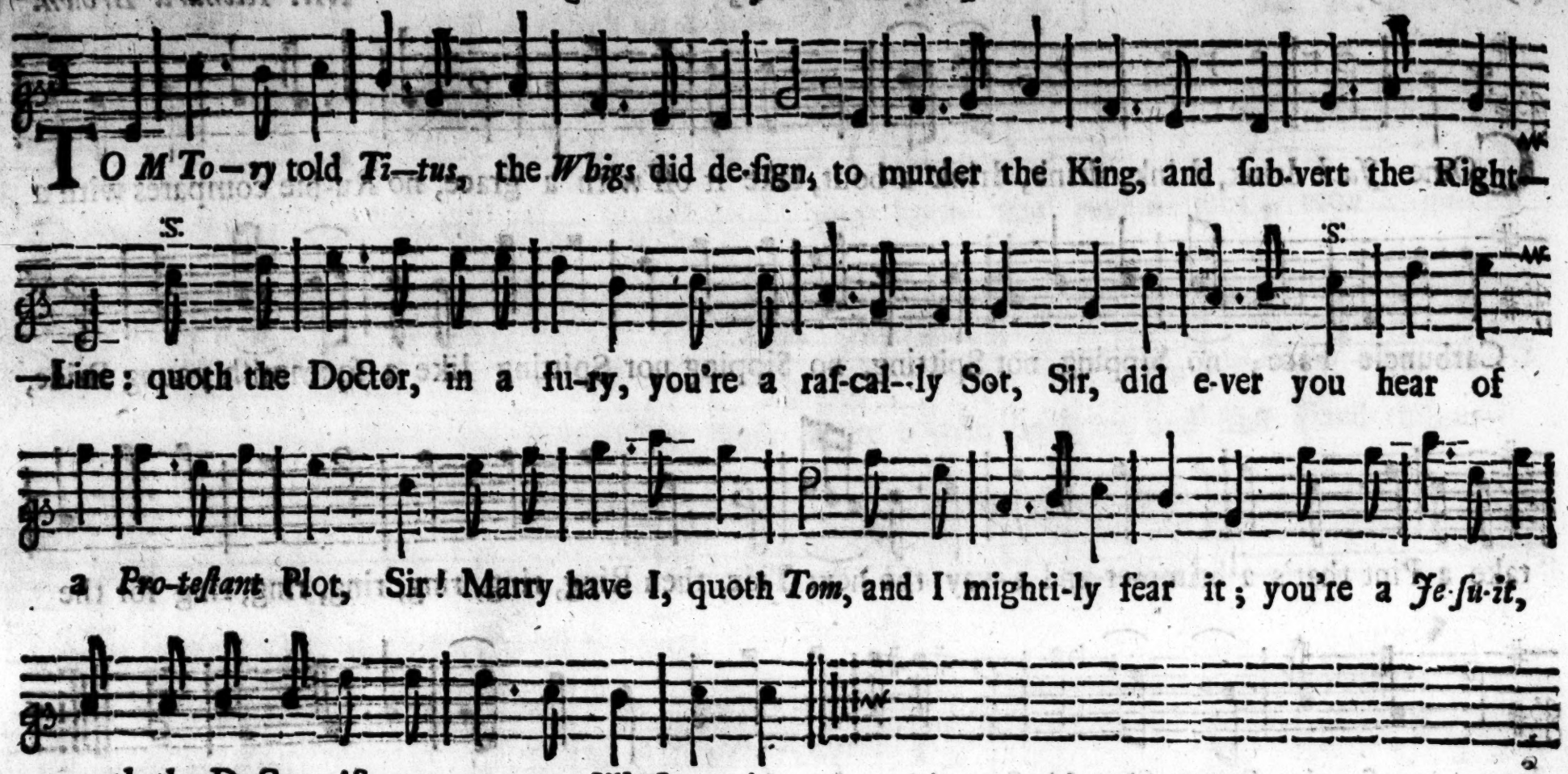
(97) *A. 4. Voc.* [*A Catch.*]



I Lay with an old Man all the Night, I turn'd to him, and he to me; he cou'd not do ſo

well as he ſhou'd, but he would fain, but it would not be.

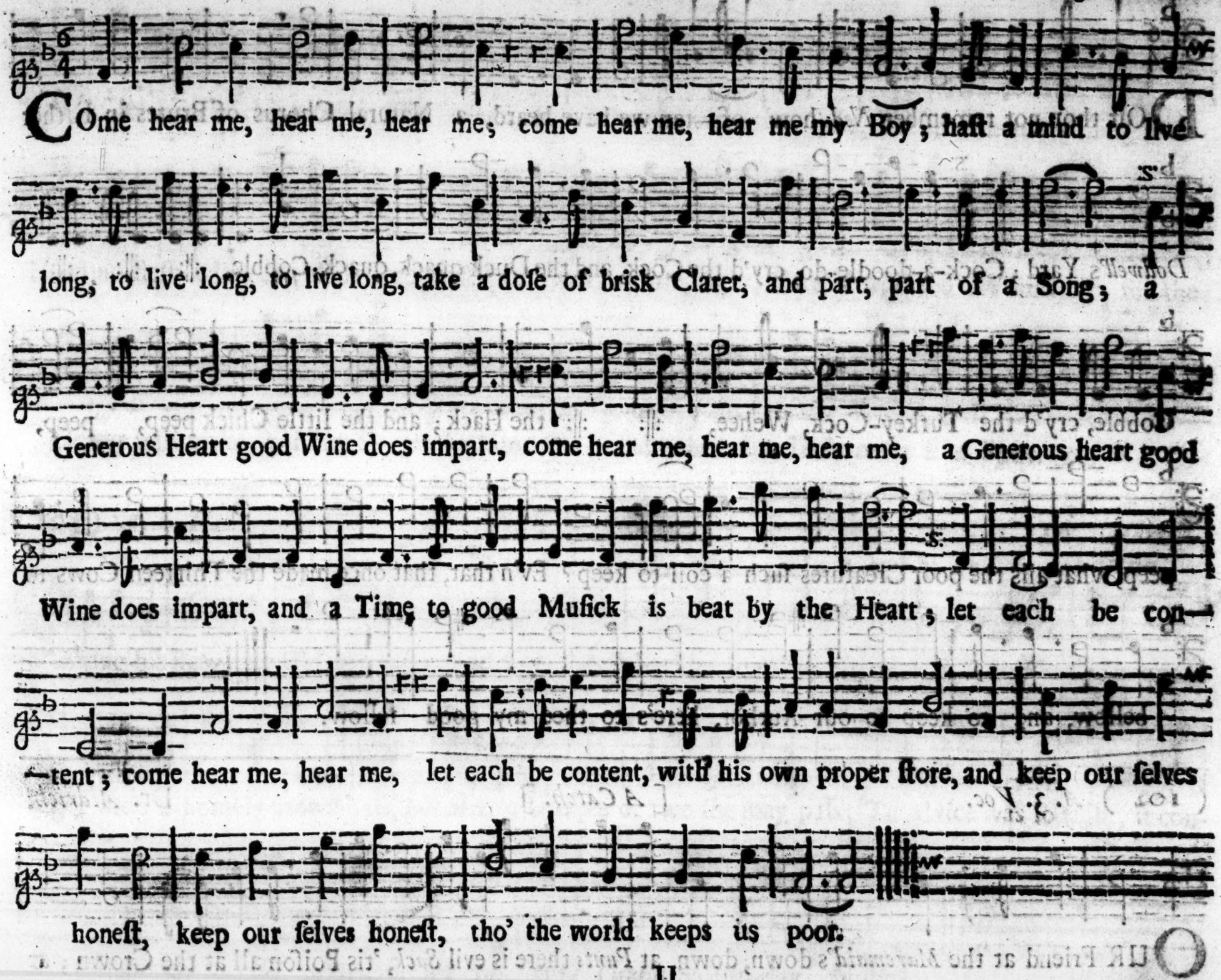


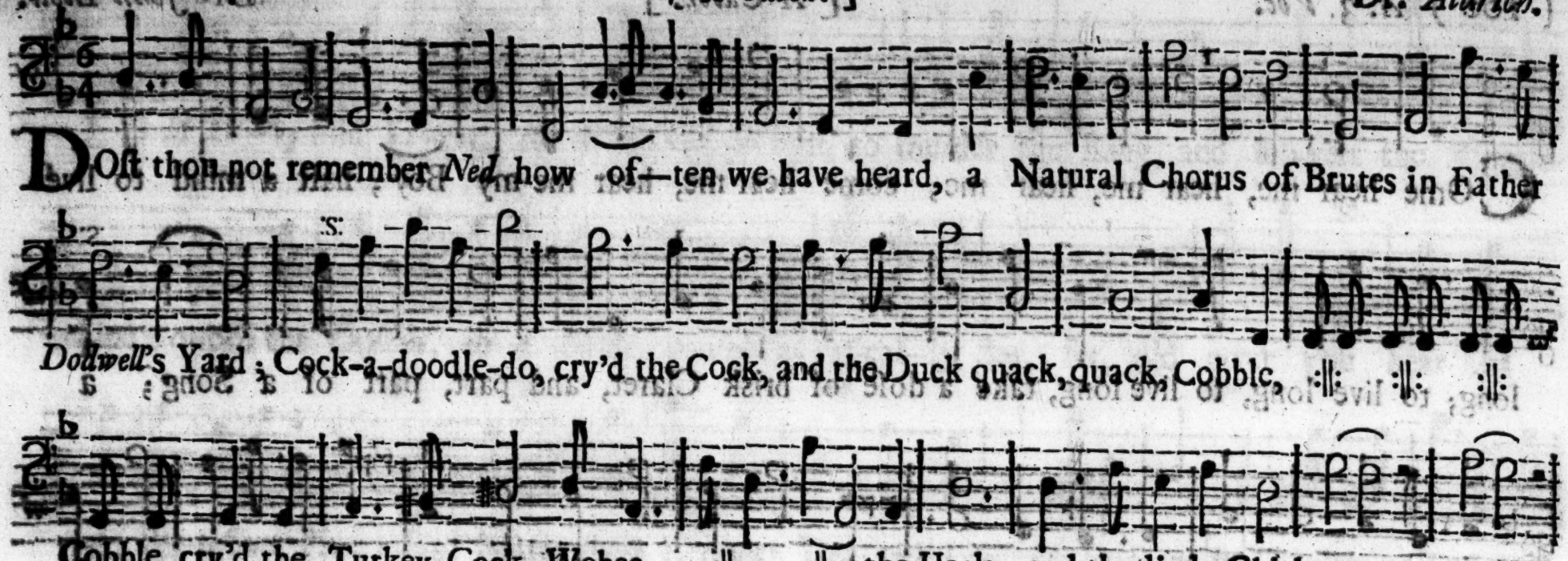
TO *M To—ry* told *Ti—tus*, the *Whigs* did de-ſign, to murder the King, and ſub-vert the Right—Line: quoth the Doctor, in a fu-ry, you're a raf-cal--ly Sot, Sir, did e-ver you hear of a *Pro-teſtant* Plot, Sir! Marry have I, quoth *Tom*, and I mighti-ly fear it; you're a *Je-ſu-it*, quoth the Doctor, if you vex me I'll ſwear it.

---

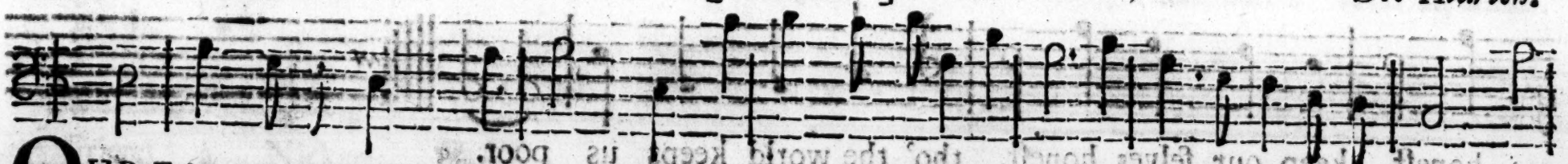
(99) *A. 3. Voc.* [*A Catch.*] *Mr.* John Lenton.

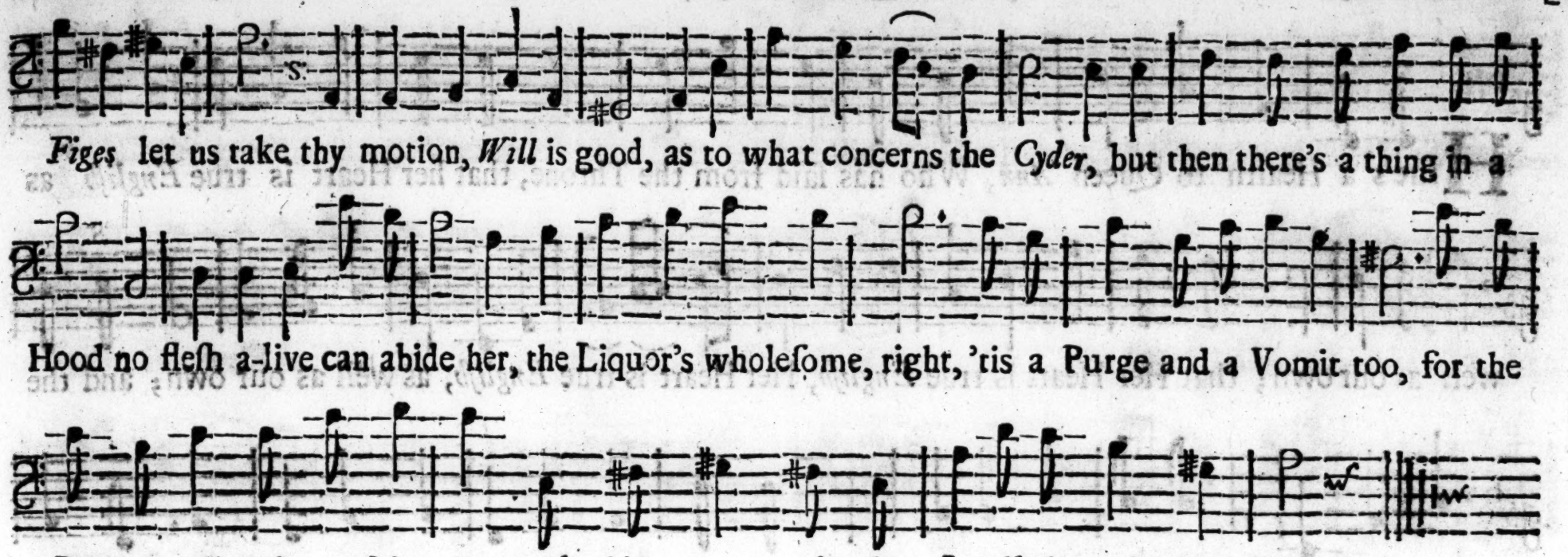
LET us love and drink our Liquor, we ſhall ſpend our Means the quicker, here's to thee, kind Friend, a Nicker.


COme hear me, hear me, hear me; come hear me, hear me my Boy; haſt a mind to live
long, to live long, to live long, take a doſe of brisk Claret, and part, part of a Song; a
Generous Heart good Wine does impart, come hear me, hear me, hear me, a Generous heart good
Wine does impart, and a Time to good Muſick is beat by the Heart; let each be con-
-tent; come hear me, hear me, let each be content, with his own proper ſtore, and keep our ſelves
honeſt, keep our ſelves honeſt, tho' the world keeps us poor.

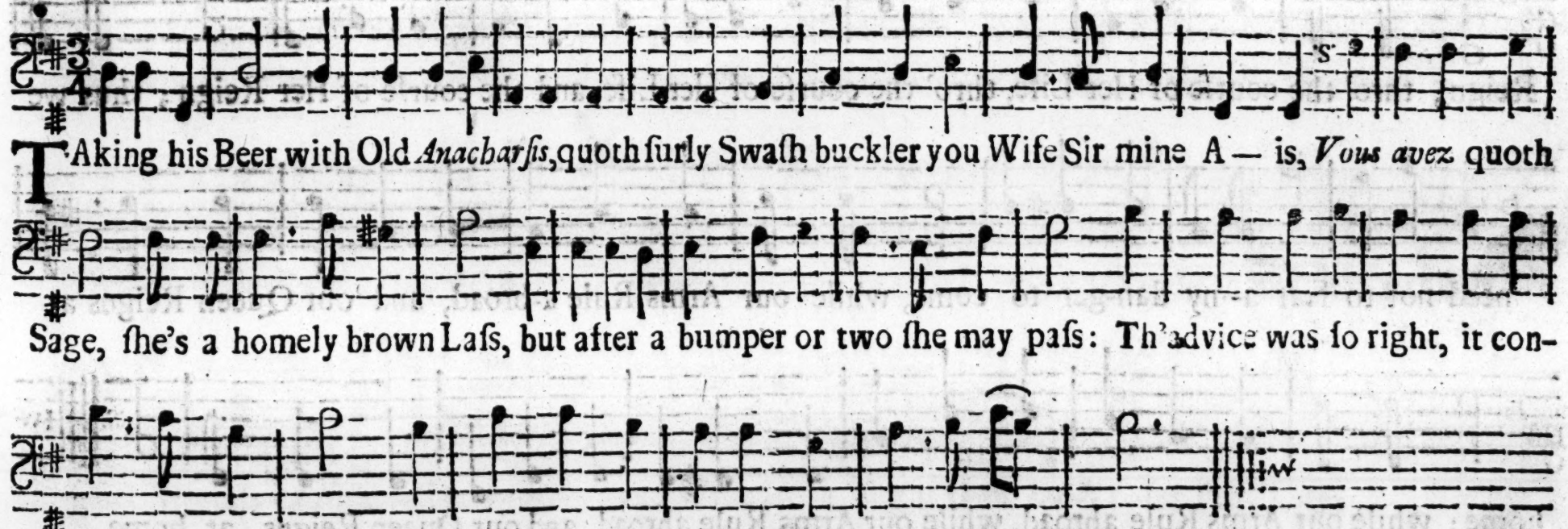


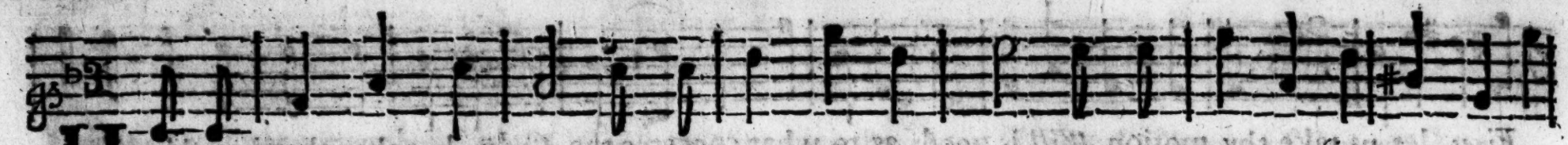
(102) *A. 3. Voc.* [*A Catch.*] Dr. *Aldrich.*



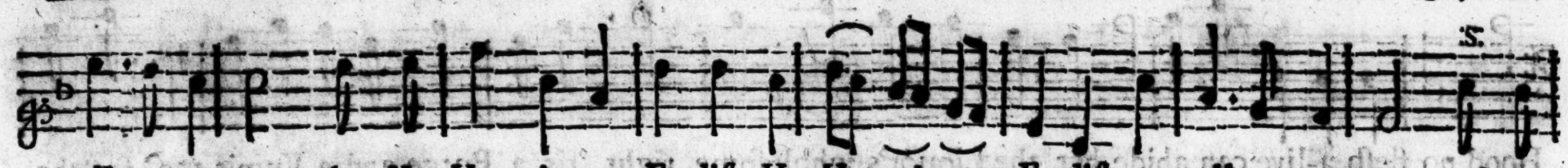


(103) *A.* 3. *Voc.* [*A Catch.*] Dr. *Aldrich.*

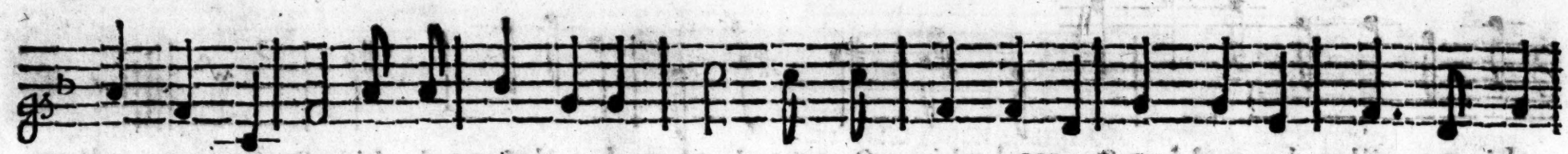




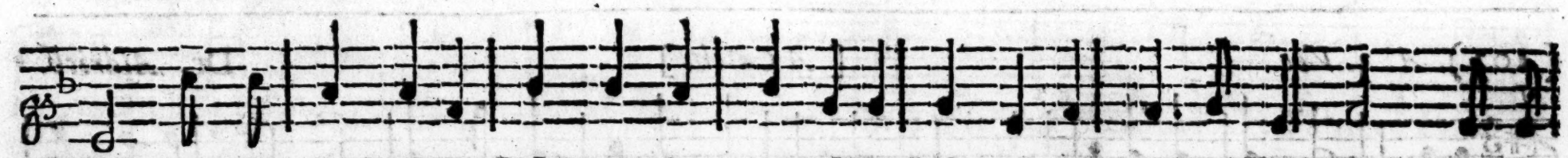
HEre's a Health to Queen *Ann*, Who has ſaid from the Throne, that her Heart is true *Engliſh* as



well as our own; that Her Heart is true *Engliſh*, Her Heart is true *Engliſh*, as well as our own; and the



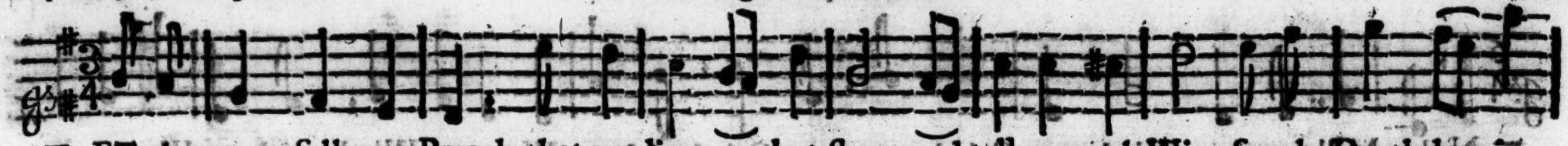
Church fix't by Law is reſolv'd to maintain; thro' the courſe of Her Life, and the courſe of Her



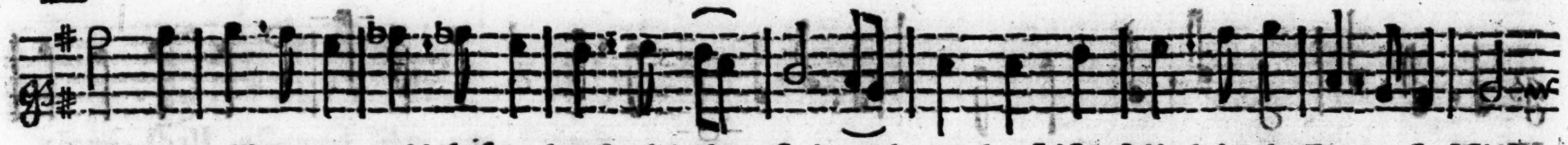
Reign; thro' the courſe of Her Life, thro' the courſe of Her Life, and the courſe of Her Reign; thus we

need not to fear a--ny dan-ger to come, while our Arms Rule a-broad, and our Queen Reigns at

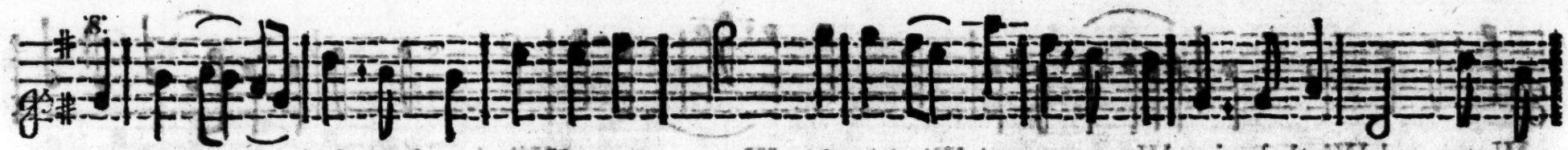
home; while our Arms Rule abroad, while our Arms Rule abroad, and our Queen Reigns at home.



LET the grave folks go Preach, that our lives are but ſhort, and tell us much Wine ſpeedy Death does in-

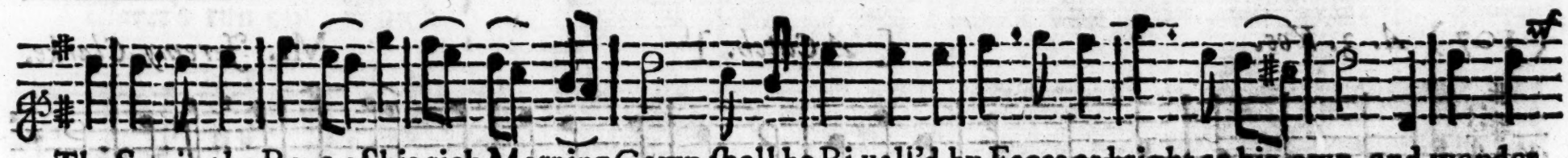


-vite; but we'll be reveng'd before-hand with them for't, and crowd a Life's Mirth in the ſpace of a Night:



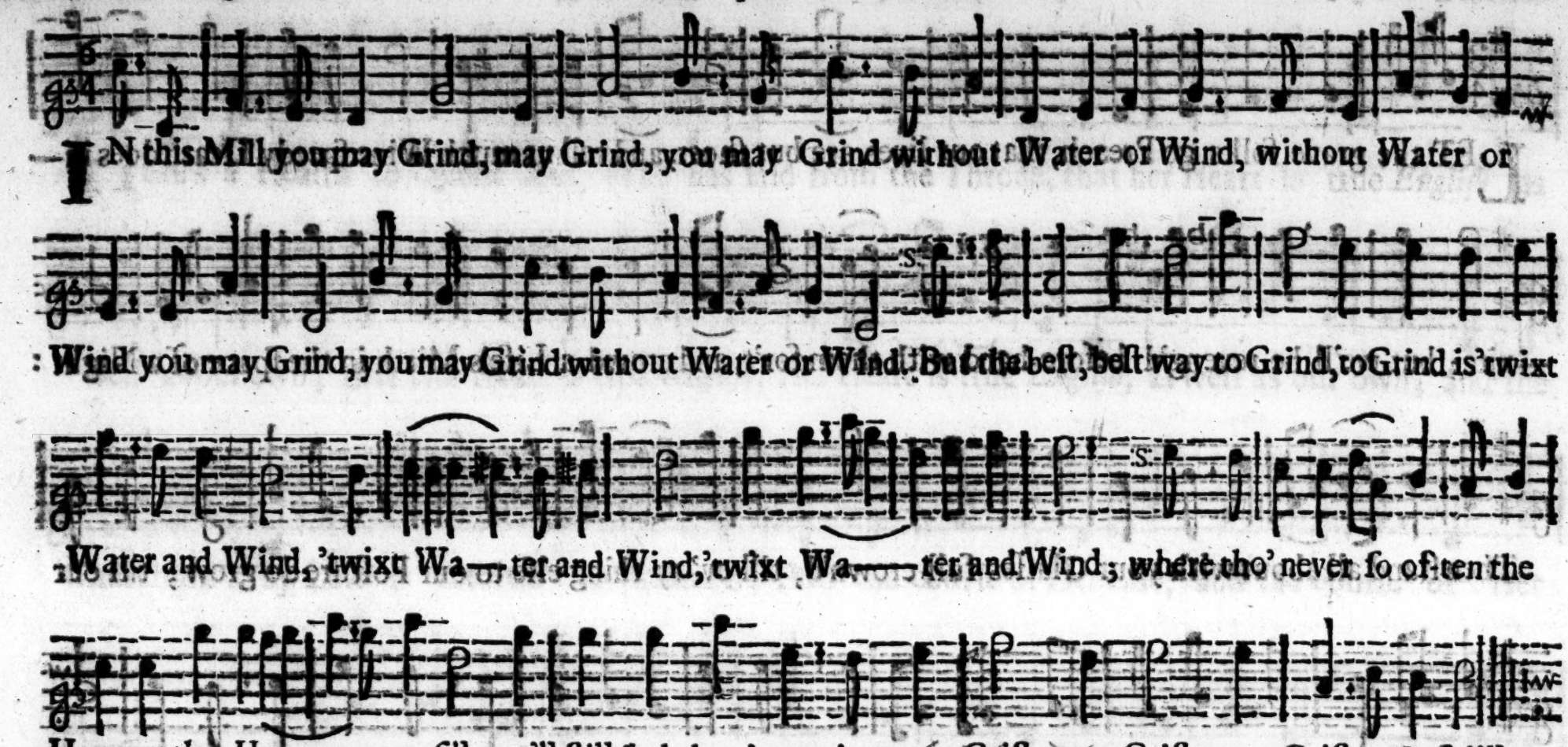
Then ſtand all about with your Glaſſes full crown'd, till ev'-ry thing elſe to our Poſture do grow; till our

Cups and our Heads, and the whole Houſe go round, and the Cellar becomes where the Chamber is now.

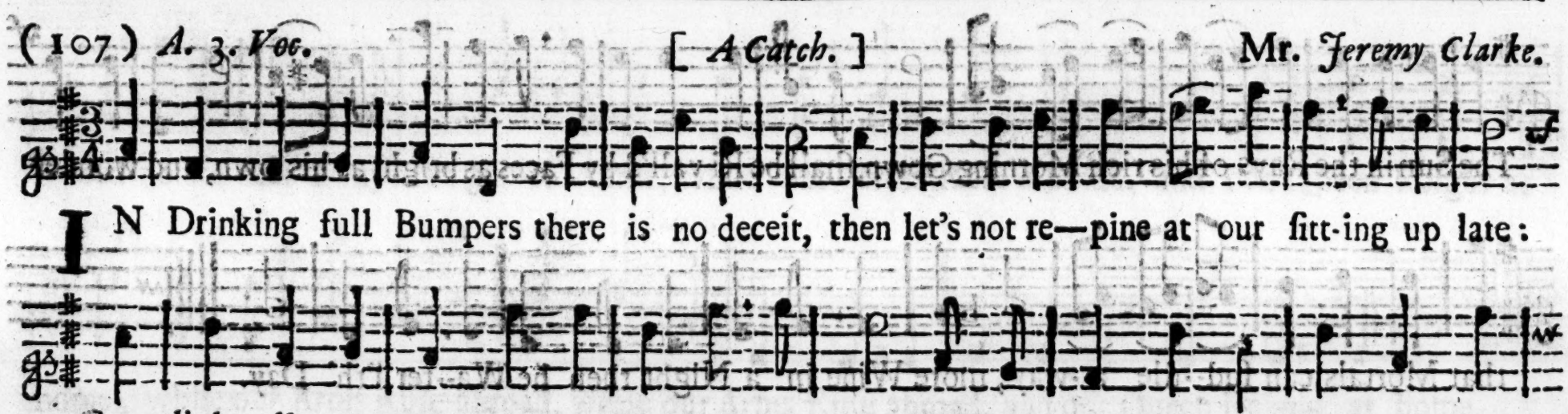


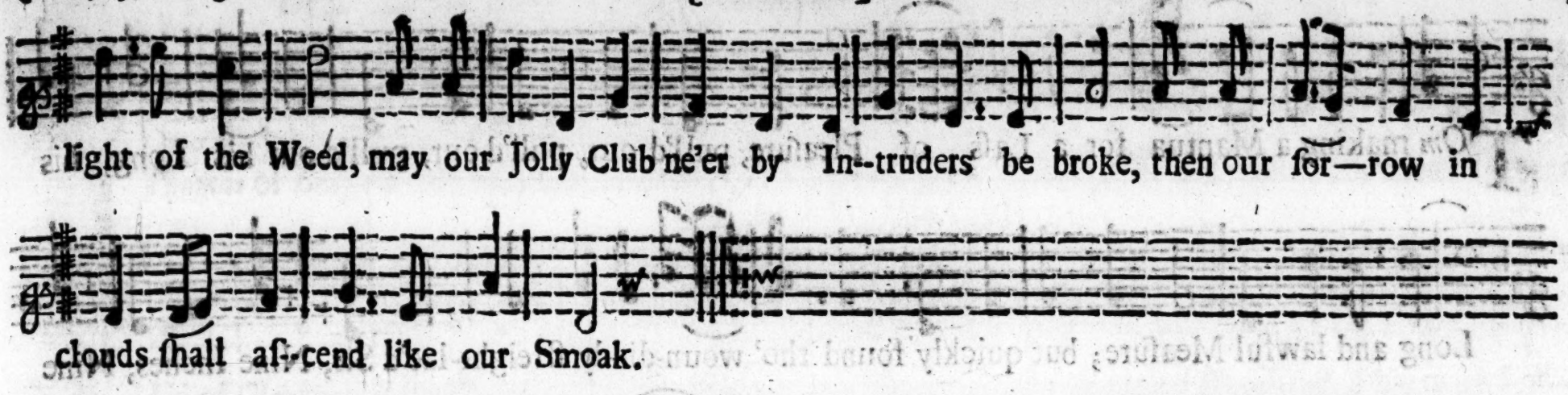
The Sun in the Rays of his rich Morning Gown, ſhall be Ri vall'd by Faces as bright as his own, and wonder

that Mortals can fud--dle a--way, more Wine in a Night then he Wa--ter i'th' Day.

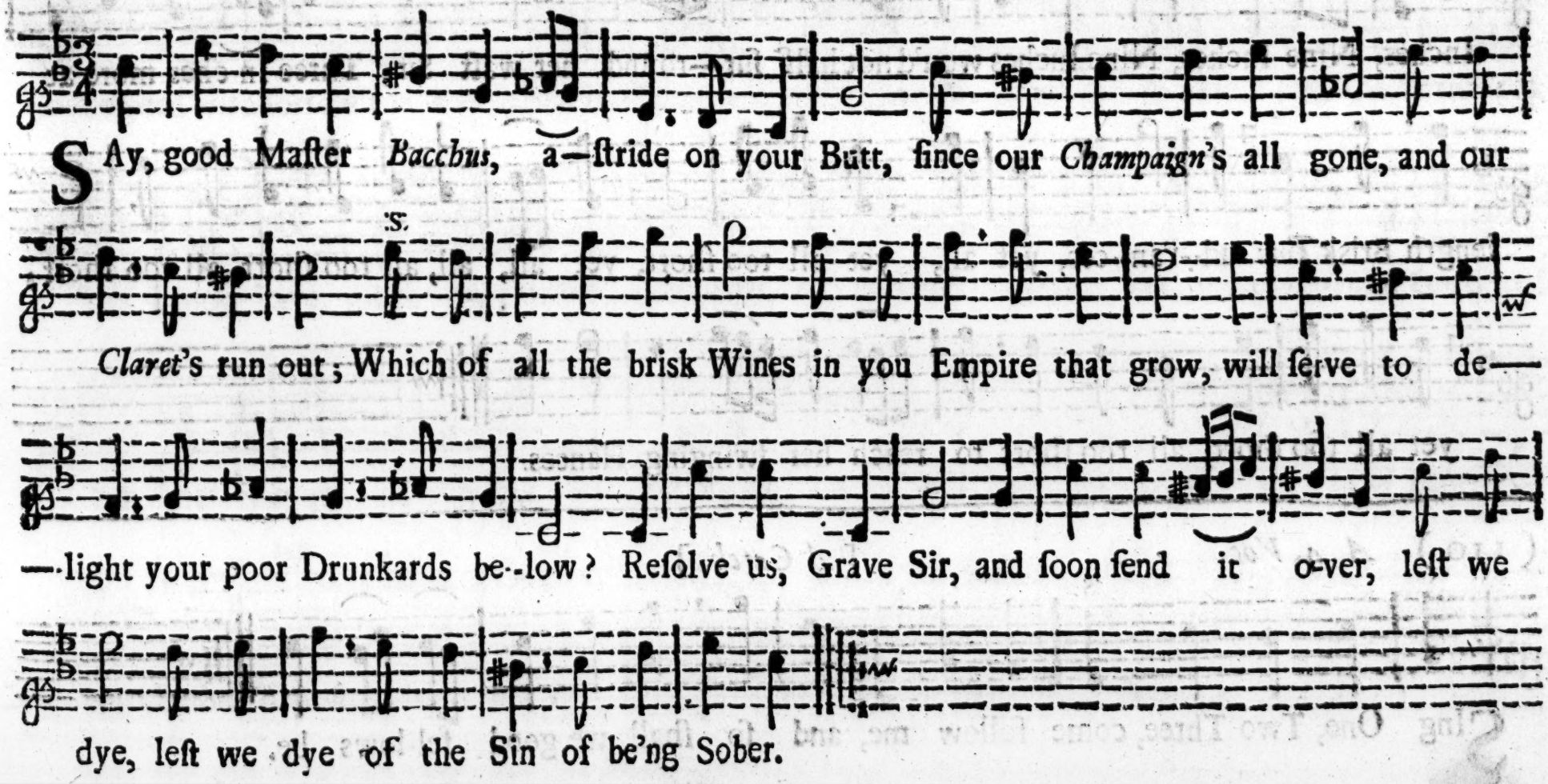


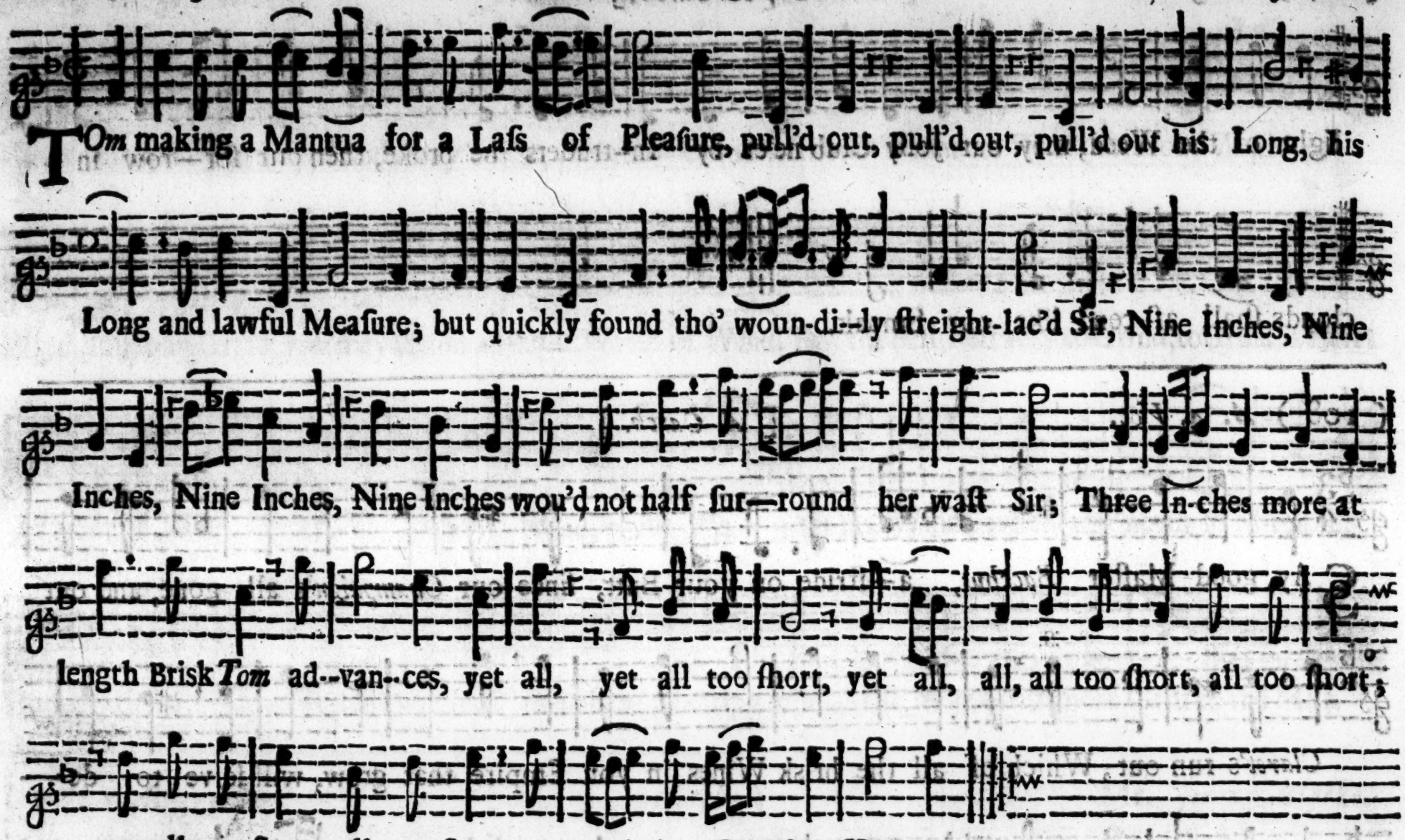
(107) A. 3. Voc. [A Catch.] Mr. Jeremy Clarke.



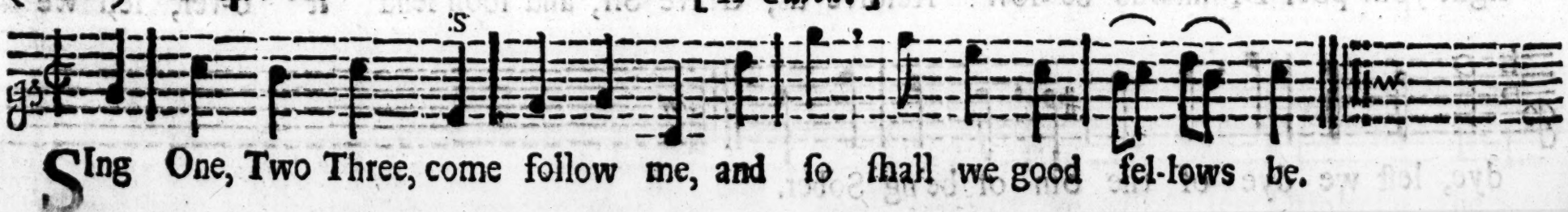


(108) *A.* 4. *Voc.* [*A Catch.*]

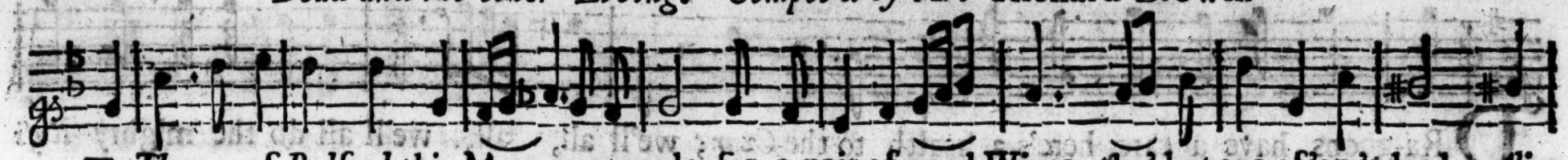




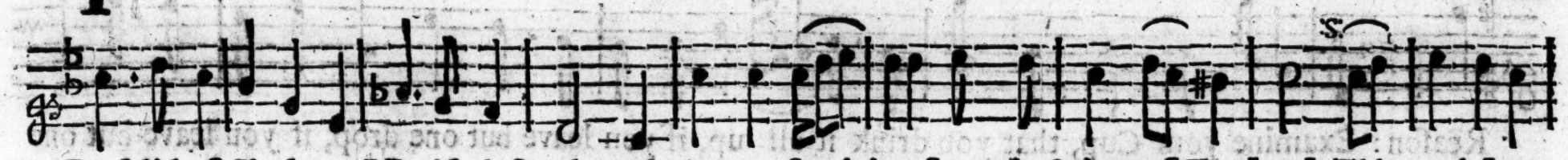
(110) *A. 4. Voc.* [*A Catch.*]



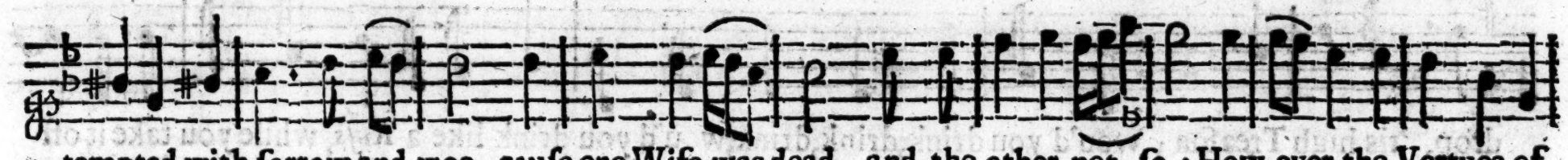
The Bedford *Catch for three Voices: Being an Epitaph upon Two good Wives, the one Dead and the other Living. Compos'd by Mr.* Richard Brown.



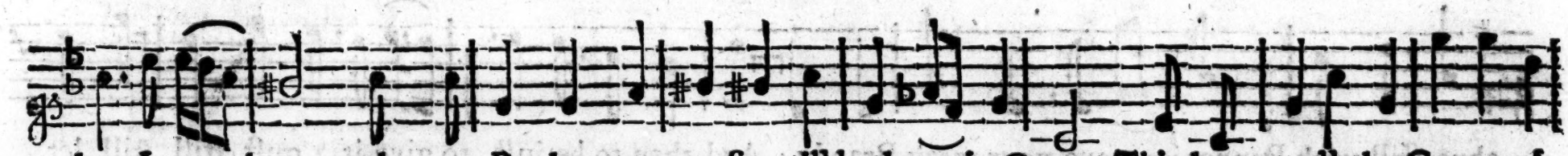
I *Thomas* of *Bedford* this Monument made, for a pair of good Wives, tho' but one of 'em's dead: *Alice*



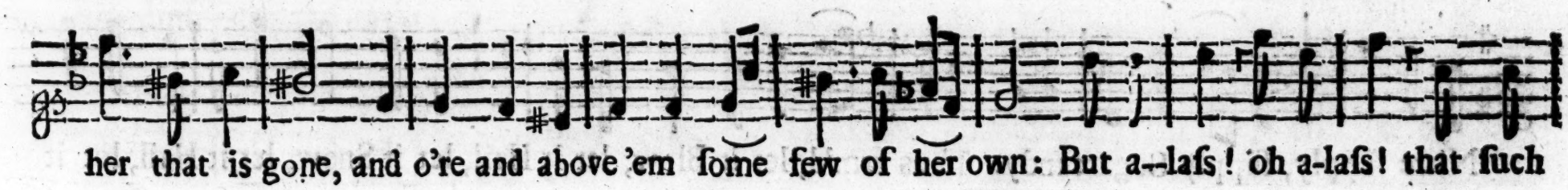
P—l did of *Clarkenwell* Pariſh deſcend: and *Ann* my ſurviving from the Saints of *Wood-end.* This work I at—



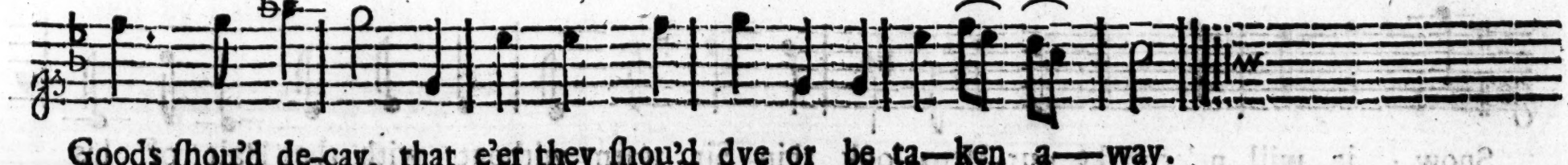
—tempted with ſorrow and woe; cauſe one Wife was dead, and the other not ſo: How-ever the Vertues of



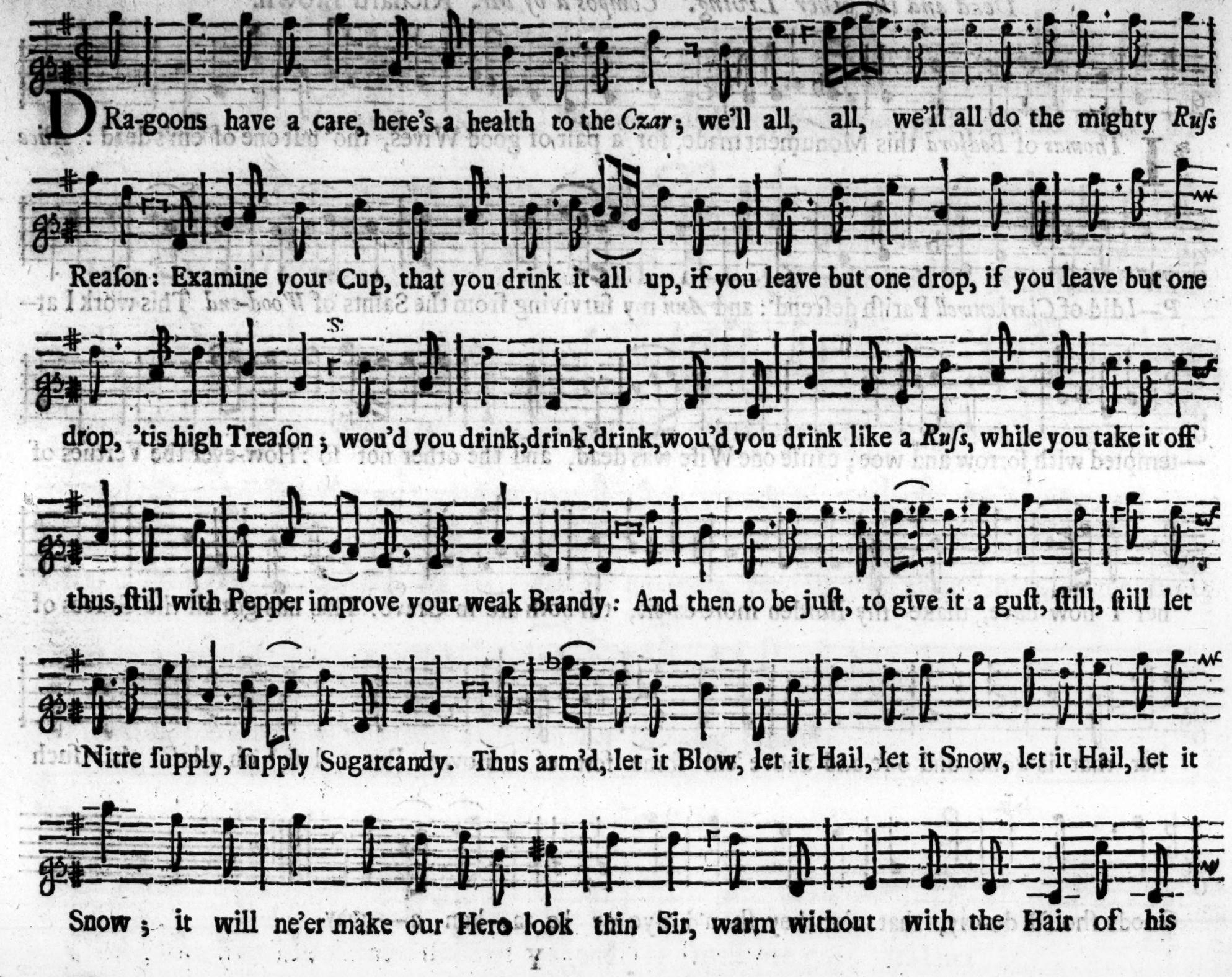
her I now have, make my Burden more ea-ſie, till both are in Grave. This has got all the Graces of



her that is gone, and o're and above 'em ſome few of her own: But a--laſs! oh a-laſs! that ſuch

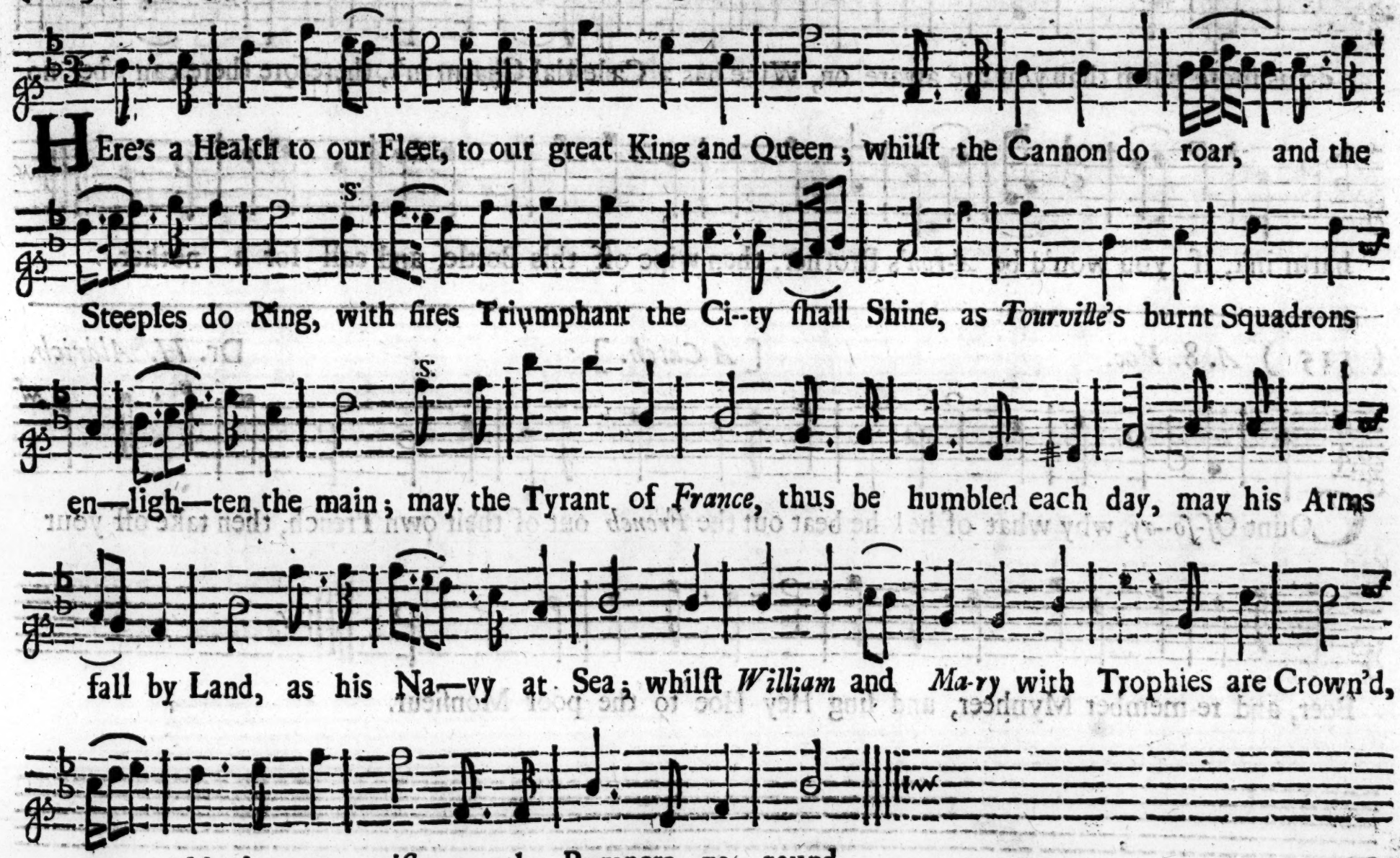


Goods ſhou'd de-cay, that e'er they ſhou'd dye or be ta—ken a——way.

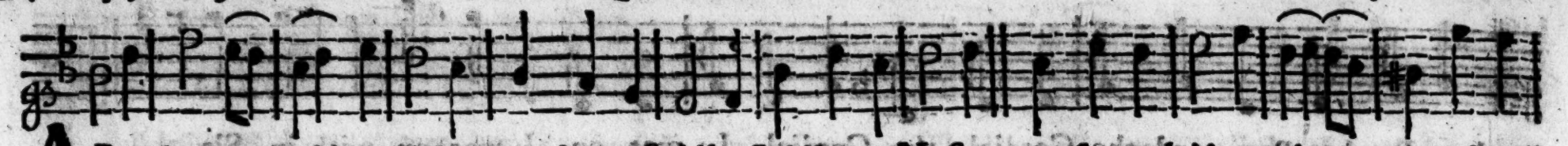

DRa-goons have a care, here's a health to the *Czar*; we'll all, all, we'll all do the mighty *Ruſs*
Reaſon: Examine your Cup, that you drink it all up, if you leave but one drop, if you leave but one
drop, 'tis high Treaſon; wou'd you drink, drink, drink, wou'd you drink like a *Ruſs*, while you take it off
thus, ſtill with Pepper improve your weak Brandy: And then to be juſt, to give it a guſt, ſtill, ſtill let
Nitre ſupply, ſupply Sugarcandy. Thus arm'd, let it Blow, let it Hail, let it Snow, let it Hail, let it
Snow; it will ne'er make our Hero look thin Sir, warm without with the Hair of his

dear Brother Bear, and the Cordial, the Cordial I wot on, I wot on with-in Sir.

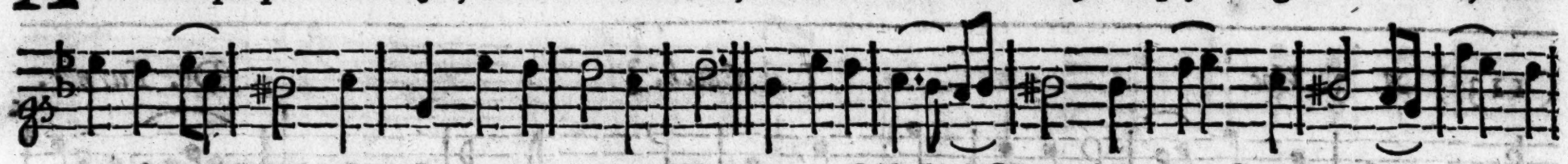
(113) *A.* 3. *Voc.* [*A Catch.*] Dr. *Turner.*



HEre's a Health to our Fleet, to our great King and Queen; whilſt the Cannon do roar, and the Steeples do Ring, with fires Triumphant the Ci--ty ſhall Shine, as *Tourville*'s burnt Squadrons en—ligh—ten the main; may the Tyrant of *France*, thus be humbled each day, may his Arms fall by Land, as his Na—vy at Sea; whilſt *William* and *Ma-ry* with Trophies are Crown'd, may this be our wiſh as the Bumpers go round.



A*Ron* thus propos'd to *Moſes*, come let us fuddle, fuddle our Noſes: *Moſes* reply'd a-gain to *Aron*, 'twill



do us more harm than you are aware on, Wine has a Cæleſtial Charm in't, therefore there can be no

harm in't, if you wou'd be *A-ron*'s Brother, then wipe off this Bottle, and call for a—nother.

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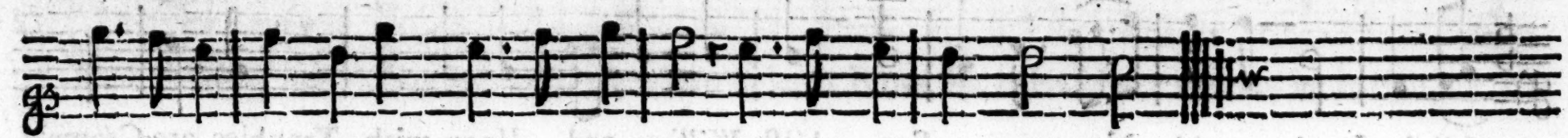
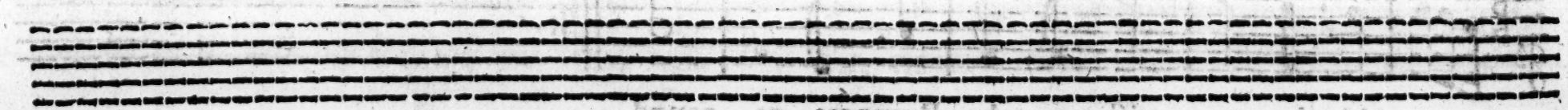
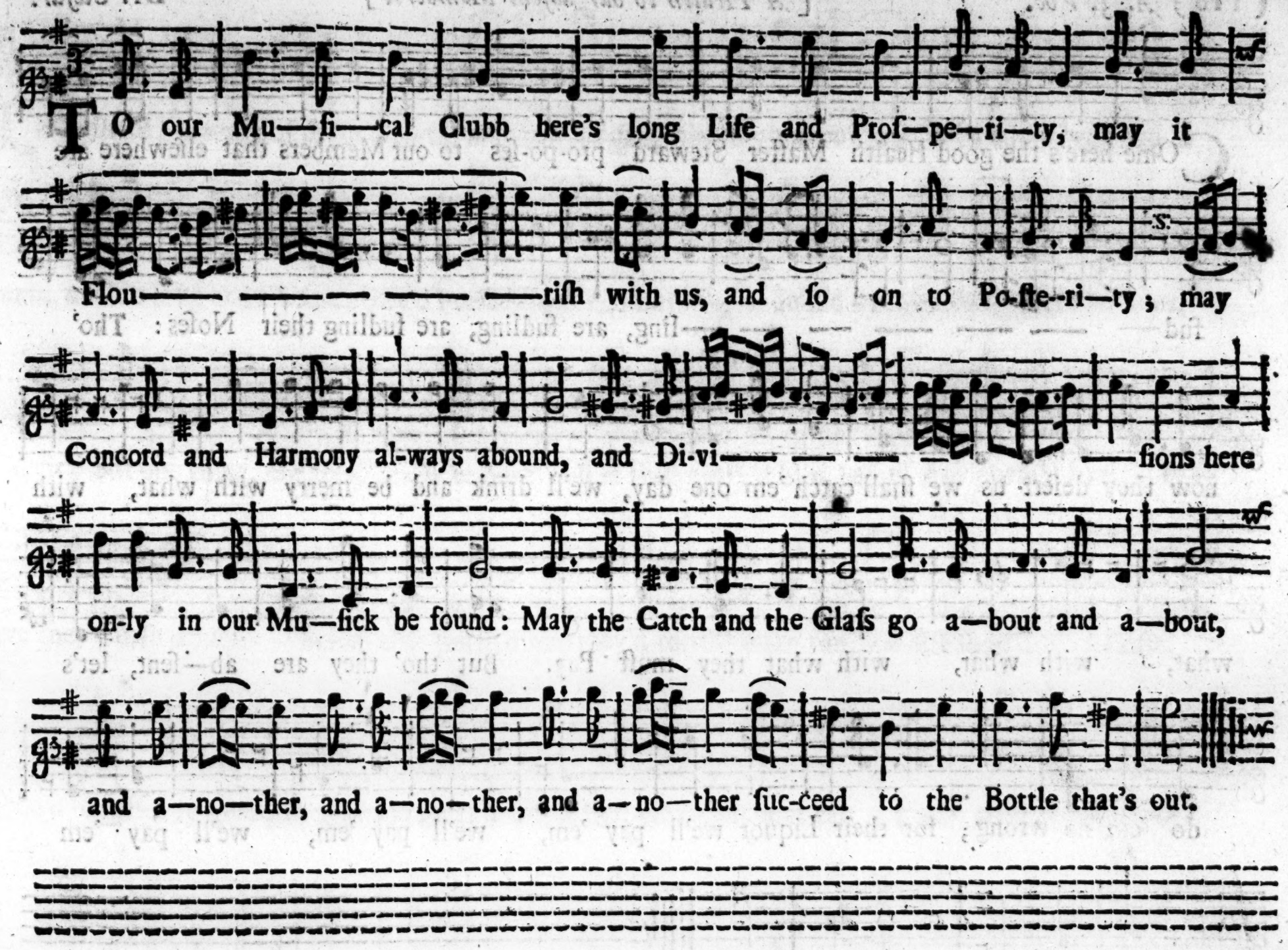
(115) *A. 8. Voc.* [*A Catch.*] Dr. *H. Aldrich.*

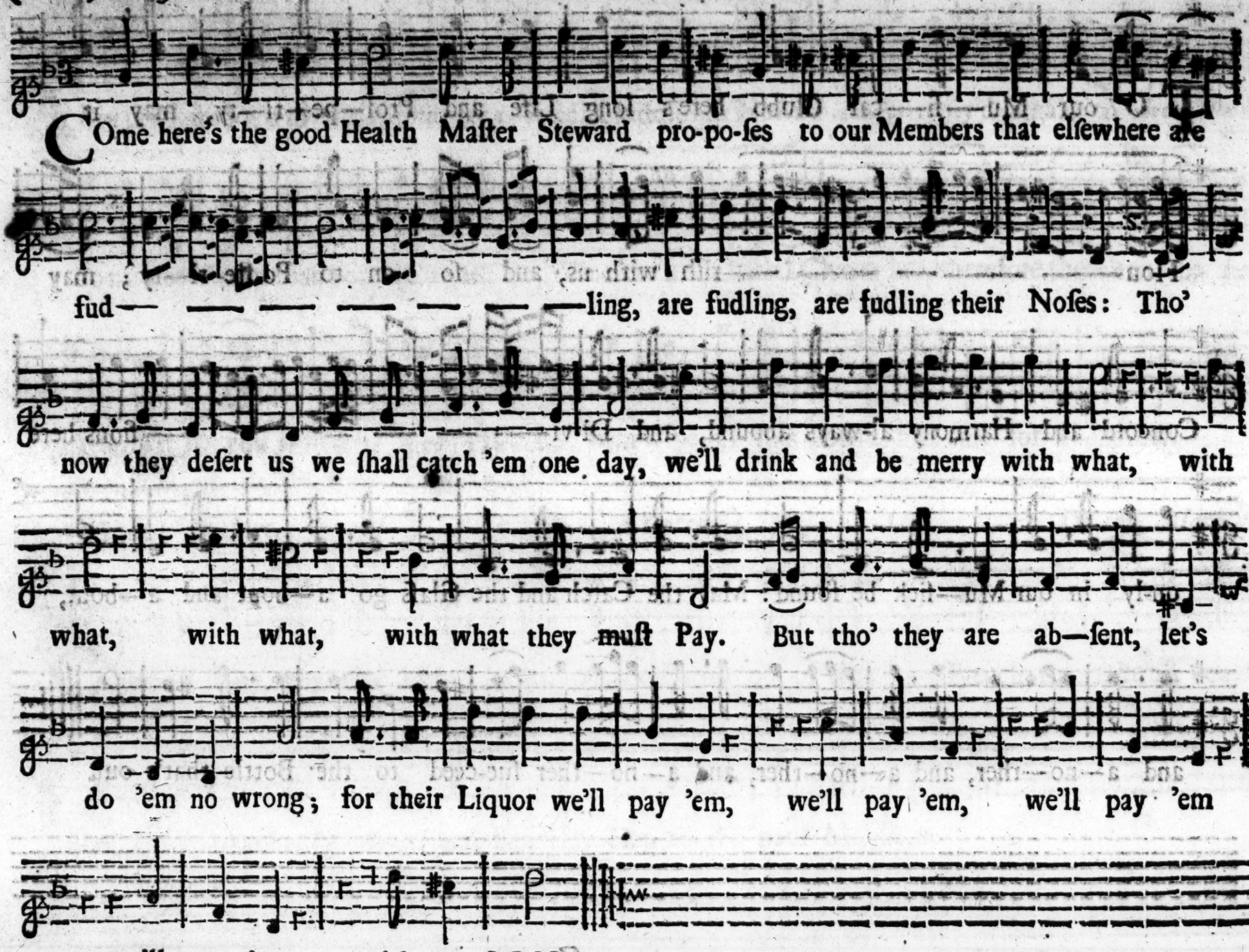
COunt *Oſ-ſo--ry*, why what of he! he beat out the *French* out of their own Trench, then take off your



Beer, and re-member Mynheer, and ſing Hey Hoe to the poor Monſieur.

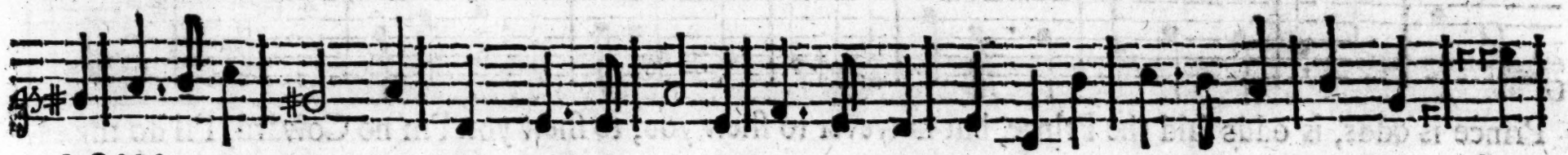



TO our Mu—ſi—cal Clubb here's long Life and Proſ—pe—ri—ty, may it
Flou——————————riſh with us, and ſo on to Po-ſte-ri—ty; may
Concord and Harmony al-ways abound, and Di-vi————————ſions here
on-ly in our Mu—ſick be found: May the Catch and the Glaſs go a—bout and a—bout,
and a—no—ther, and a—no—ther, and a—no—ther ſuc-ceed to the Bottle that's out.

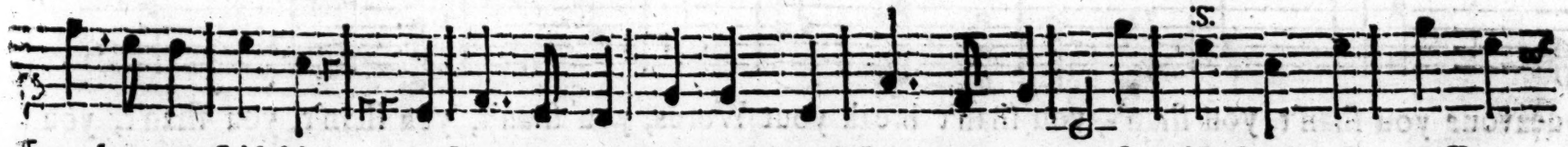

COme here's the good Health Maſter Steward pro-po-ſes to our Members that elſewhere are
fud— —ling, are fudling, are fudling their Noſes: Tho'
now they deſert us we ſhall catch 'em one day, we'll drink and be merry with what, with
what, with what, with what they muſt Pay. But tho' they are ab—ſent, let's
do 'em no wrong; for their Liquor we'll pay 'em, we'll pay 'em, we'll pay 'em
we'll pay 'em with a SONG.

THE ſham Monarch of *Spain* with his bravoe *Vendoſme*, with his bravoe *Vendoſme*, made a brag and a

bounce, made a brag and a bounce they'd Purſue *Eugene* home: *Eugene* deſir'd but one thing might be done,

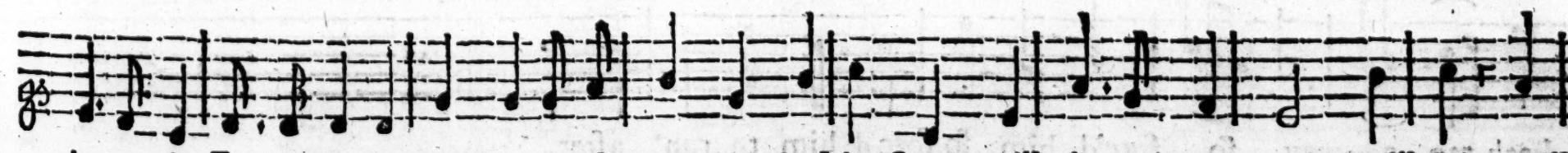


deſir'd but one thing, one thing might be done, before they purſu'd him, before they purſu'd him, be—

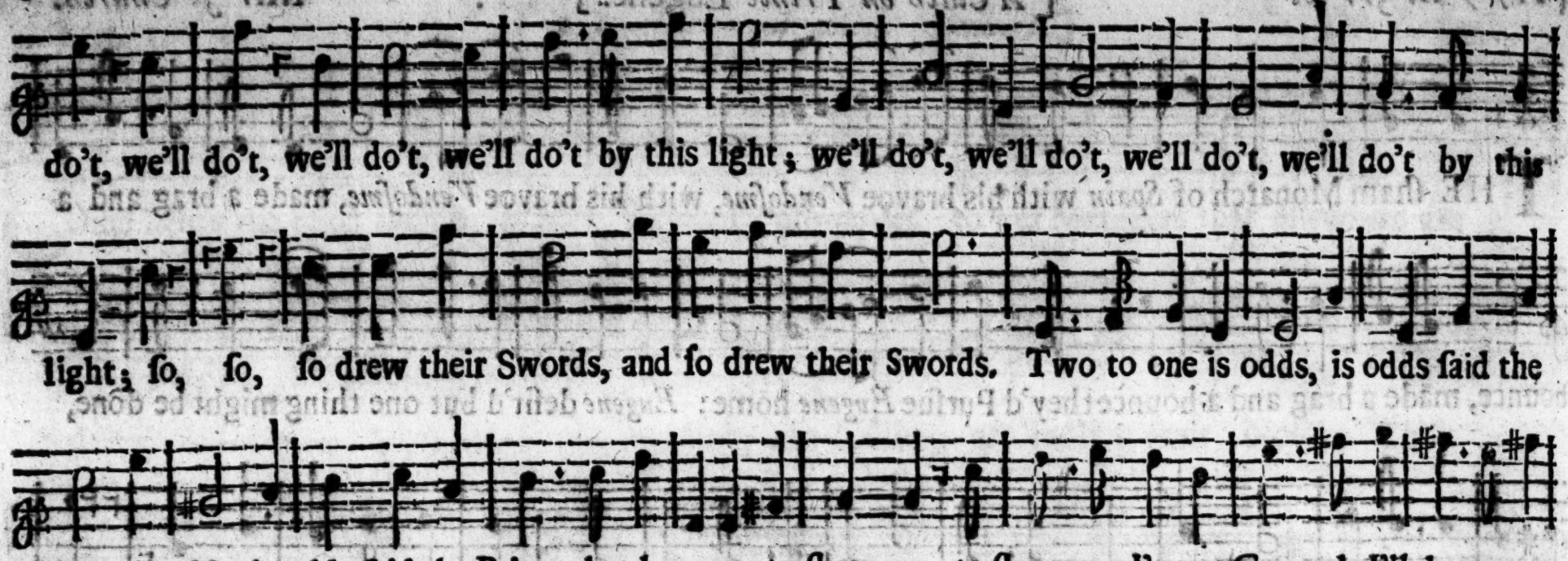


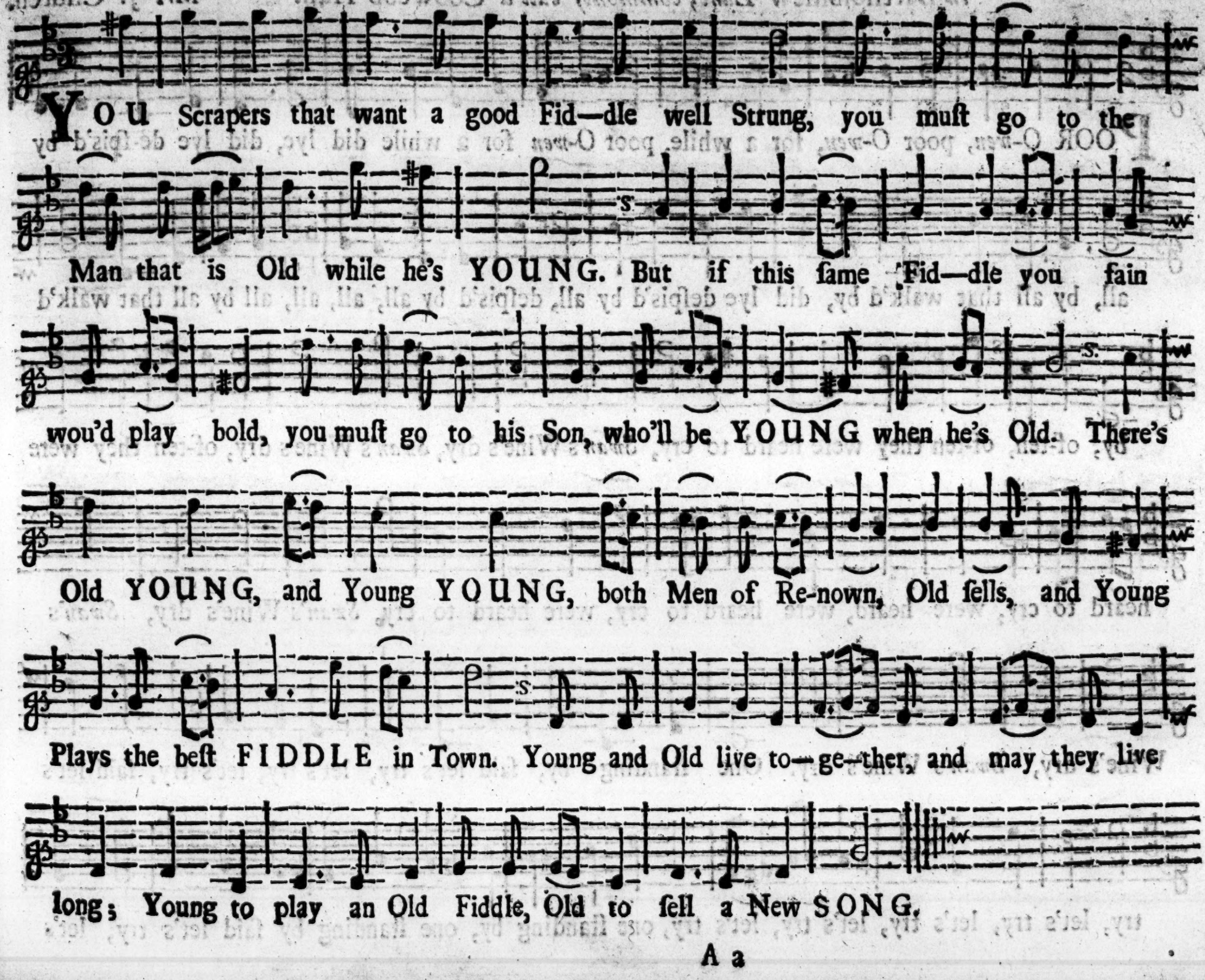
fore they purſu'd him, before they purſu'd him they'd force him to run, for elſe ſhou'd I ſuffer,

ſhou'd I ſuffer ſo great, ſo great, ſo great a diſ--a-ſter, what account can I give? what account can I

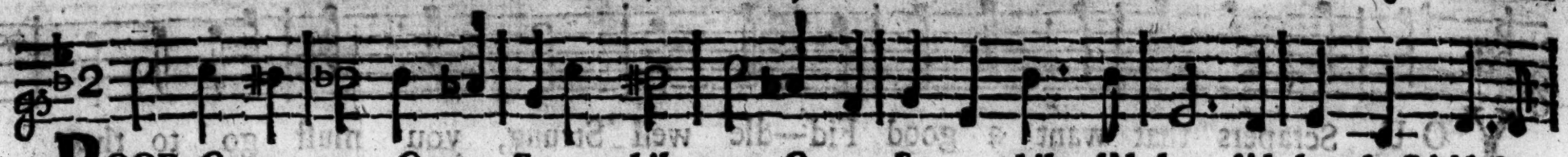


give to the Emperour my Maſter; as for that ſaid the Monſieurs we'll give you our words, we'll do't, we'll

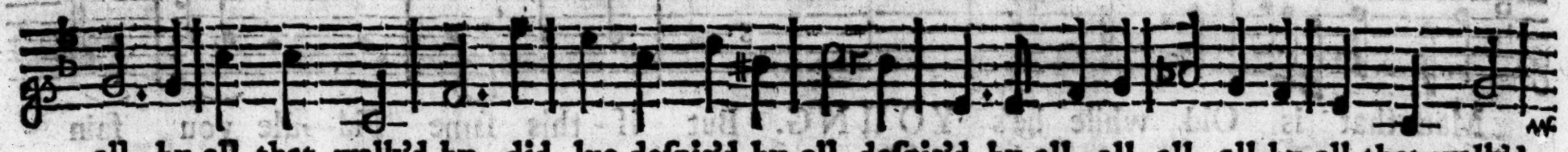

do't, we'll do't, we'll do't, we'll do't by this light; we'll do't, we'll do't, we'll do't, we'll do't by this
light; ſo, ſo, ſo drew their Swords, and ſo drew their Swords. Two to one is odds, is odds ſaid the
Prince is odds, is odds ſaid the Prince, but however to ſhew you, to ſhew you I'm no Coward, I'll do my en-
deavour you ſhan't, you ſhan't, you ſhan't break your Words, you ſhan't, you ſhan't, you ſhan't, you
ſhan't, you ſhan't break your Words, and ſo order'd the matter, they both ran a—way, they
both ran a—way, ſo forc'd him, ſo forc'd him to run after.


YOU Scrapers that want a good Fid—dle well Strung, you muſt go to the
Man that is Old while he's YOUNG. But if this ſame Fid—dle you fain
wou'd play bold, you muſt go to his Son, who'll be YOUNG when he's Old. There's
Old YOUNG, and Young YOUNG, both Men of Re-nown, Old ſells, and Young
Plays the beſt FIDDLE in Town. Young and Old live to—ge—ther, and may they live
long; Young to play an Old Fiddle, Old to ſell a New SONG.

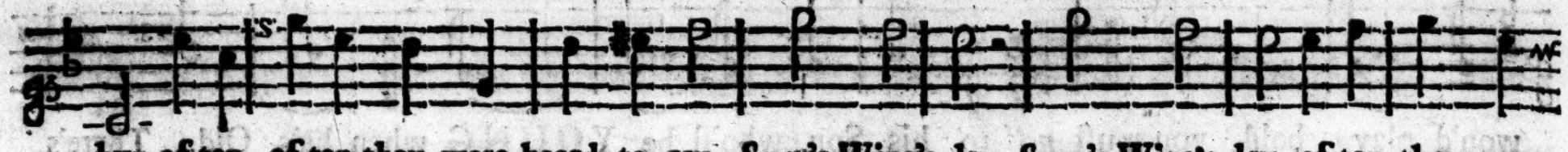
Mr. Owen Swan's *Words, upon himſelf, when he kept the Swan Tavern in* Bartholomew *Lane, commonly call'd* Cobwebb Hall. *Mr.* J. Church



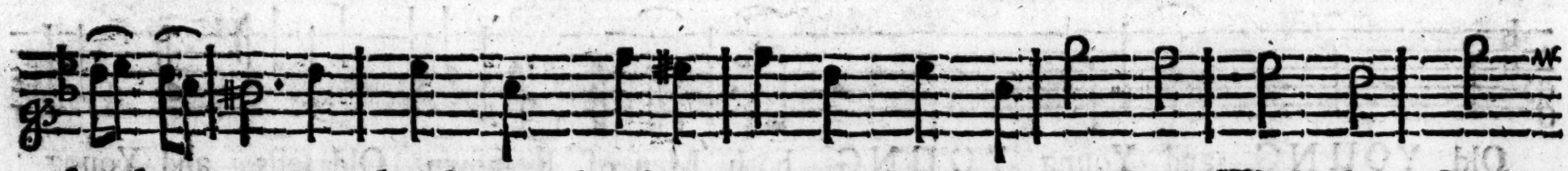
POOR *O-wen*, poor *O-wen*, for a while, poor *O-wen* for a while did lye, did lye de-ſpis'd by



all, by all that walk'd by, did lye deſpis'd by all, deſpis'd by all, all, all, all by all that walk'd



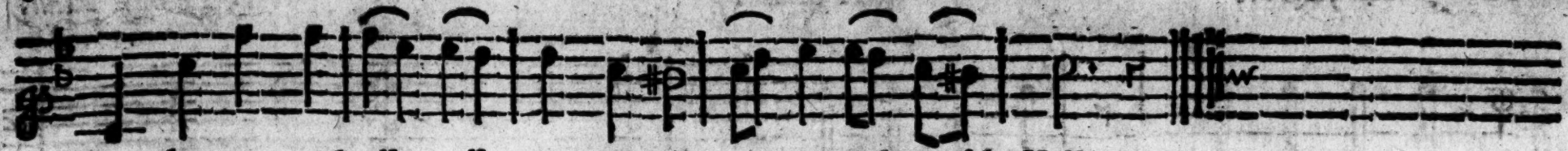
by, of-ten, of-ten they were heard to cry, *Swan*'s Wine's dry, *Swan*'s Wine's dry, of-ten they were



heard to cry, were heard, were heard to cry, were heard to cry, *Swan*'s Wine's dry, *Swan*'s

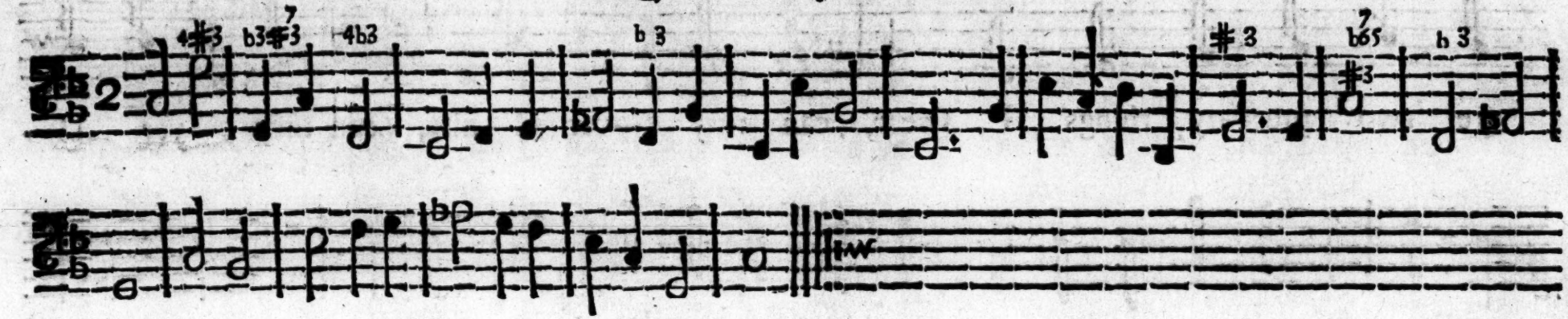
Wine's dry, *Swan*'s Wine's dry. One ſtanding by, ſaid let's try, let's try, let's try, ſaid let's

try, let's try, let's try, let's try, let's try, let's try, one ſtanding by, one ſtanding by ſaid let's try, let's

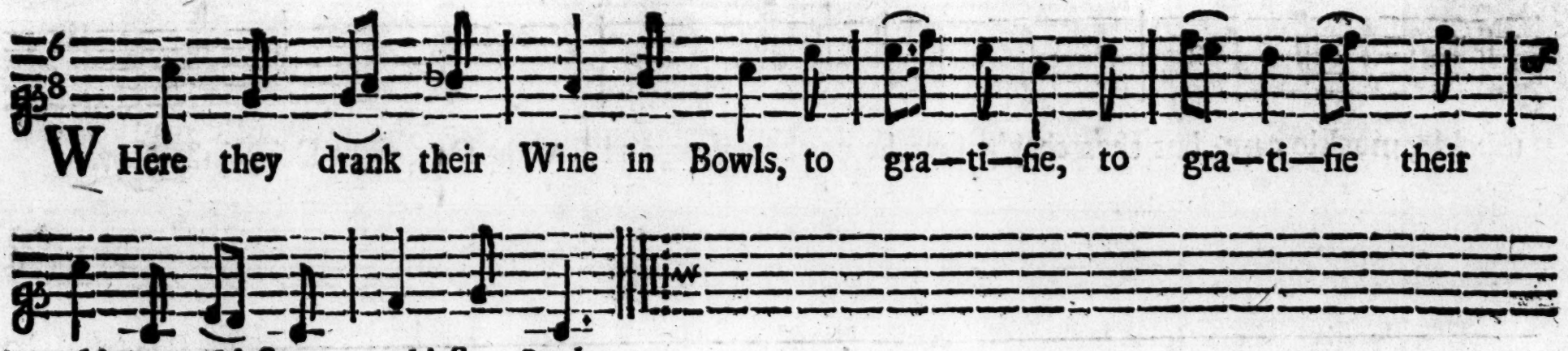


try, then one and all, all one and all went to *Cob—webb* Hall.

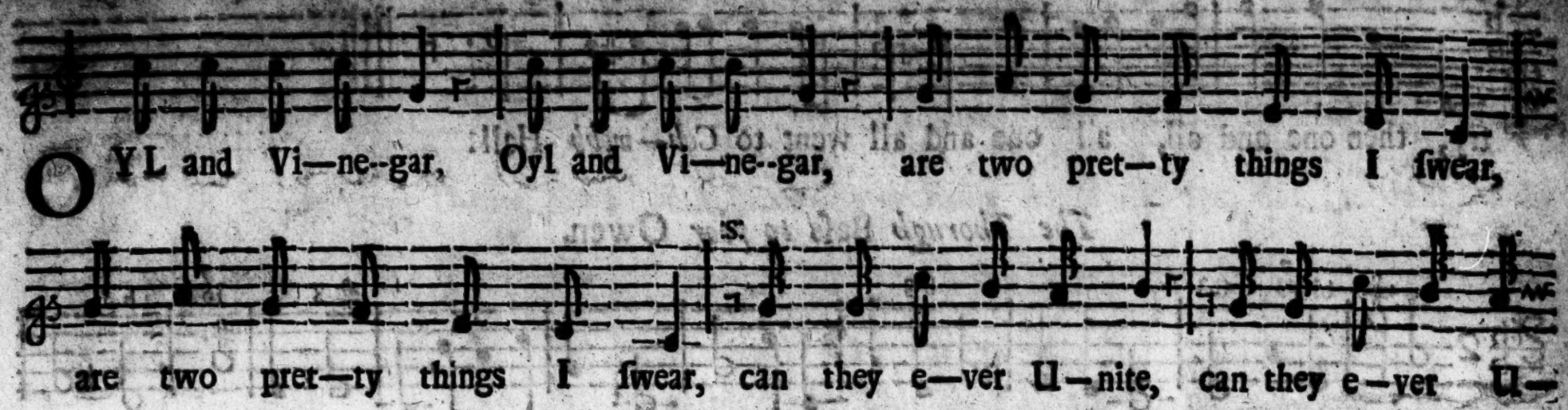
The Thorugh Baſs *to poor* Owen.



(121) *A. 3. Voc.* [*This Catch follows poor* Owen.] *Mr.* J. Church.



WHere they drank their Wine in Bowls, to gra—ti—fie, to gra—ti—fie their thirſty, thirſty, thirſty Souls.


OYL and Vi—ne--gar, Oyl and Vi—ne--gar, are two pret—ty things I ſwear,
are two pret—ty things I ſwear, can they e—ver U—nite, can they e—ver U—
—nite, can Alks in A-cids take delight, can Alks in A-cids take delight, yes ſure with
muckle, muckle care, but then they'll ſoon be as they were, and ſo fight Dog, fight Dog, fight Bear.

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FINIS.